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AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

PETER BROCK:
A VERY REVEALING PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

HOW SEX & DRUGS ARE DESTROYING THE KENNEDY KIDS

QUESTIONS YOU SHOULD NEVER ASK YOUR LOVER

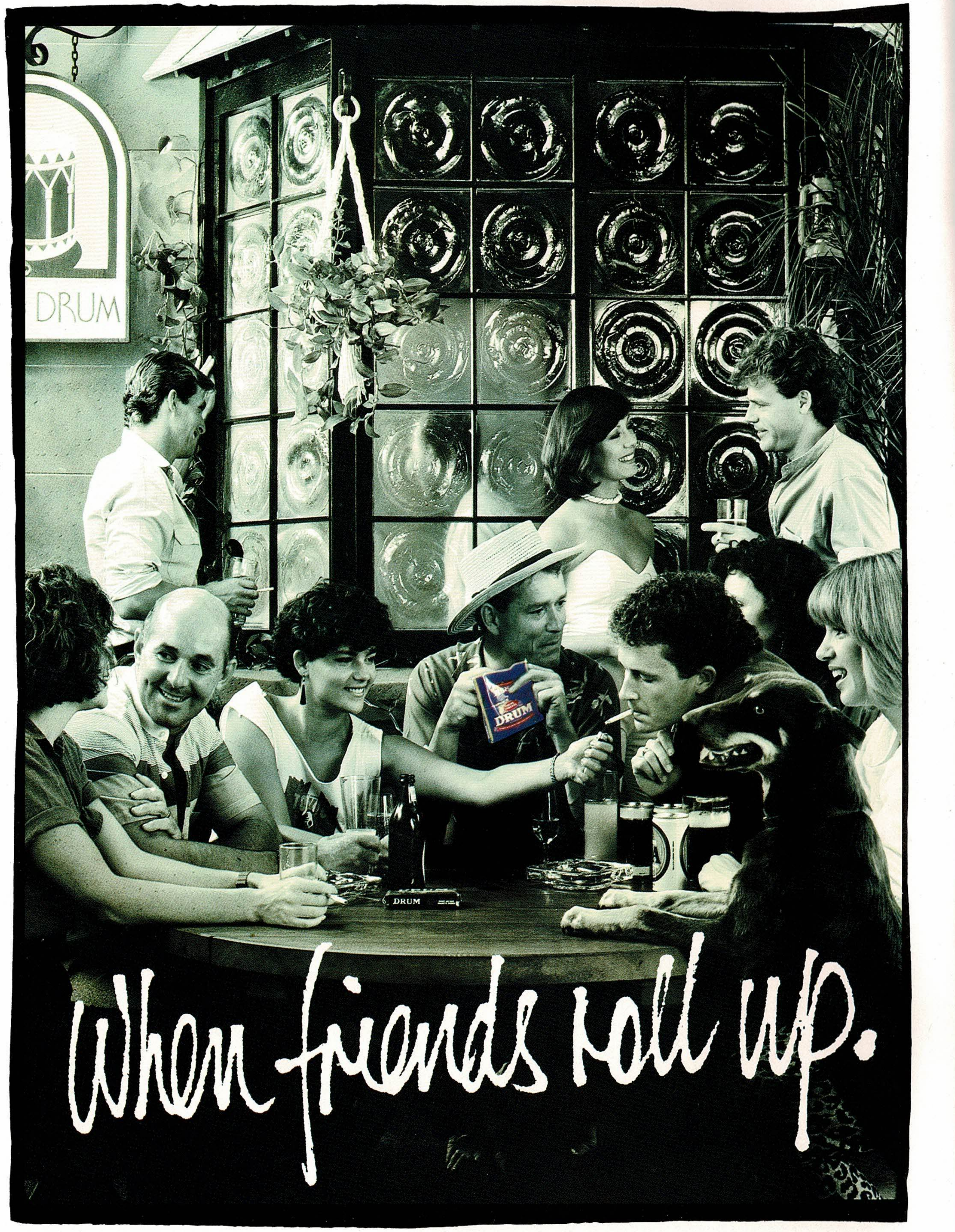
DICK SMITH TELLS HOW TO BE A WINNER

JOHN UPDIKE ON WITCHES & WARLOCKS

QUEENSLAND'S SIZZLING CENTREFOLD

HOT'N'HORNY: THE BIG BIKES OF 1984

Plus GRANT KENNY, DARREN CLARK, BETTINA ARNDT & LOTS MORE!



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PLAYBILL

PETER BROCK is widely regarded as the most gifted racing driver Australia has ever produced. Such is the nature of things in Australia, however, that to settle any doubts about his talents, he must achieve an international victory or two to match his Australian honors. Which is why Brockie has launched an Aussie assault on the world's toughest road race, the 24-hour Le Mans. Motoring writer **Rob Luck** talked at length with Brock prior to his departure for Europe and the result is a Playboy Interview giving extraordinary insight into a great Aussie sports hero who now must take on the world.

Speaking of heroes, Australia's most decorated rover scout, Dick Smith, the Audie Murphy of the airwaves, is a hero to schoolboys and businessmen alike. Schoolboys admire his adventurous spirit and businessmen admire his bank balance. Dick lit up for Senior Contributing Editor **Phil Jarratt** to reveal just what it takes to be a winner in our lead feature, How The Electronic Dick Stays Up. The illuminating artwork is by **Frants Kantor.**

The Kennedys were America's royal family until gunfire shattered the enchantment of Camelot forever. Jack Kennedy's assassination meant the death of innocence but Bobby Kennedy's assassination meant the death of hope. And not least of all for his children. The story of the sordid descent of Bobby's children into a world of drugs, sex, violence and desperation is all the more harrowing because it's true. **Peter Collier** and **David Horowitz** detail the consequences of a family torn asunder by tragedy in Sex, Drugs And The Decline Of The Kennedys.

Darren Clark sprinted out of nowhere to become one of Australia's most promising Olympic medal hopes. **Russell Deiley** observed Clark in training and in The Times Of Darren Clark wonders if the youngster will survive Los Angeles. **Peter Simons** took the picture.

While we're on a sporting theme, Grant Kenny has made the iron man an instant Aussie folk hero. Boys clamor for Kenny's autograph whenever he goes public and when they grow up they want to be iron men too. The popular iron man unbends for Australian PLAYBOY's 20 Questions. **Brent Melton** provided the photograph.

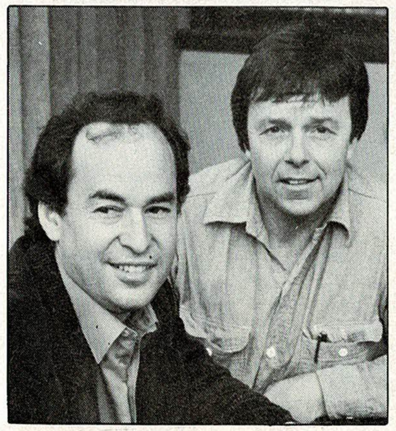
For all those ill-advised chaps who have wondered out loud how many lovers their sweeheart had before them, and wished they'd never asked, we have compiled the ultimate service feature — Questions You Should Never Ask Your Lover. **James Petersen** and **Kate Nolan** tell you what and why. Trust us, there are some things you're better off not knowing.

John Updike is one of the most accomplished writers of our time. Updike casts his own particular spell over The Witches Of Eastwick, this month's Australian PLAYBOY fiction. It is a sexy story about modern witches who find themselves in hot water in a suburban spa tub, the contemporary equivalent of the cauldron.

Part-time actor and full-time larrikin **Bob Barrett** would not claim to be a threat to Updike, not as a writer anyway. But Barrett has the dinkum Aussie love of a great yarn and when he found himself on location in the bush with an ABC film crew to make a telemovie titled *Mail Order Bride,* he reckoned he was on to a ripper. The result is a rough 'n' ready reminiscence So You Want To Be In Movies? in which Barrett takes a thoughtful look at stardom, then kicks it to death. **Davis/Farrell** provided the illustration.

The Sunshine State has sent us this month's Playmate, gorgeous Conie Pound. And Conie says it's perfectly true — blondes do have more fun! **Bob Watson** took the pictures for our golden girl's centrefold.

Add Ola Ray, the hot number from Michael Jackon's *Thriller* video, Patty Duffek and other pulse-quickening pictorials, **Rob Luck's** review of the mega-bikes for 1984, answers to your sex queries by **Bettina Arndt,** our regular columns on booze, money, women and looking good and our June issue really is busting out all over!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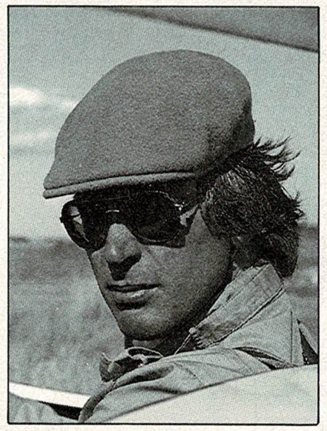
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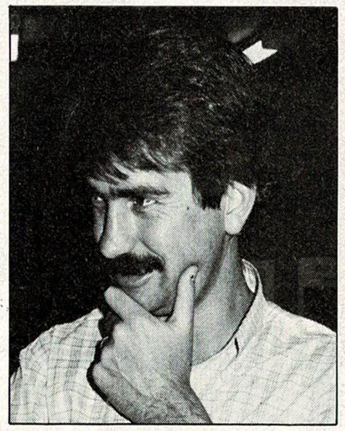
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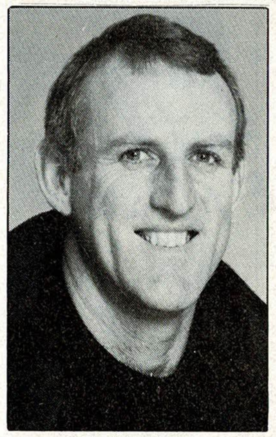
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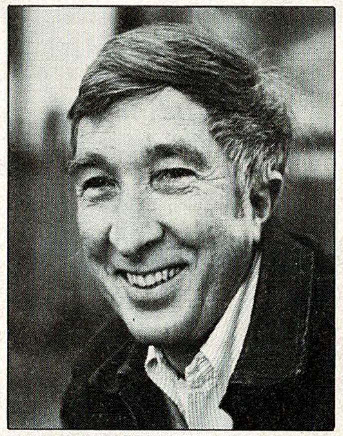
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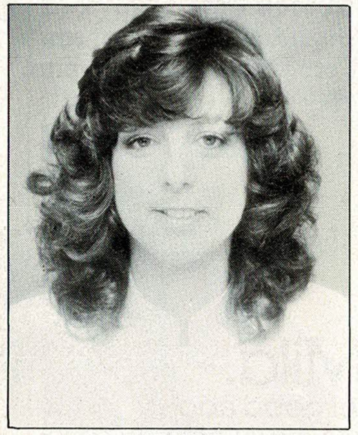
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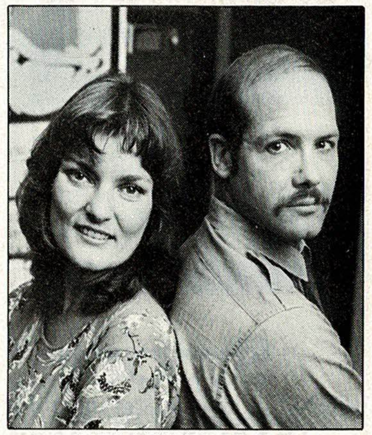
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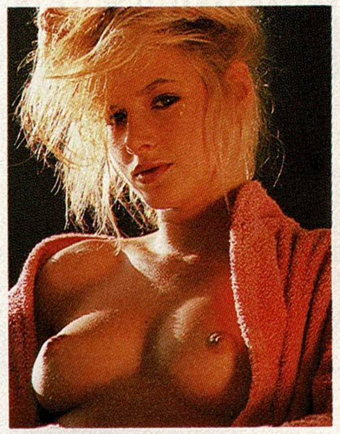

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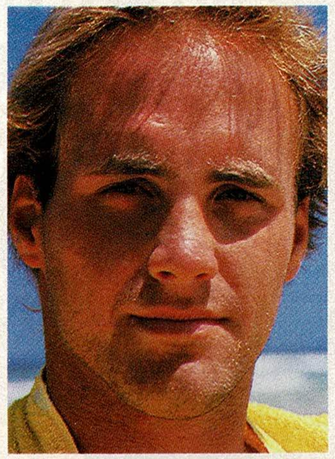

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DEAR PLAYBOY

address your letters to dear playboy, po box 746, darlinghurst 2010

IN BAD TASTE?

I have always thought that Australian PLAYBOY had good taste in the women presented in its pages, whether pictorials or centrefolds. However, doubts have arisen with the inclusion of the spread on Joan Collins in your January 1984 issue. I think she is one of the most over-rated "beauties" (and I use the term loosely) that filmdom has ever produced.

Peter W. Spierings,
Norlane, Vic.

BEST FROM THE WEST

I refer to your article Turn On The Lites in your December issue. I'm not writing to put down Ian Chappell or Mike Gibson as I'm sure they are true dyed-in-the-wool beer connoisseurs. I merely wish to protest about the selection of beer in the article. Or should I say the *lack* of selection.

I'm unaware that Western Australia has seceded from the rest of the country. The testing was supposed to cover *Australian* beers and I would have thought that all popular brands would have been chosen for the article.

A lite beer that sells in just two weeks what the breweries had predicted for seven months of sales must be "popular". Perhaps you couldn't obtain any? I'm referring to the lite brewed at the Southern Hemisphere's most modern and automated brewery — Swan Special Lite. I had to bring up a point that the Eastern states are trying to forget — that the America's Cup was won on a lot of Swan Brewery money.

And would Western Australia have been forgotten at the Commonwealth Games opening ceremony if it didn't make up nearly one-third of Australia's land mass?

Thank you and hope you think of us more often in the future.

Scott Overheu,
Osborne Park, WA.

We appreciate your comments, Scott. Unfortunately, Swan Special Lite was not yet available on a retail level in the Eastern states at the time of the beer testing which is why we omitted it from the final line-up — Ed.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

The article on the Jaguar D-type in your January issue was certainly appreciated by this reader. The car sounds just as good as the originals. It must have been a dream come true for your Motoring Editor to drive such a machine and the engine characteristics of the Jaguar XK spell out that it's surely a power-encased beast.

This classic car should have been the centrefold for that issue!

Chris Miles,
Middlemount, Qld.

WILD ABOUT DONA

I've been an Australian PLAYBOY reader ever since you started out back in 1979 and, although I've thoroughly approved of every centrefold you've used so far, I've never before been tempted to write in and congratulate you on your choice of women.

But, I really must say that you've hit the jackpot with Miss April Dona Speir. She's an incredible beauty and the photography you have featured really shows all her assets to great advantage.

I'm particularly taken by the shots of her gorgeous arse and would suggest that you use more photography from this angle when you are planning the centrefolds and pictorials as a sexy arse is a great turn-on.

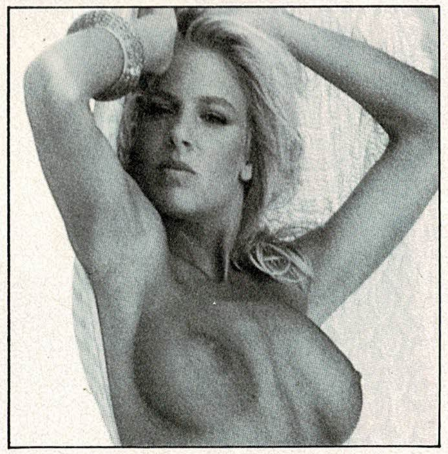
It would be great to see your Girl On The Run again in the Letters page.

J. Hurlstone,
Fremantle, WA.

Short and sweet. More Dona (Miss April) PLEASE! She's one of the most gorgeous Playmates of all time.

S. Kennedy,
Collaroy, NSW.

There's been an overwhelming reader response to Dona Speir's appearance and we've managed to tie her down for a brief return appearance — Ed.



CHANGING TIMES

Excuse me but your Men column in the January issue really put me OFF. The nasty and incessant Australian urge to promote the anti-American stuck its head out again.

Australians ape British behavior to such a degree that everything from sports, food and slang to prejudices follows the unthinking compulsion to mimic. And it never seems to occur to the media to discuss the ill-effects of British behavior aping, even though these "foreign" influences are by far the most pervasive.

Borrowed British prejudices are what concern me. Most Australian attitudes toward the Pacific area, other races, USA and the future are carbon copies of British sentiments. Australians' resentment of British manipulation seems not to get any further than an infantile tendency to name call.

There is currently a worldwide anti-American fad. The Soviets must be overjoyed and the Australian media are only too happy to sell hate to Australians. In your Men column, sophistication was oddly judged as an American evil, the popularity of self-help books was named as a bad influence and America was called Camelot while being accused of being over-critical at the same time.

Criticism is a very functional thing but the fact that Australians pay the media to immerse them in muck is at least a bit hard to swallow. The tendency to be cynical also ignores the fact that US actions are compared to a standard of behavior that has no example in the real world. Australians seem to demand world relations in a simple right-and-wrong presentation. The world is, of course, not what any of us wish it to be.

The US is not pursuing the old European attitude of "wait until the war starts and we'll prepare for it". Australia's own old European attitude toward preparedness is leaving it vulnerable to a solid punch in the nose. The US is trying to organise a defence for the free world with allies that seem to claw at its back. The US does not claim to be devoid of pursuing self benefits or the making of mistakes but neither is it as obviously in pursuit of money and markets.

Australia does have an advantage over the US and that's *time*. But we shouldn't waste this valuable commodity by being too aloof to have the type of problems that were beginning to appear. I have a strong faith in Australia and our ability to advance but we must come to see the necessity of change and not just an intensity of previous efforts. The US is an excellent ally but one with faults. If Australians feel they can find one who gives more and asks less then I suggest go ahead and have a go.

Bob T. Fulton,
Kambalda, WA.

Interestingly, that column was written by an expatriate American — Ed.

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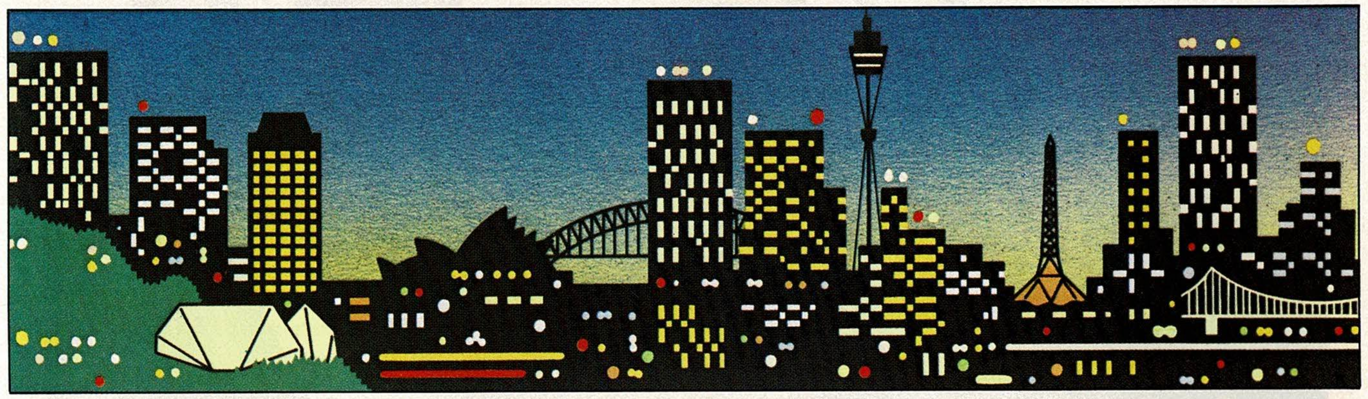
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



HEAD TRIPS

A man who fired a five-centimetre nail into the side of his head at Ipswich, Queensland, told police he did it to see if he had any brains.

Police said the man, 36, who worked at a suburban Ipswich joinery shop, held a nail gun to his left temple and fired. The nail was embedded deep in his skull but did not kill him. The man then phoned police to tell them what he had done. Last word indicates he is stable and likely to recover.

Don't you just love stories like that? Don't they make you feel superior? Well here's another one. A bloke in Alabama in the United States used to keep a loaded pistol on his bedside table. One night the phone rang, he picked up the pistol, held it to his head, said "hello" and shot himself. He lived, too.

UP-CHUKKA

In America it's Hollywood's Rodeo Drive, in Britain it's the King's Road, Chelsea, and in Australia it is Sydney's Double Bay. . . those notorious goldfish bowls where poseurs go to mate.

Sometimes it takes the unexpected to pull it all into perspective, like the incident at one of Double Bay's most popular cafes. A gentleman who is not short of a quid visited the cafe after a chukka or two of polo and, being the unaffected type, took his polo pony with him. Well, absolutely everyone thought it a simply outrageous lark, darling. The pony reacted by depositing a great steaming shit among the tables.

WET IS WONDERFUL. Yet another important sociological phenomenon has been imported from America without question. The wet T-shirt contest might have been invented with Australia in mind it has proved so popular, as Rennie Ellis, our Melbourne man-about-depravity, discovered on a recent trip to the country. There was our Rennie having a quiet drive in the Victorian countryside when he decided to stay over at a pretty coastal town called Lorne. Naturally he stopped off at the Lorne Hotel for a quick 20 schooners before going to bed.

And guess what? The hotel was having its own wet T-shirt contest. By a sheer stroke of luck, Rennie had his camera with him and sent us this evidence of nightlife in rural Australia. As you can see, they build those country girls to last. The winner was 18-year-old Sandy Jones (left) who happens to be a phys-ed student. Looks like Sandy has a big future in wet T-shirts doesn't it?

BOOM TITTIES

The American Medical Association has warned that air hosties who have surgery to increase the size of their bosoms may live to regret it as their tits may explode. It seems silicone implants used to enlarge breasts can explode at high altitudes. So next time you sit beside a well-endowed woman on a plane, don't be shy — ask her if those tits are real. Your life may depend on it.

It leaves you wondering what might happen when implantees expose their tits to the pressures of scuba diving!

MALT SHAKES

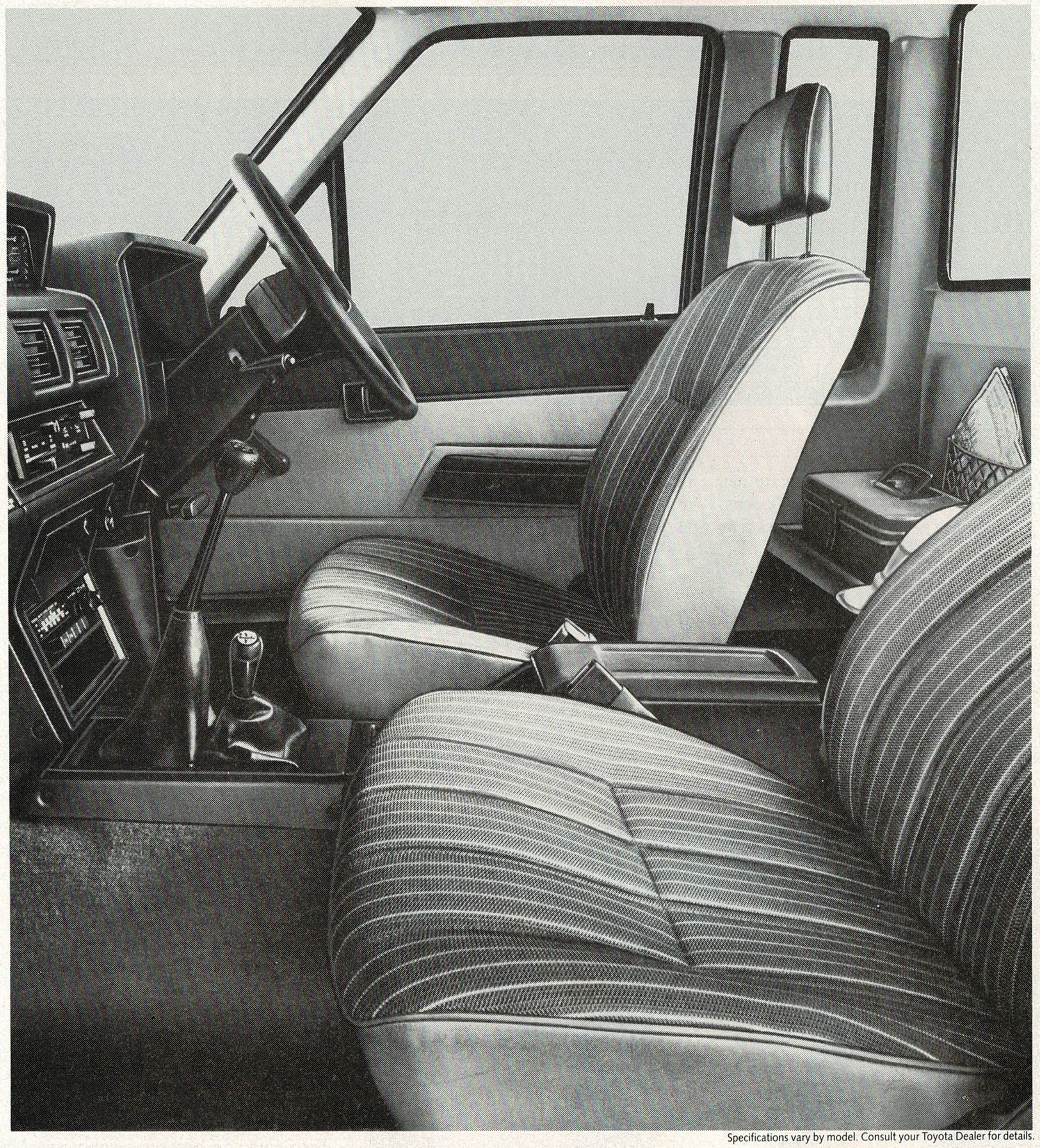
A bizarre family feud surfaced in Queensland when 23-year-old Reginald Malt Junior appeared in Brisbane District Court charged with exposing himself to his aunt.

During a two-day trial in which the defendant, the complainant, all the witnesses and most of the public gallery were Malts, it emerged that feuding had been going on between neighboring Malts for 15 years. The cause was the water supply to the home of Reginald Malt Senior. It came from a pipe which had to cross the property of his brother, Eric Malt.

This latest incident reached boiling point when Eric Malt lost water pressure while cleaning his teeth so he turned off the water to his brother's house.

During the shouting match which ensued over the back fence, it was alleged that Maureen Malt's nephew, young Reginald Malt, dropped his pants, produced his stirrer and gave all the Malts a good shake.

Acquitted of the charge, Reginald Malt Junior told reporters outside the court: "I'm never going home. . . you don't know what they're like. . . I'm scared of what they will do now."



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BOOZE

Sherry sheds its tea with the vicar image

Sherry has an anomalous position in Australia. Everybody has heard of it but few people know a lot about it. Even fewer know how to drink it but, oddly enough, a great many profess not to like it. Unfairly saddled with a rather "British tea with the vicar" image in Australia, in spite of our increasing alcoholic sophistication, sherry remains an almost unbelievable blind spot.

If you asked a wine drinker to name three wines and he or she came up with the answer red, white and rose you would be justified in assuming that their oenological knowledge was rather basic. Like wine, sherry too has differing styles, yet most people dismiss sherry in three words — dry, medium and sweet. Far from being an occasional tipple for maiden aunts, to the true sherryphile sherry is a superbly complex wine fortified by the addition of distilled spirits. It is primarily made from the exotically named Palomino grape and is made in several styles varying from straw-pale wines of extraordinary delicacy to dark, full-bodied wines infused with a mellow nuttiness.

Sherry was first made in the town of Jerez de la Frontera in the Spanish province of Andalusia. (The English word sherry is a corruption of Jerez.) Situated close to Gibraltar and buffetted by the Atlantic winds, the climate of this part of Spain is perfect for growing grapes. The major Spanish sherry vineyards surround Jerez and the two adjacent towns of Sanlucar de Barrameda and Puerto de Santa Maria.

The dominant Palomino grape grows to maturity on vines that have a life expectancy of up to 30 years. When the vines reach 25 to 30 their output starts to decline and they are uprooted. The soil of "old" vineyards is rested for five or six years before being pressed into service again. In this way the region's vineyards are constantly rotated and the soil never becomes exhausted.

Most of the 6000 or so growers in the area have been in the sherry business for over one hundred years. Most operations are in the "cottage" category and the industry is controlled by about 12 giant companies. A significant number of this dominating dozen are still in the hands of their original founders and have English, not Spanish, names because of the centuries-old English enthusiasm for sherry. The passion is still strong and up to 40 percent of Spanish sherry is exported to Britain.

Modern sherry is the product of centuries of evolution. Shakespeare's "sack" was a product of Jerez, but it was as foreign to its 20th century descendant as the Bard's English is to the modern ear. It wasn't until the early 18th century that the classic bodegas (above-ground warehouses) came into being. And a further hundred years had to pass before the solera system was finally perfected.

For the first six to seven years of its life sherry is stored in huge 500 litre casks made from oak. After the grapes are crushed the fresh wine is left to ferment gradually for two to three months or until the sugar content has transmuted into alcohol. When this conversion is complete all the impurities descend to the bottom of the cask and the wine is clarified.

It is at this juncture that the wine receives its first, albeit hesitant, classification. Sherry has a mind of its own, and actually determines itself whether it will evolve into a light fino or heavy oloroso.

This self-determination has always been and remains one of the great mysteries of sherry-making. Two casks filled with the same wine from the same vineyard and matured for the same length of time in the same bodega often produce different sherry styles.

The two major styles of sherry are fino and oloroso. Fino is elegantly dry and very pale with a crisp, light body. Oloroso leans more to the sweet side and has a deeper color and mellowness. At the tentative primary classification point it is possible to make the distinction between the two because a fino develops a unique yeast topping known as the flor. Some finos, however, develop into amontillados which seem more akin to olorosos because of their full-bodied, invigorating nuttiness.

After being categorised, fino and amontillado sherries are fortified with 15 percent alcohol brandies while olorosos are boosted with 18 percent brandies. Following fortification sherry enters the solera system, where youthful wines marry with more mature ones to create a continuation of taste and quality. The solera system involves stacking identical casks, each level containing wine one year older than the one above it.

Export sherry always comes from the bottom of the barrels, but no more than 50 percent of the sherry is removed from this row in any one year. In this way the younger sherries begin their journey to the bottom of the positional hierarchy by refilling the casks below them. This intricate method of blending is the reason why the blending of different vintages can create a perennially consistent product of refinement and complexity.

Sherry, like brandy, is now made all over the world. The classiest Australian varieties can proudly compare themselves with their Spanish rivals. The quality brands are made in keeping with Spanish traditions and, while a true aficionado may ferret out a slightly sweeter note in the Australian drys, most sherry drinkers would be hard-pressed to make a criticism. Sherry is made in every wine-growing area of Australia and producers mainly adhere to the classic Spanish Palomino and Ximenez grapes.

Cream sherry, which is popular both here and internationally, is a bastardised version of olorosos. Its deviation from the classic model, however, does not mean that it is in any way inferior. Far from it. Cream sherries are good wines in their own right and should be judged in that light. British and Australian cream sherries both deserve their reputation as excellent dessert wines.

Pale, dry finos are Champagne's greatest rivals as the number one aperitif. Sweet sherries are notorious appetite depressants because of their higher sugar content, and if you have ever mistakenly been served one an aversion to the idea of sherry as an aperitif is highly understandable. A good fino makes a refreshing aperitif taken over ice in a long glass before a rich or spicy meal. Or if you are feeling traditional, serve chilled in small English-style glasses, taking care not to fill them more than half full, so that the rich bouquet of the wine is retained.

Olorosos are best served after dinner at room temperature or with chocolate or rich desserts that defy any other wine. Cream sherries make perfect substitutes for liqueurs. Whatever the occasion or manner in which you serve any sherry the unshakable rule is to sip not swill.

— CHRIS JACKSON

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MUSIC

Scottish rock fervor and Grace Slick's scorecard

TOUCHING THOUGHTS FROM DAVID LEE: "Van Halen is one big lost weekend when it's out on the road," lead singer and main madman David Lee Roth (above) assures us. We'd asked whether VH still celebrates the traditional metallist virtues: party, party and party. Roth gave us his breathless report direct from the band's sizzling 1984 tour: "It's true what happens out there on the road. The corporate side doesn't want to hear it anymore — it's their daughters who are waiting around backstage. As for the groupie with the feather boa and the pan-cake makeup, yeah, she still exists. And I have her number if you'd like it." And, yes, David Lee still carries his paternity-suit insurance.

The Oz rock phenomenon's US honeymoon is over. The sheer consumer power of the American market has, for the time being, drained Australia and moved on to other domains. Latest on the hit list is Scotland, yielding acts such as Big Country, Aztec Camera, Heavy Petting, Billy Rankin and Endgames. The major labels pulled their talent scouts out of the pubs and clubs of Sydney and Melbourne to send them through the basements of Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dundee and Aberdeen. Move over Vegemite sangers and cans of Foster's; hello haggis and pints of heavy!

•

Bored to tears by the sameness of the synthesizer acts? Then catch an earful of Mink deVille's *Where Angels Fear To Tread* (Atlantic). Here's a guy who captures the raw elements of R&B with his own interpretative twist. It offers images of swing, gut-level rock'n'roll and sheer electric energy and comes as a reminder that the traditions of white American electric music are alive and well. The lyrics are smart, deVille's voice is dark and rugged and the playing is pure excitement.

•

A lot of pretty rock faces have come and gone since Grace Slick took her first flight back in 1965. We asked Pamela Marin to talk to Slick for an assessment of the current crop of female rockers. Here's the scorecard.

Pat Benatar: "A great set of pipes. The music I can take or leave, but I enjoy the voice."

Joan Jett: "I like the way she sings. I like the way she looks. And I like the way she moves on camera. Rock'n'roll is basically attitude. She's got it."

Stevie Nicks: "The way she looks is great for video. Good songwriter."

Belinda Carlisle (lead singer for the Go-Go's): "My daughter (China, 13 years old) and her father (Paul Kantner, 41) think the Go-Go's are fantastic. I don't care for it because it reminds me of the '50s — cutesy beach party music. I didn't like the '50s in the '50s, let alone now."

Debbie Harry: "She's real interesting to watch, kind of mysterious and whacko. I'd like to see her try different vocal techniques."

Martha Davis (lead singer for the Motels): "Her lips are the best part of her. Those great wet lips. That's what occurs to me first and last."

Chrissie Hynde: "The most unique voice. She's not imitating anybody and I admire that a lot."

Linda Ronstadt: "There's a lot of people out there — the whole state of California — waiting for some more of Ronstadt's country rock."

Joan Armatrading: "Obscure. She's good musically, but somehow I don't get excited. But I've never seen her perform live so I don't really know what electricity she has."

Annie Lennox (Eurythmics): "I admire her for cutting off what is considered to be your attraction — your hair. I'm not strong enough to do that. Your hair is so damn important it's ridiculous. To a performer, hair is sort of like sex — you can throw it around and you know you're getting attention."

Rickie Lee Jones: "The best pop singer. She's got the pipes *and* the personality. She's the best."

•

"Warning: membership of this band could be injurious to your health." That just might be the subtitle for a biography of The Pretenders. Last year was a heavy-duty stretch for the group with the deaths of two of its members and the birth of Chrissie Hynde's baby. Out of the trauma has emerged the new-look Pretenders with *Learning To Crawl* (WEA), the album that includes Middle Of The Road and Back On The Chain Gang. It's produced by Chris Thomas who, by showcasing the writing and vocal talents of Hynde, has healed the sense of loss and orchestrated the band's revival. Far from being a jaded return, this set is shot through with vitality and flashy melodies. Guest inserts from ace guitarist Billy Bremner are inspirations and elevate the backing to a different plateau. Put it down as the comeback of the year.

•

Dune, that famous cult sci-fi read of the '70s, is about to appear in celluloid form with Toto nominated to do the music. Bette Midler made such a bird of the Janis Joplin character in *The Rose*, that the Divine Miss M thought it time to pursue another biography via the silver screen. The subject is said to be Patty Andrews, leading light of the famous Andrews Sisters, an act that Bette cites as one of her greatest inspirations. Her version of the Andrews Sisters' Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy is a favored Midler standard.

Beatles collectables range from the obvious to the bizarre but there's a keepsake in a London doctor's surgery that just about beats them all. You know that Eleanor Rigby kept her face in a jar by the door. Well, this guy keeps George Harrison's *tonsils* in a jar by the door. Singer Ian Donaldson of H20 found that out when he went to see about a tonsillectomy.

MONEY

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Tax deductions you and your accountant never dreamed of

Several years ago, during her first campaign for the Senate, Queensland housewife and scone baker Flo Bjelke-Petersen introduced her party's idea for income tax reform. Called the "flat tax" proposal, Flo's plan was simplicity itself. Instead of the complicated maze of deductions, rebates, shelters, schemes and outright fraud that characterises our current graduated tax system, a single tax would be levied (say, 20 or 25 percent) on incomes over a critical level with no provision for deductions or rebates of any kind.

Proponents of a flat tax argued that their scheme would eliminate the need for complex assessments (thereby lowering the taxation department's payroll), reduce the temptation of those on large incomes to cheat (because 20 to 25 cents in a dollar is not a lot to ask), and increase fairness by getting rid of special deductions and loopholes presently available only to a privileged few.

Even though most people would be paying less tax under a flat tax system, supporters of the scheme claimed that the government wouldn't actually lose revenue because sacking the assessors, dumping deductions and ending artificial tax avoidance schemes would make up the difference. And they were probably right.

Well, as everyone knows, the flat tax idea went nowhere. Why, you may wonder, should such a reasonable proposal be disregarded? The answer lies more in psychology than in economics. People like their deductions and rebates. They enjoy trying to see what they can get away with. A flat tax eliminates all sport from the taxation game and, for many people, sport is what the whole enterprise has become.

Consider, for example, the case of Mr L. This taxpayer had carefully read the Income Tax Act and knew that expenses incurred earning assessable income constitute legitimate business deductions. As reported in *Australian Tax Cases,* Mr L worked for Telecom for a few weeks, during which time his job required him to ". . . arrive at the city, purchase the papers, go upstairs and read them and have a cup of tea." Since Telecom apparently supplied the tea, Mr L could hardly consider the cost of his morning cuppa as a business expense, but he did claim a deduction of $29 for the cost of the newspapers. His argument was that this job (he was an unqualified wages clerk) required him to keep up with policy developments.

As you might imagine, this claim did not go over very well with the taxation authorities and, even on appeal, it was rejected. But L was not easily daunted. You see, in addition to killing himself at Telecom for a few weeks, he spent part of the year in another occupation — dole-bludging. In fact, he explained that although he had no intention of actually getting work (he only applied for jobs he knew he would not get), he had to pretend to look for positions in order to receive social security benefits. Since dole-bludging was his business, L felt entitled to a range of "business expenses" including newspapers ("to keep abreast of the unemployment situation"), travel while pretending to look for jobs, a home office (part of his caravan, actually) and postage for job applications. Again, the taxation office disagreed and his appeal failed.

Nevertheless, L is clearly a man with a sporting attitude toward income tax. In fact, he finished off the year in a new career. He became a tax agent and business consultant! It is easy to understand the board's annoyance with L, but I wonder if they were quite fair. They seem to have made a moral judgement. The fact L made his living by dole-bludging should not, in itself, disallow his deductions. All sorts of unsavory people pay taxes. As long as taxes are paid, the taxation department does not ordinarily concern itself with how taxpayers make their living. This means that gamblers, prostitutes and SP bookies are supposed to (and sometimes do) pay income tax. Needless to say, they have the same rights to deductions and rebates as anyone else.

SP bookie Mr K, for example, was judged to have increased his wealth considerably and was assessed on what the taxation department reckoned was his likely income. He protested, however, claiming that much of his money was won at the races and that gambling was not part of an SP bookmaker's occupation.

The prostitute, because of her trade, incurs certain inevitable costs. In theory, at least, money she spends on special lingerie and stiletto shoes should be deductible business expenses, as long as they are used solely for the purpose of earning assessable income. She also should be entitled to deductions for the costs of special make-up, hairdressing and dry cleaning her satin sheets. If she works from home, decorating costs such as fastening the mirror to the ceiling may also be deductible, as well as her telephone costs.

Barristers are allowed to deduct the cost of their wigs, airline hostesses can deduct hair care and make-up expenses but policemen cannot deduct the cost of their barber bills even though their employer requires them to have short hair.

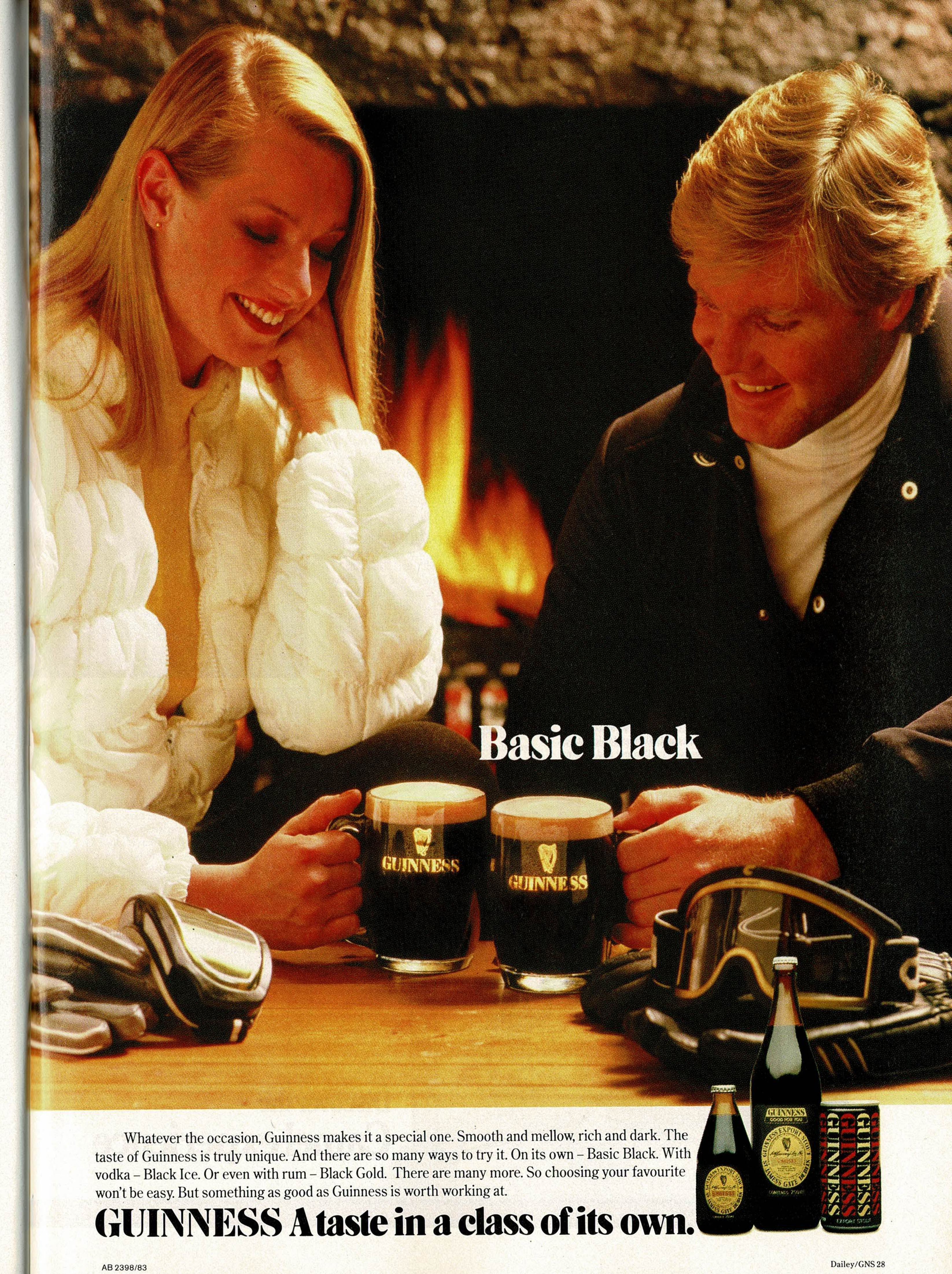
Funeral directors are entitled to a deduction for their black suits but government officials cannot deduct the cost of a dinner jacket worn to official engagements. Perhaps there is a rule operating here, but you can see how the element of chance enlivens the sport.

Although the range of business deductions is wide, it does have limits. The company director who tried to deduct fees paid to lawyers employed to defend him against criminal charges arising from his business activities found the taxation board of review unsympathetic. The board claimed that criminal activities are not part of a company director's job.

Those unable to deduct business expenses may participate in the taxation game by concentrating on the fertile field of medical rebates. For example, if you buy a wig because you are too shy to go out in public with a bald head and a doctor suggested that hair would help, you score a rebate for the cost. If the wig works too well and you find that your new girlfriend is too physically demanding — leaving you unable to perform — you may need an artificial aid which could also be a rebatable expense.

So you see, our present system presents sporting opportunities that would no longer be available under a flat tax. This is one of the reasons for its popularity. Our immortal dole-bludger, whose case was rejected by the taxation department, described working for Telecom as, ". . . like unemployment benefits, a system that could be worked, and it depends on how much time you wanted to put into it." The same can be said of income tax.

— SETH GREGORY



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CAMEL CALENDAR

Shell Mileage Marathon: The marathon will be held on June 3 at Amaroo Park in Sydney. Competitors must chalk up the lowest possible petrol consumption over 20 laps of a short circuit. The vehicles are invariably lightweight and have bicycle wheels. The containers for petrol are about the size of a golf ball. The gust from a loud cheer may just get them over the finish line.

Rugby League: On June 9 Australia meets Great Britain in the First Test at the Sydney Cricket Ground. On June 19 NSW plays Queensland at the SCG. The Second Test between Australia and Great Britain will be held at Queensland's Lang Park on June 26. The Third Test will be back in Sydney on July 7.

Melbourne Film Festival: The festival includes around 40 features and 100 shorts or, to put it another way, the best films from 35 countries. It's on at the State Theatre in the Victorian Arts Centre from June 1 to 16. For the hardiest of film buffs.

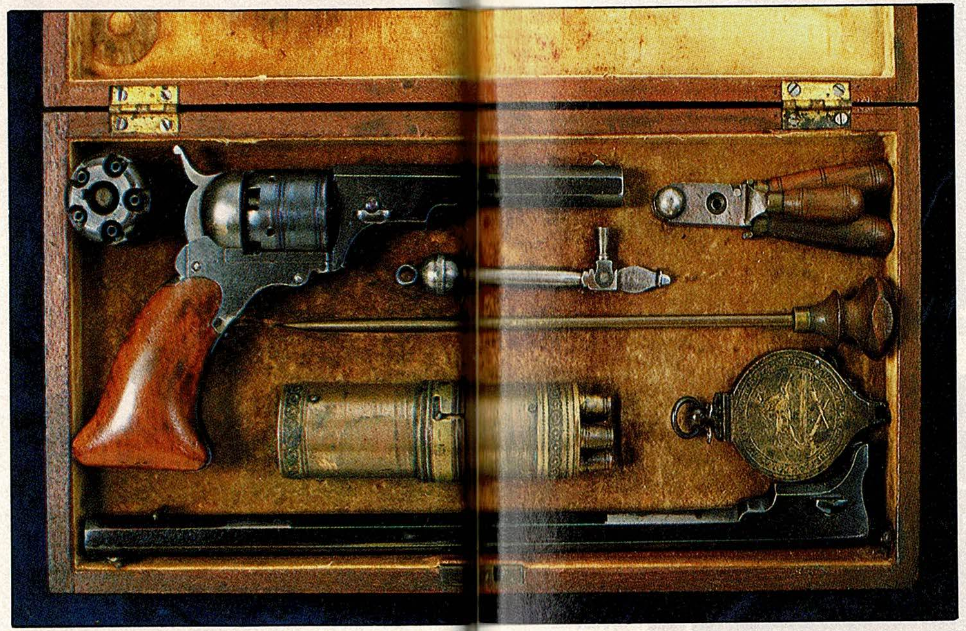
Australian Marathon: If you've got nothing better to do on Sunday, June 10, in Sydney than run 26 miles, try this. The marathon starts at 7.30am in Miller Street, North Sydney, goes to La Perouse and returns to the Sydney Athletic Field at Moore Park.

Sauna Sail: Yachts in the La Trobe Valley Yacht Club will take part in the Sauna Sail on Hazelwood Pond on June 9 to 11. It's called "sauna" because the so-called pond is a cooling lake for the Hazelwood Power Station where the water is definitely warm. The yacht club is at Morwell in Victoria.

Fifty Mile Run: It's not exactly on the spot, but close. The run takes place at the Melbourne University track on June 23 starting at 6.30am. It takes from 5 to 8 hours to complete the 201 and a bit laps.

Holiday and Travel Fair: Find out how to get away with style or on the cheap at the Holiday and Travel Fair at the Sydney Showgrounds from June 7 to 11. There will be a festival of travel films, entertainment, exhibitions and all the tour information you could want. More than 30 countries will be involved.

Pool and Spa Show: The show abounds in pools and spas, of course. Just about every size and shape will be on show. People into healthy living will also be there giving demonstrations. It's on at the Sydney Showgrounds from June 7 to 11.



Melbourne Gun Show: This is the eighth. It's on at Coburg Town Hall in Victoria on June 23 and 24. There will be hundreds of antique, military and collectible guns plus swords, uniforms, medals and buttons on show.

Sydney Film Festival: For film-watching masochists. There are at least 80 films to get through in two weeks. A must for those who are loath to go to films at other times of the year. The fest is on from June 8 to 24 and will be held as usual in the elegant State Theatre. Tickets range in price from $60 for daytime up to $140 for a gold pass for evenings.

Street Machine Show: It's on at the Melbourne Royal Exhibition Building from June 21 to 24. Street machines are high performance, street registered vehicles where just about everything has been reworked or replaced.

Icicle Regatta: The Black Rock Yacht Club will brave the cold in its annual Icicle Regatta on Port Phillip Bay in Victoria on June 10. See "Sauna Sail" for the less brave.

Hockey: The Australian Men's Field Hockey Championships are on in Canberra until May 20th. You'll find them on the astro-turf near the Australian Institute of Sport.

Snow Skiing: The snow ski season officially opens on the long weekend June 9, 10 and 11 throughout Australia. Snow fun for one and all on the slopes.

Swimming Pool, Spa and Outdoor Living Exhibition: It's all in the name. You'll find it at the Royal Exhibition Building in Melbourne from June 28 to July 1.

Volleyball: The Men's and Women's National Volleyball League playoffs are on June 23 and 24 and the finals are on July 13 and 14. Venues are yet to be announced.

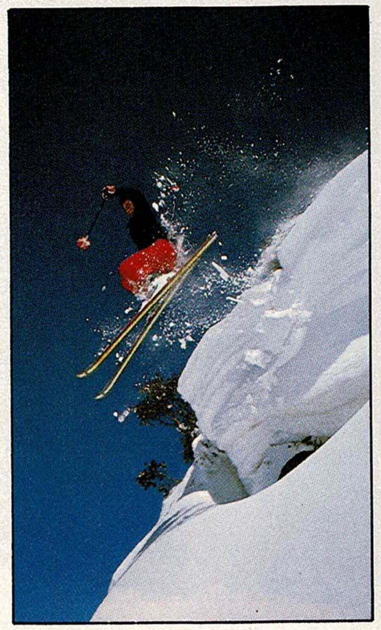
Motor Sport: A round of the Australian Rally Championship will be held in Western Australia on June 2. A round of the Australian Formula Two Championship is on in Winton, Victoria, on June 3. A round of the Australian Off Road Championship will be held in Sea Lake, Victoria, on June 9 and a round of the Australian Touring Car Championship takes place at Lakeside in Queensland on June 17.

JOG: JOG yachts (that's yachts in the Junior Offshore Group) will take part in Royal Yacht Club of Victoria's Jameson Trophy in June and July. Races are on June 3 and 17 and July 1, 15 and 29. The club is at Williamstown on Port Phillip Bay in Victoria.

Caravan and Camping Show: This promises to be a big show with just about every caravan and camping accessory you could expect to find. Vehicles range from four wheel drive to luxury homes on wheels. The show is on at the Yennora Wool Centre, Guildford, in Sydney. It's on from June 9 to 17.

Ultra Chic Cabaret: The TN Company presents "eighty tingling minutes of hypnotically elegant entertainment" starting on June 6 at the TN Playhouse, Fortitude Valley, Brisbane. There will be "scintillating dance, delicious jokes and soothing melodies" among other things.

Love for Love: English playwright William Congreve wrote this comedy about a father who wants to leave his fortune to his second son rather than his first. He offers to settle his first son's extravagant gambling debts if he signs away his inheritance. A Restoration Comedy. It's on at the SGIO Theatre in Brisbane from May 29 to June 16.



Champagne on Ice: The champagne opening of the new ski season at Guthega, NSW, with Australian PLAYBOY takes place on June 9 to 11. Great Western Champagne, "Look" ski equipment and some dazzling ski stunts will add to the general riotous festivities on the snow.

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WOMEN

Things that women love about all men

After writing the Women column last month, I felt guilty. I wrote God knows how many complaints women have against men and before I knew it, my time was up and I hadn't said one pleasant thing about the male gender.

What an omission. I like men. Plenty of my best friends are men. They are a fine, upstanding, useful and endearing sex. If God hadn't made men, women would have had to invent them.

Here are some especially terrific masculine traits:

MEN ARE BRAVE

If there's a spider as big as a Holden in the bathroom, a man won't mind at all. He'll simply put on his karate outfit, roll up last Sunday's newspaper, march straight into the bathroom and bring that bloody spider to its knees. He's also firm with mice, and carburettors.

I find it truly amazing to watch a man fiddling with a carburettor. He doesn't faint or sob — he just fiddles with it until it gives in.

Then there are clothes. It is truly astonishing to me that a man can happily shuffle down the street wearing a bell-bottomed, double-knit polyester safari suit with frayed cuffs, cracked white patent leather loafers, a dacron shirt decorated with bullfighters, and a clip-on bowtie. Then, if he happens to see a woman in a devastating Gucci gown he'll have no hesitation about putting the hard word on her. Whereas a woman cannot even say, "Nice day, isn't it?" to a man if her hair's a mess or the seams in her stockings aren't razor straight.

MEN ARE STRONG

I can never open a jar of honey all by myself. Tomato sauce, jam and olives also elude my grasp. Even twist-open soft drinks. But hand a man a jar of anything and if he can't open it standing on his head with one hand tied behind his back, he'll soon find a freshly painted door and jamb to smartly complete the trick.

How do men do this? Do they all have bionic wrists? I lift weights, I do pushups, but just watch me try to carry an electric typewriter down the street and I'll murder you. Yet even the wimpiest of men can carry three suitcases filled with lead for miles. How?

MEN HAVE BICEPS

Yes, women have biceps too, but not noticeably so, unless the woman is a famous bodybuilder who dotes on testosterone shots.

But men just bend their arm a little and there it is — a bicep as big as the Ritz, one of the most beautiful sights on earth.

MEN LOVE TO CLEAN OVENS

Oh, yes they do. They always pretend they won't, or can't, or don't know how, but hand a man some rubber gloves and a can of oven cleaner and he's in his element. He eats those nasty fumes for breakfast. He attacks those stubborn, greasy corners with dispatch. Don't believe me? Simply hire a woman to clean your home one week, a man the next. Note the state of your oven after each visit.

MEN ALPHABETISE RECORDS

And divide them into categories, and sub-categories. They even have special record-cleaning devices, and put records right back into their jackets after using them. When a woman goes to a man's home, she can always put her finger right on that Men At Work album she's been hankering for. It's phenomenal.

MEN CAN WRITE THEIR NAMES IN THE SAND

No matter how hard we try, women can't do this. Even if we run really fast, the most we can hope to form is a letter or two. Unless, of course, we fill a water pistol but that's cheating.

MEN GET DRUNK AND FALL DOWN

And most of them seem to have a pretty good time doing this. Whereas your average woman, after a few drinks, simply falls asleep. She lets her head fall into an ashtray and she starts to snore, or she gets a headache and has to be driven home, or she stumbles into the bathroom for a quiet, decorous chunder.

But a drunken man will yell and bellow and rip the condom machine off the men's room wall, then dance on the bar until he just drops.

MEN ARE FUNNY

I mean funny ha-ha in this context, not funny peculiar. I risk accusations of being a traitor to my sex with this, but I have always found men to be funnier than women. Oh sure, I enjoy my sessions with "the girls" when we can talk dirty and be as sexist about men as they are about women but when the chips are down, I prefer to be with men. Men make me laugh. They have a degree of confidence that enables them to make absolute fools of themselves without compromising their masculinity, whereas women who try to be funny often end up just looking silly. And most men who are clever know that laughter is a hell of an aphrodisiac.

MEN FIGHT FOR YOUR HONOR

This may be a sexist hangover from the Dark Ages but it has its advantages, believe me. We live in an uncouth age and when you're trying to have a pleasant evening out, it isn't nice to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous arseholes.

There's something reassuring about being in the company of a capable man, no disrespect intended to Woody Allen or the like. I mean the meek, sensitive type are all right but what use are they when there's a gang of Hell's Angels parked in front of your car?

That's the occasion when the Gary Cooper type comes into his own. So what if it suggests he considers us an extension of his own ego? He's getting us through the world withour our hair getting untidy. A girl has to be practical.

MEN WILL STROKE YOUR HAIR

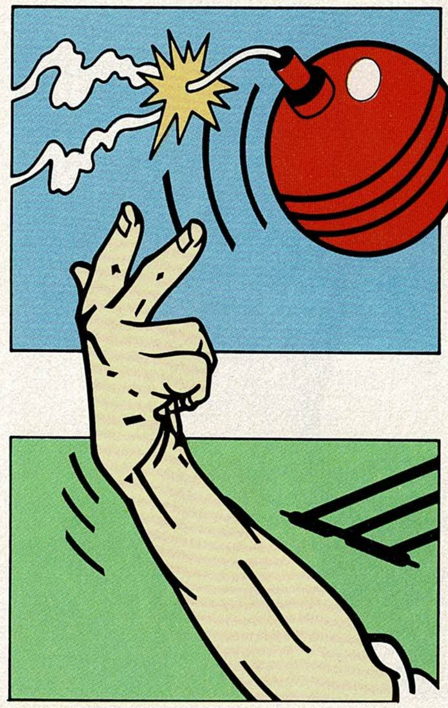
Well, okay, my friend Mary has been known to stroke my hair in a fit of affection, and my mother is constantly *pretending* she's stroking my hair ("Such a lovely face, why hide it?") but when a man strokes my hair, I liquefy.

Nothing else in the world makes me feel so warm and wonderful. Not even eating a perfect peach, or finding a cashmere jumper in a church jumble sale.

Maybe emerald earrings would do, I don't know. I wouldn't mind having the choice.

— CYNTHIA HEIMEL

SPORT



Man is by nature a most violent being. Beneath the shiny veneer of civilisation in which we like to reflect our finer qualities lies a turbulence which can erupt swiftly into overt aggression and brutality at almost any time.

Nowhere is this more clearly visible than at play, as we take part in sports and games. What was originally devised as a means of recreation and relaxation too often becomes a cauldron of aggression and violence. This is a worldwide phenomenon, particularly in the more affluent and developed nations, and perhaps especially here in Australia.

Aggression, violence and brutality seem to be a necessary part of sport, not only for the participants but for the spectators. Mob aggressiveness and violence have become almost commonplace among spectators, and not just in acknowledged brutal sports such as boxing, wrestling and football, but in the normally more gentle games like tennis, cricket and golf.

All this makes one wonder just what purpose sports and games play in our society today, and whether they have lost direction. If so, then what does the future hold for sport?

Whatever happened to the true sporting spirit?

Social scientists have spewed forth widely-differing opinions regarding the role of sports and games in modern society. Those closest to sport often claim that the aggression and violence provide a form of catharsis for people who might otherwise need to hurt themselves and others in much more harmful ways. Others state the opposite, suggesting that violence breeds violence and that the brutality of sport today is not just a reflection of society but a spur to further violence among spectators and participants alike.

There are strong points for each argument, but the need to temper the violence seems more urgent now than ever before. Otherwise, sports and games as we know them today might eventually have to be legally banned at some time in the not-too-distant future.

The 18th-century English historian, Edward Gibbon, includes brutality in sports and games among his five reasons for the decline and fall of the Roman Empire in his epic work of that title.

The five factors he listed were:

- The mad craze for pleasure; sports becoming every year more exciting and brutal.
- The rapid increase of divorce, undermining the dignity and sanctity of the family unit.
- Constantly rising taxes, and the spending of public money on free bread and circuses.
- The building of gigantic armaments, when the real enemy — the decadence of the people — lay within.
- The decay of religion, which faded into mere form, losing touch with life and thus failing to guide the people properly.

Edward Gibbon, however, was not at all sports-minded. Indeed he was small of stature, frail, often suffered from ill health, and spent his life primarily as a reclusive academic, dying at the early age of 57. His views of sports and games might thus have been somewhat biased.

Nevertheless, if you accept his five stated causes for the fall of the Roman Empire then you might just be tempted to wonder about the stage of collapse of our own society today.

In Australia we seem to have extremely strong needs and feelings regarding masculine strength and virility. Maybe that is why we use a special word of Spanish derivation to describe some of our great sports stars and successful male personalities. The word is "macho".

It cannot be found in *The Shorter Oxford English Dictionary*. It emanated from America with its proximity to Mexico and other Spanish-speaking nations of Central and South America. With Australia being the newest frontier of Western society, as Sports Minister John Brown suggested during a visit to America earlier this year, we need just such a word to give us strength and national confidence.

"Macho" can be found in the Australian book of words, *The Macquarie Dictionary*. There it is described as either "a man who displays machismo" or else in the adjectival form meaning "showily virile". "Machismo", which is the superlative of "macho" in Spanish, is defined by *The Macquarie Dictionary* as "flamboyant virility".

Somehow one almost gets the feeling of overtones of masochism and maybe even some degree of sadism in the way this word is often used in Australia today, particularly regarding sport and sportsmen. There was a time when modesty, restraint, gentlemanliness and courtesy were qualities epitomising the champion Australian sportsman. Not so today, when *braggadocio*, exuberance, and boisterous and even somewhat lairy behavior are often the standard for popular notice and acclaim in sports and games. In the past few years, the extravagantly aggressive antics of people like Dennis Lillee or young tennis star Pat Cash were the only selling points attracting the public to watch them in action. Even when we discovered Robert de Castella — a champion with many of the once-admired old-fashioned virtues — we selected someone whose dedication and discipline border almost on the masochistic, since marathon running can eventually be self-destructive.

Is it any wonder, therefore, that young people all around Australia, and elsewhere among the affluent nations of the world, are dropping out of organised sports and games in droves once they're past their mid or late teens? The over-emphasis on not merely winning but virtually killing the opposition is finally turning many off taking part actively themselves, even if they still come to watch others in near-mortal sports combat.

The future for organised sports and games where winning is all that counts, at any cost, and where the spectators, live or by TV, must be entertained by whatever means, may well be limited even in view of the current affluence which champions generally attract. So while runners like de Castella seem likely to become millionaires, as have cricketers like Greg Chappell, not to mention tennis players, golfers and some footballers, sport looks like being altered or even destroyed.

If there is a solution, it lies in the creating and developing of new forms of play and recreation in which the activity itself once again becomes more important than the result or the victor. But that brings me back to what I said last month, about being champion of yourself without destroying yourself in the process.

Which is as good a point as any at which to leave matters.

— MIKE AGOSTINI

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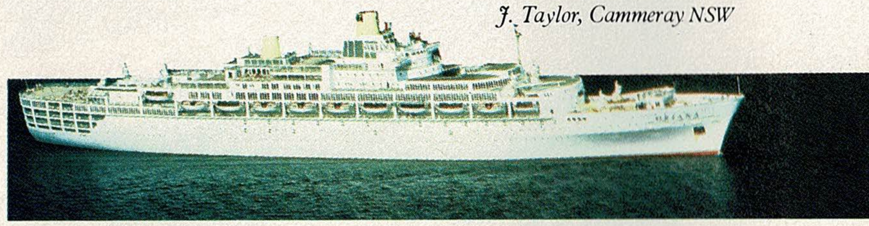

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MOVIES

Hitchcock's murder classics and Dudley murders a classic

Five films by Alfred Hitchcock have been dusted off after years on the shelf and re-released by Universal Classics and are doing bang-up business from London to LA. Wherever and whenever they appear, run, don't walk, to catch them.

I'll resist the conventional claim that they don't make movies like these anymore. They *do* make movies like these, in some cases as good or better, but rarely with the blend of sophistication, sly wit and tantalising suspense that were part of Hitchcock's secret formula.

From the quintet of freshly struck prints, my least favorites are the 1948 *Rope* (Hitchcock's first color film, a murder-will-out experimental drama shot in continuous 10-minute takes with no breaks in the action) and *The Trouble With Harry* (a 1956 black comedy, something different but mostly memorable as Shirley MacLaine's first film).

James Stewart, the ideally befuddled and intent Hitchcock hero, starred in *Rope* and three subsequent juicy hits. The 1958 *Vertigo* co-starred Kim Novak, with both Stewart and audiences getting dizzy from Hitch's razzle-dazzle manipulation. *The Man Who Knew Too Much* (1956) offered Doris Day singing Que Sera, Sera in this mischievous mix of music and murder. The headiest viewing, of course, is provided by *Rear Window* (1954), in which Hitchcock revels in subdued violence and voyeurism. A surprisingly sexy Grace Kelly plays the society belle who whets Stewart's other appetites while he's confined to his wheelchair, telescope trained on a friendly neighborhood killer. From beginning to end, it's delectable.

•

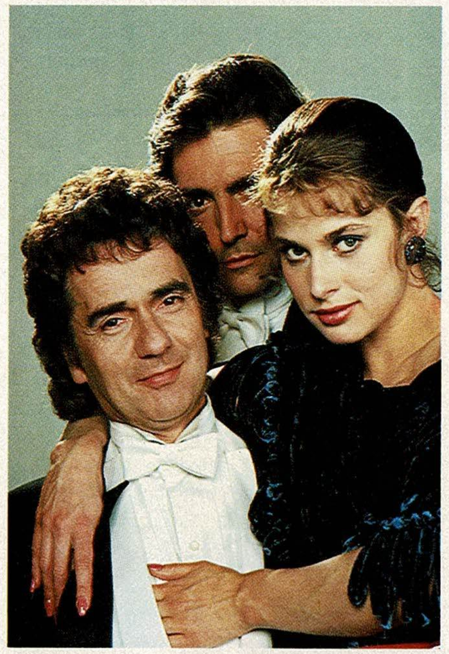
Sean Penn, Nicholas Gage and Elizabeth McGovern are a dynamic trio of rising young stars who make *Racing With The Moon* look luminous even when the screenplay goes dim.

The time is late 1942, the place is Point Muir, California, where Penn and Gage portray two teenage friends about to become Marine Corps cannon fodder during the Second World War. It's all about youth and sex and bowling and abortions and small-town America's innocence and coming of age on the eve of doomsday.

McGovern is an irresistible ingenue who lives in the big house on the hill — and is thought to be rich, although she's actually the housemaid's daughter.

But director Richard Benjamin and fledgling writer Steven Kloves seem so preoccupied with romantic period atmosphere that they often ignore such essentials as logic, perception and basic motivation.

While *Racing* is a fudged throw-back to such movies as *American Graffiti* and *Summer Of '42*, the performers occasionally transform, against mounting odds, the film's deep-purple prose into poetry.



Kinski, Assante and Moore — great casting, great script, pity about the movie.

•

TV or not TV, as a moviegoer I am a Steve Martin loyalist. I enjoyed his one substantial hit *(The Jerk)* and have cherished his also-rans *(Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid)* and outright flops *(Pennies From Heaven* and *The Man With Two Brains).* He doesn't do what his fans expect of him, so they get turned off.

Whether they will turn on to *The Lonely Guy* is anyone's guess. But once again, Martin has my vote for this easy-going zany comedy adapted (by Neil Simon, with a couple of other guys taking credit for the screenplay), from Bruce Jay Friedman's *The Lonely Guy's Book Of Life.*

Structurally, the movie is little more than an extended sketch, brilliantly played by Martin and Charles Grodin as a pair of born losers in their hapless pursuit of women. Goading them along are singer Steve Lawrence as a tireless seducer, Robyn Douglass as Martin's promiscuous room-mate, plus Judith Ivey, top of the heap as an eccentric bed partner who's conditioned to reach orgasm when a man sneezes.

Produced and directed by Arthur Hiller, the comic tone is mild, never trying to knock your socks off. Anyone who prefers Martin in a frenzy may as well sit this one out. He's a funny man in search of a suitable but stretchable screen image for himself, and I suspect he's on to something.

•

Unfaithfully Yours is a sleek slapstick comedy classic by Preston Sturges; the 1948 original starred Rex Harrison and Linda Darnell. Howard Zieff's hyped-up 1984 version has Dudley Moore as the jealous symphony conductor who suspects his beautiful young bride (Nastassia Kinski) of flagrant infidelity with a colleague (this time out, it's Armand Assante as a horny superstar violinist).

Although she is over-directed to the point of giddy semi-hysteria, Kinski's gorgeous camera presence defies any fixed rules — every move she makes seems to matter, even if it's the wrong move. Shrewdly underplaying the conductor's best friend and manager, Albert Brooks is an asset to the sharp and satirical early scenes.

Later on, during the conductor's murderous revenge fantasies — still set to music but not so artfully as Sturges did them — Zieff lets Dudley run amok in a somewhat familiar reprise of his falling-down-drunk schtick from *Arthur,* which makes less of Moore.

Granted that Hollywood is starved for fresh ideas, even granted that the movie preserves a residue of Sturges's wit and sex appeal, I'd still offer *Unfaithfully Yours* as prime evidence that sometimes it's wiser to leave well enough alone.

•

All of us who've been complaining that Woody Allen hasn't been as funny lately as he used to be can take a deep breath and derive some belly laughs from *Broadway Danny Rose.*

This is Woody's wickedly funny valentine to the sleazy side of showbusiness, filmed in black and white, with Woody himself taking the title role as a doggedly small-time talent agent who handles the world's worst acts — among them a one-armed juggler, a one-legged tap dancer, a couple who twist balloons into animal shapes, and a creep with a pet penguin that "skates on stage dressed as a rabbi".

We are mercifully spared actually seeing the penguin's performance, but most of what we do see is hilarious. Some of the inside jokes may be lost on Australian audiences, since the comedy proceeds in flashbacks from a Manhattan delicatessen where a collection of stand-up comics — guys such as Corbett Monica, Jackie Gayle and Morty Gunty, all playing themselves — sit around swapping stories about their loyal, crazy friend Danny Rose.

The story we are privy to concerns Danny, a perfectly awful crooner named Lou Canova (a bulky movie newcomer named Nick Apollo Forte galumphs through the part as if his mother had been frightened by Tony Bennett), and the crooner's bimbo, a gum-chewing schemer named Tina Vitale.

Uncharacteristically cast as Tina, Mia Farrow becomes the movie's brightest comic surprise, doing her bouffant dumb-blonde bit without visible strain while she and Danny elude a couple of Italian hit men.

Woody plays his classic schlemiel in what turns out to be a simple chase comedy with some cruelly sharp edges. It's mean and madcap, with not much to chew on after the lights come up. You just have a real good time.

— BRUCE WILLIAMSON

★COMING ATTRACTIONS★

CITIZEN MURDOCH: Media magnate **Rupert Murdoch's** career is set to replace that of **Randolph Hearst** in the remake of the Hollywood classic, *Citizen Kane.*

Two screenwriters have been given a July 31 deadline to produce a screenplay and the Hollywood production company behind the project plans to begin shooting in Australia in November. The original *Citizen Kane* starring **Orson Welles** was made in 1941 and chronicled the life of flamboyant publishing tycoon Hearst. Murdoch's aggressive raiding of the American media scene has upset many power-brokers and his controversial editorial policies make him a close parallel of Hearst with the added box-office appeal of topicality. Rest assured that the production studio is not Warner Communications, recently the target of Murdoch's corporate raiding activities.

●

IDOL GOSSIP: Comedian **Albert Brooks,** whose last film was *Modern Romance,* is back before and behind the cameras with *Lost In America,* co-starring former *Flying High* stewardess **Julie Hagerty.** Star, director and co-writer of the script, Brooks describes the flick as a contemporary romantic comedy "about a married couple who drop out of society 10 years too late. . ."

Margot Kidder, Ted *(Cheers)* **Danson** and **Burt Lancaster** are set to appear in *Little Treasure,* a romance/adventure about an ex-bank robber (Lancaster) who leaves his daughter (Kidder) a treasure map and her subsequent search for the buried loot.

DE MORNAY

NELSON

Then there's *Songwriter,* a zany look at the ups and downs of the world of country and western music starring **Kris Kristofferson, Willie Nelson, Lesley Ann Warren, Rip Torn** and **Melinda Dillon.**

Sexy **Rebecca De Mornay,** who played the young hooker in *Risky Business,* has been signed to co-star with **Michael O'Keefe** in **Neil Simon's** *The Slugger's Wife.*

Film-maker **Paul Bartel,** whose low budget black comedy *Eating Raoul* delighted critics and filmgoers alike, will make a sequel in which Paul and Mary Bland enter the political race. Tentative title: *Bland Ambition.* Meanwhile, Bartel plans to release *Not For Publication,* a comedy revolving around a gossip tabloid starring **David Naughton** and **Nancy Allen.**

William Friedkin has been signed to direct *Sea Trial,* based on the **Frank D. Felitta** novel about a couple who charter a sailboat and get themselves into a series of life-threatening dilemmas.

Christopher Reeve and **Rosanna Arquette** co-star with **Jack Warden** and **Sam Wanamaker** in *The Aviator,* based on the **Ernest K. Gann** tale about pilots flying the mail in the early days of aviation.

●

CONAN RETURNS: It's back to the Hyborean Age with *Conan, King Of Thieves.* This time around, Conan **(Arnold Schwarzenegger)** and Malak **(Tracey Walter)** are captured by Queen Tamaris **(Sarah Douglas)** who, after making whoopee with Our Hero, says she can bring his true love back to life if Conan will help her niece **(Olivia D'Abo)** find a certain key. The quest begins and along the way Conan picks up **Wilt Chamberlain** and **Grace Jones,** who play, respectively, Bombaata and the black Amazonian fighter, Zula. Stay tuned for the next sequel, tentatively titled, *Conan, King Of Box-Office.*

JONES

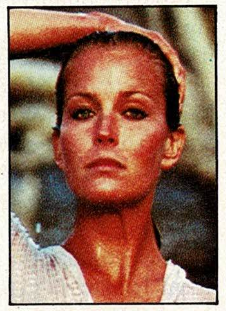
SCHWARZENEGGER

●

BURNING DESIRES: Though many of **Stephen King's** horror tales have been adapted for the big screen, *Firestarter,* by virtue of its stellar cast, may become a standout. **Drew Barrymore** stars as Charlene McGee, the kid with the paranormal powers whom everybody's after; **David** *(An Officer And A Gentleman)* **Keith** is her father whose psychic gifts are deteriorating as his daughter's grow; Martin Sheen plays the head of the government's Department of Scientific Information (known as The Shop), who dispatches ruthless, ritualistic killer John Rainbird, played by **George C. Scott,** to capture Charlene and her dad; **Art Carney** and **Louise Fletcher** play the farm couple who take the two fugitives in; and **Heather** *(T.J. Hooker)* **Locklear,** in her motion picture debut, plays Charlene's ill-fated mother, whose own psychic powers prove no match for the wiles of The Shop.

●

BO-DACIOUS: John and **Bo Derek** are raising the Hollywood term "hyphenate" to new heights. Between them, on their latest film venture, *Bo-lero,* they've managed to accumulate no less than four hyphens. John is writer-director-cinematographer; Bo is producer-star. Billed as an adventure story, *Bo-lero* involves the exploits of a young American heiress named Pony (Bo), determined, following her college graduation, to experience the world. The time is 1928 and, inspired by Valentino movies, Pony and her sidekick Ashley **(Ana Obregon)** take off for the wilds of Morocco, vowing to find a dashing sheik to help them cross the threshold into womanhood. They manage to find one but he doesn't deliver, so it's off to Spain and bullfighters. *Bo-lero* co-stars **George Kennedy** as Pony's chauffeur and **Andrea Occhipinti** as the bullfighter.


DEREK

●

ROMANCE DEPT: Two movies out in '84 involve romance writers who end up living the lives of their romantic heroines. One is *Romancing The Stone;* the other is *American Dreamer,* starring **JoBeth** *(Poltergeist)* **Williams, Tom** *(Merry Christmas Mr Lawrence)* **Conti** and **Giancarlo** *(Swept Away)* **Gianini.** In the latter, Ms Williams plays Cathy Palmer, an ordinary American housewife who wins a contest by writing a chapter in the style of Margaret McMann's Rebecca Ryan romance thrillers. The prize is a free trip to Paris, but on the way to her award luncheon at the Tour D'Argent, Cathy is hit by a car and knocked unconscious. When she wakes up she is no longer Cathy Palmer, ordinary housewife; she is — you guessed it — Rebecca Ryan, romantic Mata Hari. Suddenly, intrigue and adventure erupt around her, spies come out of the woodwork and corpses appear everywhere she goes. Conti plays English playboy Alan McMann who Cathy/Rebecca mistakes as her assistant Dmitri and Gianini is French political figure Victor Marchand.

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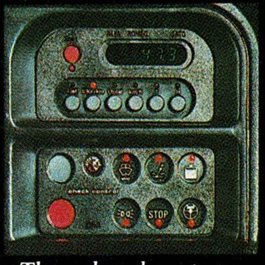
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PLAYBOY ADVISER

Silly I know, but I actually allowed my friends to run wild in my lounge-room during a recent party. When I got up the following morning, my white shag carpet was liberally spotted with stains. The food marks were relatively easy to remove but the cabernet sauvignon refuses to budge. Any suggestions?

— D. M., NSW.

Try this "home" remedy: pour soda or sparkling mineral water on the stain and allow to dry, then vacuum or wipe with a cloth. If the stains still persist after this treatment, try one of the many commercial preparations on the market, remembering, of course, to first test the product on an inconspicuous section of your carpet. It may not be able to cope with the chemicals and then you'll have not only a stained carpet but a moulting one.

●

Talking to some fellow joggers recently I was surprised to learn that they all suffered from a problem that had been bothering me for a while. They referred to it as "joggers' knee".

Exactly what is this, what is the cause and how can the situation be remedied?

— N.K., NT.

To answer your first query, what you and your cronies refer to as "joggers' knee" is in fact a form of chondromalacia. It sounds far worse than it is. Basically it's a condition that arises from having the muscle at the front of the thigh, the quadriceps femosis, in an underdeveloped state. Too weak to support the kneecap, it allows it to move around, destroying the surrounding cartilage. The obvious answer is to strengthen the quadriceps femosis. Leg lifts using ankle weights can be very effective: begin with two to five-pound weights and slowly build up to 10 pounds. During this strengthening period, avoid extra strain by staying away from hard or banked surfaces and downhill tracks. Remember, also, that any soreness or pain you feel is a warning from your body that you'd do well to heed.

●

I'm an avid ski buff with a most embarrassing problem. Each time I hit the slopes, my moustache freezes up! I really am sick to death of coming off the slopes looking like Frosty the Snowman. Is there anything at all I can do to stop this from happening?

— L.Q., Vic.

If you have an aversion to looking like Frosty, use some baby oil. Apply a small amount to your facial hair before hitting the slopes and you will effectively prevent the formation of ice crystals.

●

As a businessman who often makes overseas trips, I usually do some work on board planes. Without my ever-faithful office computer, however, a lot of the little tasks become laborious and time-consuming. Are there any portable computers that would be able to accompany me on these trips?

— T.I., Qld.

There are plenty of portable computers on the market but none that you could successfully use on a plane. They all give off radio signals that can interfere with instruments on the plane's dashboard and such portable models are a little too cumbersome for use on board. We're afraid you're still stuck with your fingers or, at best, a pocket calculator.

●

Come November I'm getting off on my first overseas trip. It's to Europe, by the way. I plan to use both travellers' cheques and credit cards once I get there but still think I need to carry cash to use in situations where cheques and plastic money won't be accepted. The only problem is I'm scared of being robbed. What precautions do you suggest I take?

— J.Y., SA.

We agree with you it's wise to carry some cash for emergencies, tips, etc but never carry more than is necessary for one day. If you are robbed, you won't be left totally high and dry. And, before you leave home, empty your wallet of any unnecessary paraphernalia. This means leaving behind local credit cards, membership badges, love letters, transport passes, the lot. Another tip is to leave your expensive jewellery at home. Substitute a Timex for the Cartier or Rolex and wear an electroplated chain rather than the "real thing". If you and your jewellery cannot be parted, wear it only on special occasions and leave it in the hotel safe the rest of the time. This applies to your travellers' cheques, too: place them all in the hotel safe and take them as you need them. Carry your wallet and passport folder in an inside coat pocket or front pants pocket, never in a hip pocket. Before you leave your hotel room, check to see that you have not left anything lying around that should be locked in your suitcase or hotel safe. Don't overlook anything: alarm clocks, designer jeans, electric shavers and hair dryers, while not necessarily expensive, can be a real nuisance to replace. Enjoy your trip!

●

After almost 10 years playing the company game, I've launched out into my own small business. Among the tips I've had for paving the way is the suggestion that I should lease rather than buy my next car. I know many people who lease their cars but I've never bothered to ask how it is done. Any hints?

— B.A., Vic.

Leasing conditions vary from firm to firm but the general method is the same for all leasing companies. First decide what type of car you wish to lease (this will be governed by what sort of payments you can afford to make) and then apply to the car leasing firm. The firm will check your credit rating to determine what sort of risk you might be. Once given the green light, you can then negotiate the terms of the lease. Usually, cars are leased for three or four years but this term can be changed to suit the needs of the lessee (that's you). The lessee and firm must then agree on a leasing figure for monthly payment and also the residual value of the car at the end of the lease period. When all details have been agreed, a contract is drawn up and signed. The arrangement is different to a hire-purchase agreement as no deposit is required for leasing. For the term of the lease you are responsible for all maintenance costs. When the lease expires the terms usually require you to return the car to the leasing firm. Should you want the car, you can make an offer or simply pay the residual value. The car is then yours. It is not unusual to negotiate to re-lease the same vehicle for another term. If you don't pursue the above options, you can trade it in and lease another vehicle. If the car is simply returned to the firm and the company sells it for less than the agreed residual value, you are obliged to pay the difference between the sale price and the residual value.

●

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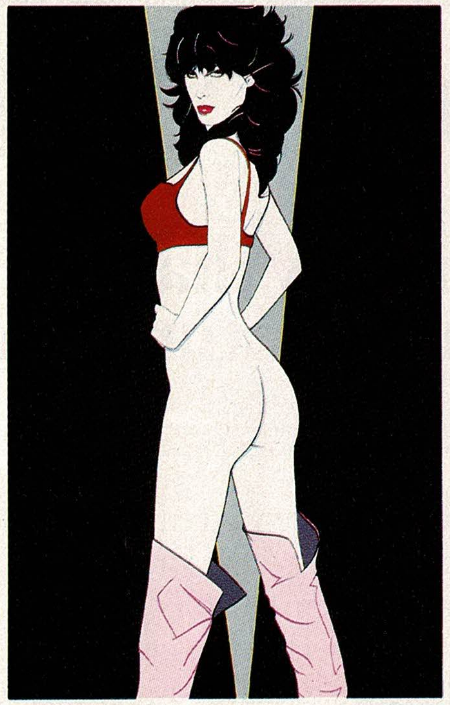

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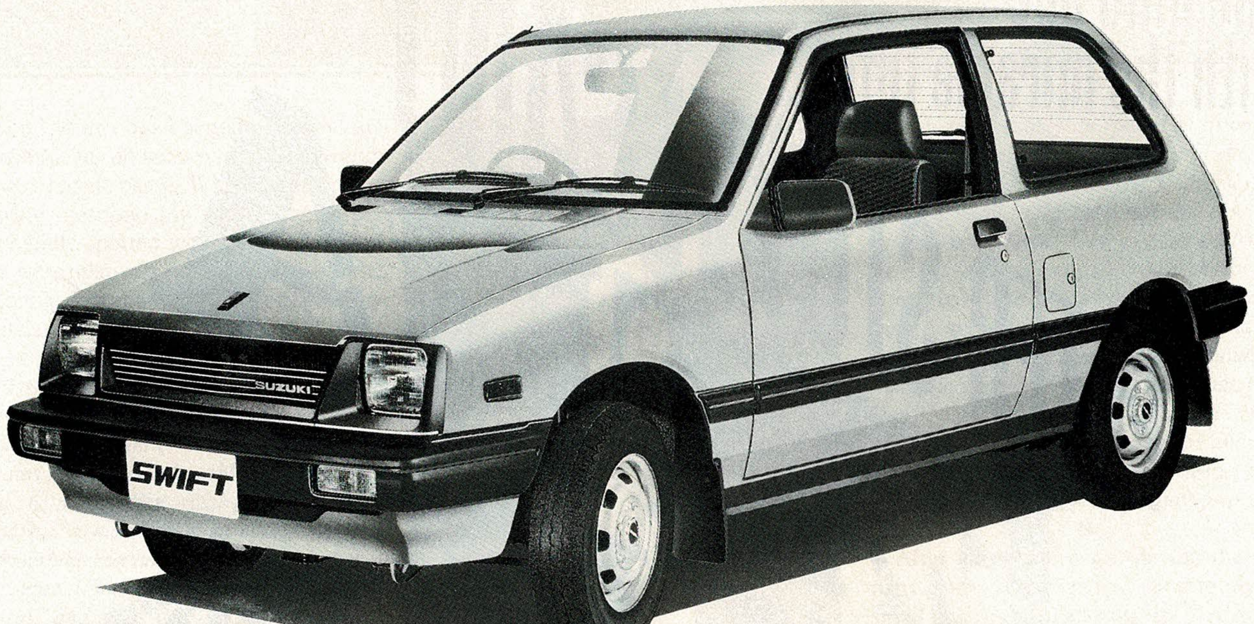

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A candid conversation with the king of Australian motor sport about designing, winning, nationalism and the art of stayin' alive.

Peter Brock is the tall poppy of Australian motor racing. Arguably the best-known personality, he's unarguably the most convincing winner in a sport that requires its exponents to weld together a unique combination of athletic prowess, mechanical skill and sympathy, not to mention management initiative and guts.

Brock has elevated motor racing in this country to an art form, applying a level of discipline, intuition and controlled daredevilry. He is a confirmed all-rounder, convincingly winning the Repco Round Australia Trial in 1979, Australian Rallycross titles and featuring in some of the world's greatest motor sport events from Macau to Le Mans.

And, above all, there is Bathurst. Seven times a winner on the famous Mount Panorama circuit, Brock has humbled the best this country can throw at him in driving talent and bottomless budgets, prised the winning dais out from under a score of world-ranked internationals, and made winning the 1000km classic look like a Sunday afternoon drive.

Brock's superior driving ability is the leading edge of a range of skills that run far deeper than mere natural talent. These days Brock is also engineer, designer, developer and car manufacturer. He celebrated Christmas 1983 at Holden Dealer Team Special Vehicles with the production of the 1000th Brock Commodore, a sport-version of the GM-H family car based on his race-winning HDT car.

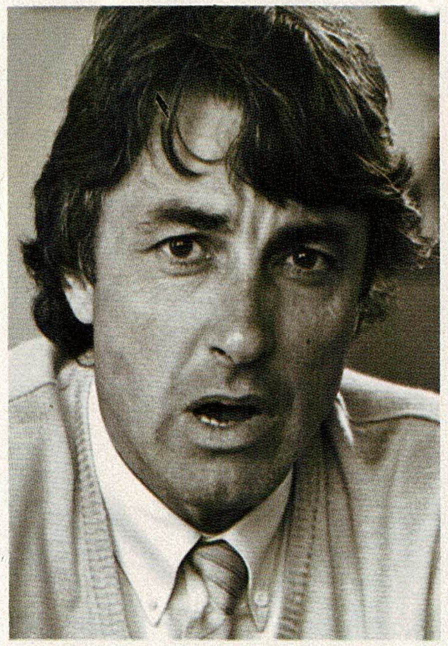
The responsibilities involved with being car designer, marketer and head of a production plant employing more than 60 people and turning over $1,000,000 per year have exposed a new facet of Peter Brock's character: he's an outspoken crusader of the Australian product. Brock's only collisions at the racetrack have been head-ons with the organisers of the sport whom he sees as handing unfair advantages to fully-imported products. He has the same message for the people who legislate and guide the fame and fortune of the local car industry — give the indigenous product a fair shake. It has been a time of re-adjustment for Brock and his public.

Partly under the guidance of Harry Firth, his mentor, he came to terms early with the concept of a "clean" public image. It was a relatively easy role for him to adopt, for he came from the sort of background that was conducive. Born Peter Geoffrey Brock, he was raised in Hurstbridge, now a Melbourne suburb but then a rural town. At 15, Peter Brock had already built a stripped-down Austin 7 and was hurling it around the small farm property. He was barely out of school and into an automotive career when the army hijacked him for National Service and shut down what was already shaping as a promising club-level motor sports debut.

Undaunted by the fact that the army ignored his technical and motor skills and drafted him into medical service, Brock began organising an army-within-an-army and conscripted the entire force of his Regimental Aid Post at Kapooka to rebuild an Austin A30 into what was then known as a "sports sedan racing car".

By the time he was discharged in 1967 he was ready to drive straight on to the track. He finished his first race on Boxing Day and began winning the very next year. Promoters actually paid him appearance money to front the machine. His superb performances attracted the attention of Harry Firth, the man who did for motor racing what Percy Cerutty did for middle-distance running. Firth could pick talent and he put Brock straight into a Monaro for Bathurst. He guided him into a blend of motor racing activities and he excelled at them all.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY IAN SMITH



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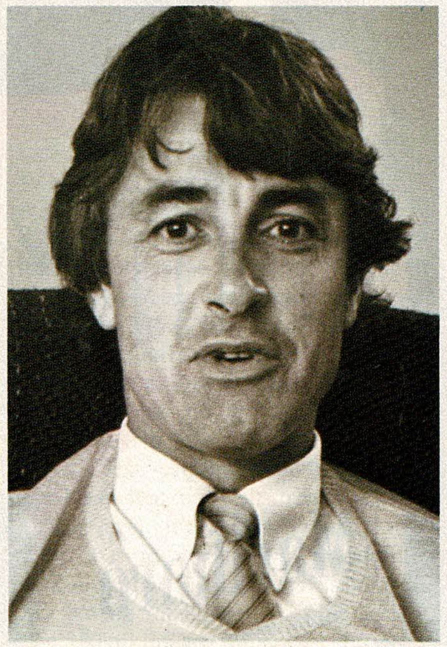

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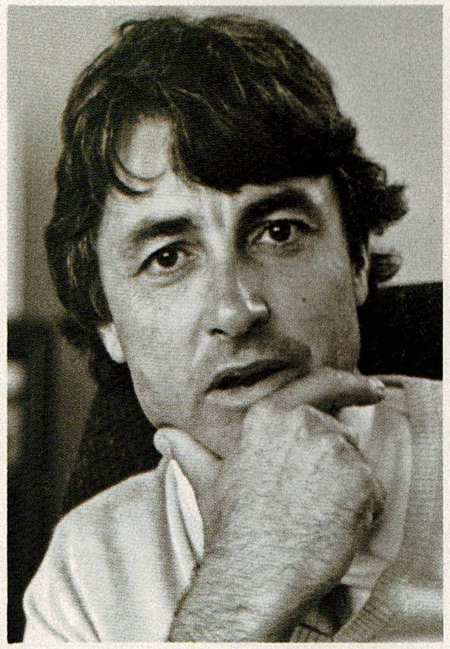

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Nearly 15 years later, the scoreboard shows seven Bathurst titles and the Brock name on the trophy of virtually every championship and major event connected with touring cars. It has not been a dream run all the way. Peter has paid heavily for his motor sport ambitions. When his first marriage collapsed he rebounded into a very public marriage to Miss Australia, Michelle Downes. The marriage ended shortly after, the subject of scandalous press speculation. The experience persuaded Brocky to put his private life underground. Peter's lady of seven years and their three children (one from her previous marriage) keep a low profile although "Bevo", as Bev Brock is fondly known, is a solid and stabilising influence.

After 15 years of observing Brock, often at close quarters, Motoring Editor ***Rob Luck*** *set out to record the Playboy Interview. Says Luck: "I first met Brocky when I track-tested the Austin A30 sports sedan. It was the most improbable winner I had ever driven: savagely powerful, totally unpredictable, bordering on the unstable and dangerous. Brocky drove it consistently under the chequered flag as if he was wheeling around a luxury limo; he was silk-smooth even then. Many cars and years later, that's what still stands out about Brock the driver. That and the fact that he never hits anything.*

"Running through him deep down is a great sensitivity to the people and the environment in which he lives and works and that gives him a special human quality. As you might expect with a full-on racer and car manufacturer, I had to dog Brock through three states for weeks before nailing down this interview, most of which was conducted in the conference room of his Melbourne headquarters. The room is surprisingly devoid of motor racing trophies. Instead, pride of place is devoted to a fibreglass cast of the Australian record 39.8kg giant trevally he took off Exmouth, Perth, in 1981 after a two-hour fight using a 10lb line. It is another side of Peter Brock. He's also a collector of Ned Kelly memorabilia, hunter of Sidney Nolan art, fanatical supporter of VFL's Collingwood (and member of Ranald MacDonald's bloodless coup on the Magpies in 1981), boating enthusiast, devourer of science fiction novels and sometime fern gardener. Above all, Brock is a bone-deep Holden supporter and true blue Aussie."

PLAYBOY: For many years you've run the number 05 on your race car in support of the move against drink driving. How much energy do you put into road safety?

BROCK: Well, it was an official commitment I had with the Victorian government. Nowadays, the commitment is still there, but it's unofficial. I am fairly well aware at any time of what they're doing and I work reasonably closely with them, but it has become more national so that when road safety issues are raised in various parts of the country, I tend to take a national view.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in our current legislation?

BROCK: No, I don't believe in legislation at all. I'd rather have education than legislation. What I'm trying to do is emphasise the risks of drinking and driving. I think it was very sad the day the police came out and said, "Well, we're now going to set up breathalysers outside sporting venues." If you had any faith in human nature, you'd think drivers should have enough damn common sense not to drive over the limit. So putting the 05 on the car was just a subtle reminder to say: "Think about it."

PLAYBOY: What do you think about speed limits?

BROCK: We've accepted the lowest common denominator — the worst driving, the worst conditions, in the worst car and, at times, totally unrealistic speed limits. More often than not, the average well-educated driver in a decent motor car and good conditions looks at that speed limit and thinks that it's absolutely ridiculous and chooses to disobey those figures. In fact, on most dual-lane carriage roads that you find in most major cities with a 60km limit, the average speed is 70-80km an hour. That's simply the speed that everyone feels is reasonable.

> *Allan Moffat would be the greatest competitor I've had in Australia. On and off the track he's a very difficult man to beat.*

PLAYBOY: And is the machinery capable at that speed?

BROCK: Well, of course it is. Steel radials, for example, have upgraded braking and cornering of cars, probably by 20 percent.

PLAYBOY: If you promoted .05 for drink-driving, would you consider putting a 160 on your car to protest speed limits?

BROCK: We've got to make the decision where certain people just cannot get a licence. That's all there is to it. I guess you could say that until all drivers achieve a certain level, it's probably handy that a driver has to drive slowly because he's basically got no idea of what he's doing, and he's having the slowest possible accident. The 160km limit is unrealistic for most of this country. I would say that somewhere in the order of 130 is probably reasonable. I would not promote the change in speed limits. A better distribution of speed limits would be preferable.

PLAYBOY: What about on super highways?

BROCK: Yeah, super highways for instance. But the whole thing boils down to education and it's going to take a very brave politician to stand up there and say, "My platform is to reduce the road toll. I'm going to introduce driver training, licence checking, and I'm going to get the bad drivers off the road."

PLAYBOY: In the long term can you see motor racing making a significant contribution to driver training?

BROCK: Well, motor racing *should,* because whenever anybody asks me what they should do to improve their driving, the first thing I say to them is, "Drive faster because you're going to be mixing with a group of people who are not only interested in cars but they're interested in learning to drive cars properly."

PLAYBOY: Who are the drivers you rank highest?

BROCK: Alan Jones of course. Certainly Allan Moffat would be consistently the greatest competitor I've had in Australia. He's very tough. On and off the track he's a very difficult man to beat. He's got a great will to win; he gets up pretty early in the mornings, he does his sums and his homework and you know that if you beat him you've had a good weekend's work. The other ones are Alan Grice, a very tough competitor; Colin Bond, an excellent driver, very good car control; Bob Morris, but we haven't seen much of him recently; Kevin Bartlett, who's always been a good competitor and Dick Johnson — I know he's had a lot of prangs, but I think he's probably been underrated. I should throw in my mate John Harvey, too. But one young lad who impresses me greatly is David Parsons. He's done some exceptional things; he's a good honest driver.

PLAYBOY: You've been a consistent racer over a period of years. Do you rate yourself better than the rest?

BROCK: No, I don't. I know that I've got some strengths but I've also got some weaknesses.

PLAYBOY: Where do your strengths lie?

BROCK: I suppose the concentration is pretty good, the feel for a car's not bad and being able to do it easily. In other words, just looking at the track and saying, "Okay, go do a few laps and just do a good time and put the car away." But those things can become weaknesses and at times when you have a run of outs, it's basically just a lack of application because it comes easy. The only way to overcome this, of course, is testing, testing and more testing. There's no way that you can afford not to do that in the 1980s because it is the most competitive it has ever been.

PLAYBOY: Harry Firth has described you as one of the greatest natural talents he's ever seen. Do you consider yourself a natural driving talent?

BROCK: Oh yes, I am a natural driver. I've never really had to analyse what I've done. Now, if you're an unknown, you just go and do it and no one gives a damn. But if you start winning a few races, and they start looking at you, they say, "Well, what do you actually do?" So you sit down and nut it out. Moffat, on the other hand, is the sort of guy who can commit himself totally to driving that car. He talks himself into it, he makes himself drive that car and he'll do lap after lap after lap all the week before a race to get the most out of himself and out of that car. One of my failings is that I'll get in the car and do a few laps and say, "Oh well, the lap time's there, that's pretty good." What I should have been doing was going around and around analysing the car and making it right, and it's something which I have been doing the past couple of years otherwise I'd simply be uncompetitive.

PLAYBOY: Is Moffat making it harder for you each year?

BROCK: Absolutely. It doesn't come easy for him, but he achieves the end result. I really admire people who can achieve that much out of themselves. I've often felt a bit guilty of not getting to that level.

PLAYBOY: Do you acknowledge a significant difference between the disciplines of driving a touring car and driving an open wheeler?

BROCK: No, not much at all.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you could make the transition to Formula One given the education time?

BROCK: I think so. The biggest problem you've got with Formula One racing is finance and finding the necessary sponsorship to go and buy a drive. It's becoming very much for the elite or for the drivers who live in the right country. If you're born in France, for instance, where it's considered important for national prestige to have drivers participating at that level, the government has all sorts of programs to get drivers into Formula One.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider yourself unlucky living so far from the action?

BROCK: No, I would love to have a go, but I think circumstances dictate your life. The fateful decision with me was driving for Harry Firth in the very formative years of my motor racing, having a contract with one of the few work-style teams in Australia, having a mentor of Harry's stature and competing at the level that I did at such a young age. I'd barely been racing 18 months when I started driving with the Holden Dealer Team. In all honesty, that was an awe-inspiring experience. It would have been very hard to get out of it and go off to Europe.

PLAYBOY: If there was a big enough inducement would you do it now?

BROCK: I don't see how I could. There would have to be a very big bag of gold and it would have to be only very short term because I've got responsibilities here to business and sponsors. I wouldn't mind running a couple of one-off races like Le Mans or Indy, but to be a successful Formula One driver like Alan Jones you have to go and live in the UK for a number of years. So I'd say as far as Formula One is concerned for me, I'd be a long shot. But if someone came along and said they were bringing out a third Williams and would I like to drive it: Yes, please.

PLAYBOY: You plan to run a Porsche at Le Mans this year. Just how serious is this effort?

BROCK: Dead serious. We've bought our own 956, one of the ex-factory cars. Fitz (John Fitzpatrick) got it for us. We have our race and entry licences, we have sponsorship, we have the team and we are ready. Larry Perkins and I will drive, and we will take our own mechanics and engineers from here. It's an all Aussie effort and everyone is happy about that, except Johnny Harvey who is staying at home to mind the shop. It's the Silverstone 1000km first in mid-May, then Le Mans on June 16 and 17. We're going over there to win and we're taking a film crew to record it.

PLAYBOY: How much would the Marlboro-Holden Dealer Team turn over in one year?

> *I'd barely been racing 18 months when I joined the Holden Dealer Team. That was an awe-inspiring experience.*

BROCK: About $400,000.

PLAYBOY: Your race team is heavily supported by Marlboro. Does associating with a tobacco firm worry you in the long term?

BROCK: It certainly does. It's a decision that shouldn't be taken lightly because it works out to millions of dollars. The value of back-up advertising is generally greater than what they are doing direct anyway. They would spend a far greater amount with their supermarket and shopping centre promotions, their point-of-sale material, the car, the mock-up cars, the girls, staff, etc, just promoting the whole of the Holden team than for what they are actually doing directly with us.

PLAYBOY: If legislation pulled the rug out from under Marlboro tomorrow, what would you do?

BROCK: We would have to find another sponsor real quick or stop our action.

PLAYBOY: And where would you look?

BROCK: Top 100 Australian businesses.

PLAYBOY: At Bathurst last year you blew one car and swapped to another. Moffat then said it took two cars to beat him. Do you really think it's legitimate to swap cars in mid-race?

BROCK: Well, of course it is. Any person who follows motor sport knows that that's a normal thing to occur in long distance racing. I'm sure that Jackie Ickx has been happy to have done it in some of his Le Mans wins. In fact Moffat himself shared in a victory at, I think it was Sebring or Daytona. It's something which will continue on in world motor sport because it's seen in a long distance race that the car wins, and it certainly wasn't two cars that beat Moffat, it was three drivers.

PLAYBOY: How much of a sprint do you think Bathurst really is?

BROCK: It's actually a fair bit of a sprint. There's no doubt about that. It's just a matter of going as hard as you possibly can all day without hurting the car, and then you're still using a set limit.

PLAYBOY: For whom are you building police pursuit vehicles?

BROCK: Well, we do the components for GM-H and we're involved with the design of the police car in the first place which is now a common car for Australians. I think every state's in line.

PLAYBOY: What's the typical pursuit package?

BROCK: Well, it's got some heavy-duty bits and pieces throughout the suspension, beefed-up brake master cylinder. In the engine, it's got big capacity air cleaner and cold air intake, a hot fuel handling system which is a shrouded fuel line, high pressure pump and a bit of lagging here and there. Re-rated springs, shockers. . .

PLAYBOY: What about the engine power output?

BROCK: Yeah, well the engine itself goes from 184 horses to 246.

PLAYBOY: Have you got a commitment from GM-H to stick with the V8 engine in the long term?

BROCK: Oh, they'll keep building V8s as long as they keep selling them and that's the bottom line. They certainly are not going to go building V8s just for motor racing.

PLAYBOY: Do you see Ford becoming involved in motor racing?

BROCK: I think Ford probably will be back in. At the moment, Ford is in a very happy position in the marketplace, which has got absolutely nothing to do with motor sport success. I guess you'd say Ford's fallen on its feet.

PLAYBOY: A lot of people already think Ford is supporting Dick Johnson. What do you think?

BROCK: I don't think Dick gets too much assistance at all. I think he gets a few bucks out of motor cars and the odd bit of inflow here and there. Ford might rip through a couple of body shells for him.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Ford needs an equivalent of the Holden Dealer Team?

BROCK: Well, the short-term answer is that they can sit back and ask who needs Dick Johnson. But I think the long-term answer is they bloody well need it. I believe that Ford is still gaining from the good years when Johnson and Moffat did so much for the product.

PLAYBOY: Is there any reason why Dick Johnson couldn't organise his own Ford Dealer Team?

BROCK: No, I guess we had the same hardships. I suppose he could, but at the moment, he certainly needs the base product to work with and when Ford canned the V8 a year ago, he lost that.

PLAYBOY: Looking at the Marlboro Holden Dealer Team, how much money is put in and how is it canvassed?

BROCK: Well, at the moment it varies on a sliding scale. If a dealer's a big dealer, he's asked for a larger lump. A little dealer up the bush is asked for one or two hundred dollars as a yearly contribution to motor sport.

PLAYBOY: You rate Alan Jones among the top drivers in the country at the moment yet he hasn't shown much talent in local touring car performances.

BROCK: No, but I certainly have had some good races against him in the bigger GT cars.

PLAYBOY: Do you think he has a problem relating to the local sporting scene?

BROCK: Well, he's just outspoken. He is legitimately dark on CAMS and CAMS has come to expect that they're going to cop constant blasts from Alan Jones. We don't see it being very constructive to attack CAMS in that manner, but in a way Jones *should* be doing something controversial or a bit outrageous.

PLAYBOY: Do you think he was really involved in touring car racing, boots and all?

BROCK: No, definitely not.

PLAYBOY: If he was, how would you expect him to go?

BROCK: Terrific.

PLAYBOY: Would you have him on your team?

BROCK: Well, as a driver I would, as a partner probably not, because he wants to do his own thing and you'd just be asking for trouble. I certainly don't begrudge him that.

PLAYBOY: How do you rate him in Formula One?

BROCK: Fantastic. I think that you could put him in there with Prost, Piquet and Rosberg. I'd rate those four blokes as really knowing exactly what's going on. They're very smart, good thinkers.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Jones is better than the others?

BROCK: In his way I think he might be, because he can be a pretty good tactician. I don't think Keke Rosberg has ever thought about tactics too much. I think he just gets out there and drives the wheels off the car. One of the best tacticians and the cleverest at setting up a car would have to be Piquet, and I think the same of Prost. He is a very analytical driver, but I don't think he's got as much *tiger* as Jones.

PLAYBOY: How much is Peter Brock worth as an individual in endorsements per year?

BROCK: I couldn't say. In around three years it might average $100,000 per year at the least.

PLAYBOY: What do you take in prizemoney?

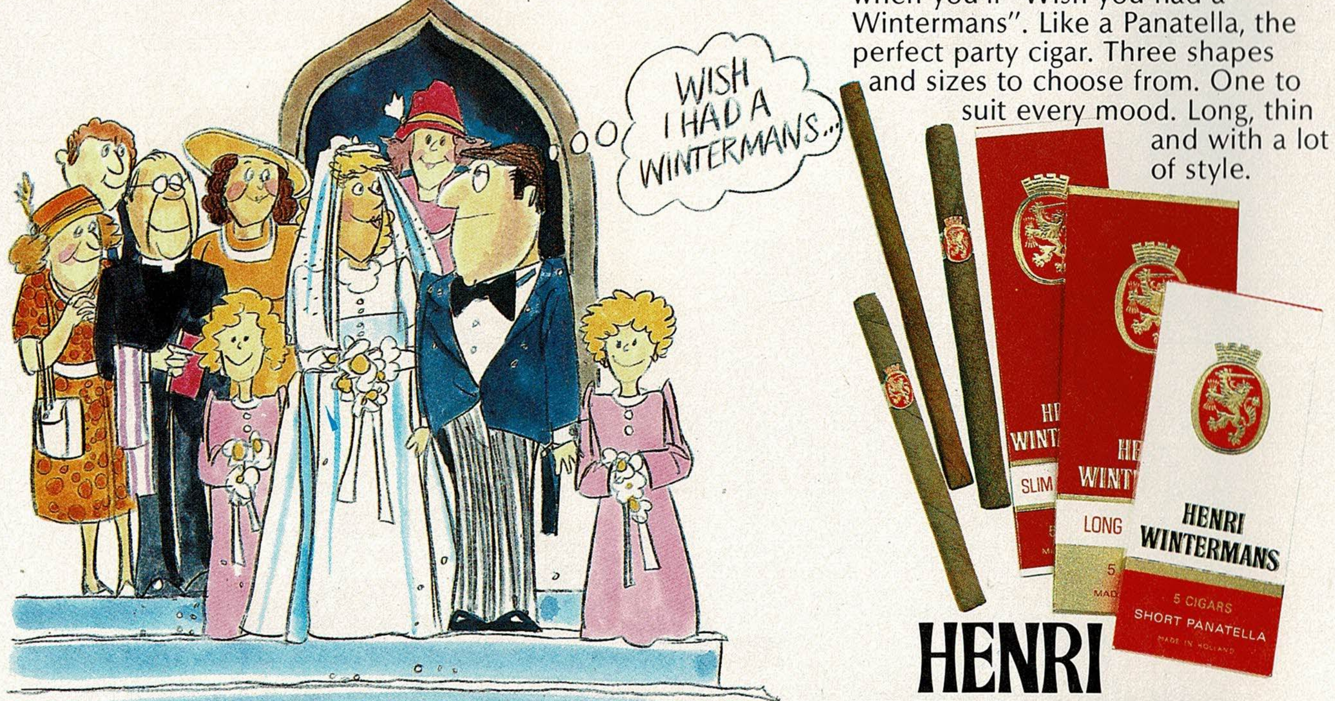
BROCK: Nothing. Around 90 percent of the prizemoney goes back into the running of the team. It gets divided up among all the crew and the mechanics. It's part of the incentive scheme that we've had going ever since I took over the team, and it seems to work well. I never looked at prizemoney as being a source of income. It's been the icing on the cake for everyone and a way of saying to all those involved with the project that we've done the job properly.

PLAYBOY: Do you see the technology that has been applied in racing being transferred to road vehicles in the near future?

BROCK: I think a lot of it is out of reach. Obviously the Formula One technology with turbocharged motors will assist in the next decade. There will also be other advances with materials developed for Formula One and other racing. These will be used to make road cars stronger and lighter so they go faster or more efficiently.

PLAYBOY: What about aerodynamics, including ground effects. Do you see that being refined and used in another form?

BROCK: I think the principle of ground effects is going to be used more and more on cars. It will be limited by practical considerations but I think you can trick the wind into doing a few fancy things. Some of our tests show that we can certainly reduce lift on a car by well-placed bolt-on components. We want to do a lot more in that



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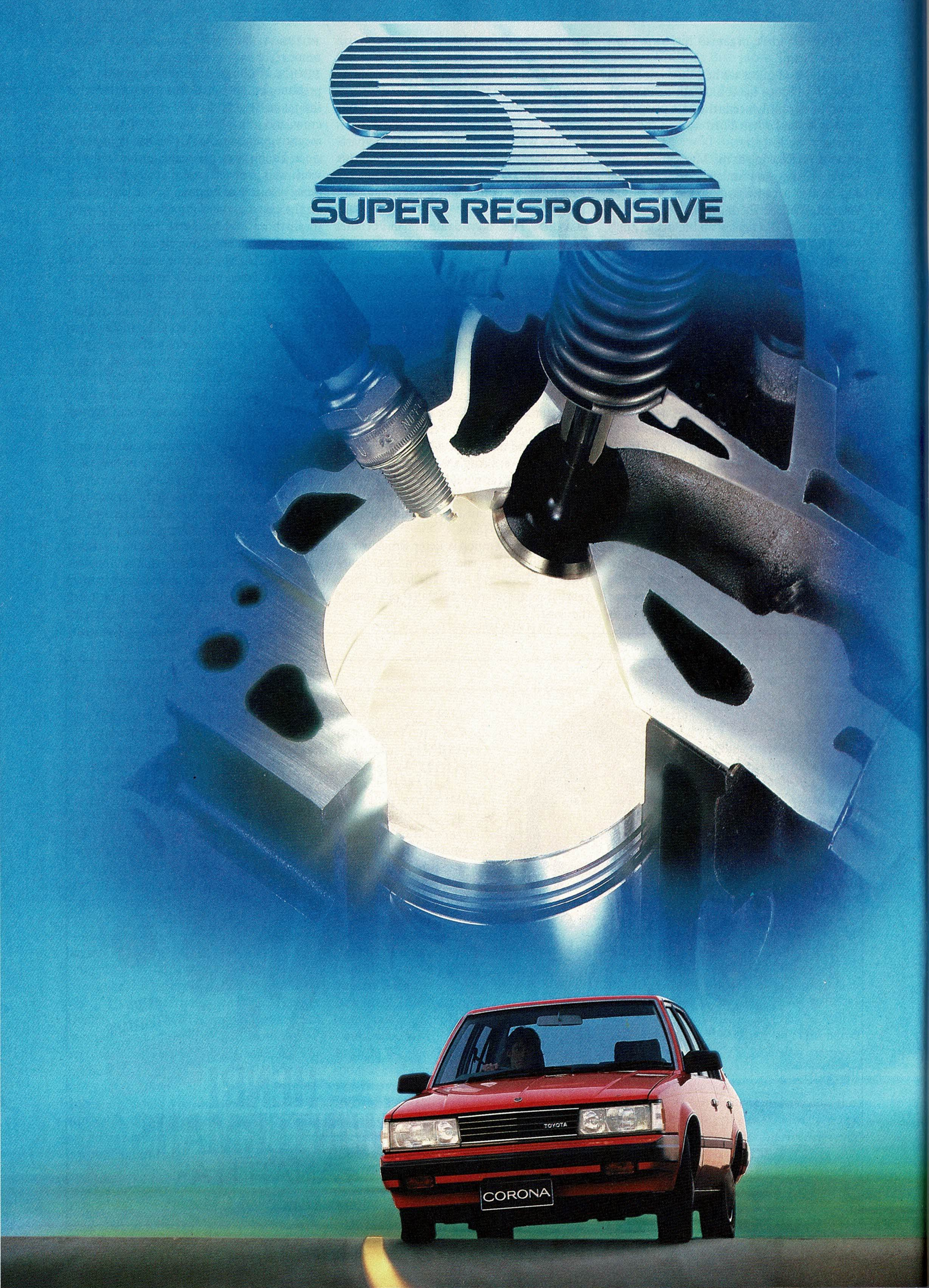

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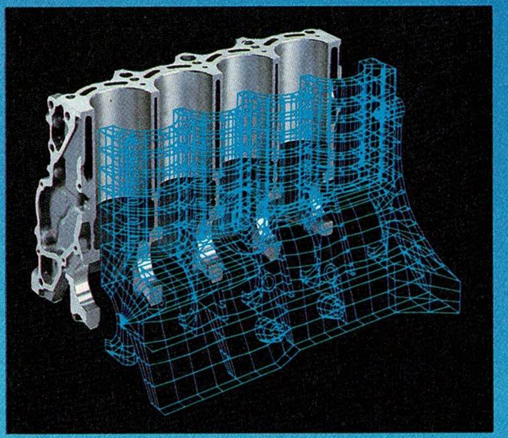

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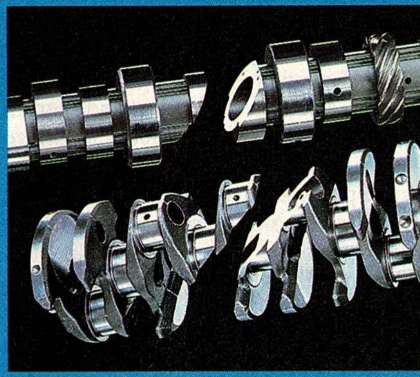

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area and we have a program going at the moment with a wind tunnel model.

PLAYBOY: Are you worried that you could do the development and then the factory could knock off the ideas and build in the features as standard equipment?

BROCK: Yes. That *has* happened. I think what you have to try to do is catch the wave ahead of them.

PLAYBOY: Do you see a clash between performance development for cars and increasing legislation against motor vehicles?

BROCK: Depending upon which part of the world you live in. If you're in Germany they don't slap you in jail for doing 160ks. They slap you in jail for driving badly. In Australia they just slap you in jail. Speed, or efficiency, is given different values in different parts of the world. Generally speaking, I think we should try to achieve the most efficient form of transport possible and we must not accept the lowest common denominator. Once we've accepted the lowest common denominator, we might as well give up. We've just about given up striving for anything reasonable in life.

PLAYBOY: Your business commitment to building Brock Specials depends on you still being on your feet, still driving, still competing. Is that a pressure?

BROCK: It is but it's something that I've grown used to. I think that what I would like to be able to do though, and I've been trying to do it for a number of years, is to find someone who we can train. Find someone and stick him in the seat and teach him all these things that Harry taught me years ago and say right, that's what you've got to do.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't it worry you that you've got no one up behind you?

BROCK: Well, I keep looking for some younger joker. I do mean young — early twenties. I'd stick him into a couple of races where he wasn't under pressure. The hardest thing in the world to do is to stick a kid into a car against Moffat at Bathurst with all that media exposure. So, I'd be looking at a fairly long-term program to give the guy a fair go.

PLAYBOY: You refer to such a protege as a "guy". Is that a figure of speech or do you have an aversion to having women drivers in the team?

BROCK: Not at all. I have the responsibility for the drivers in the MHDT and I see no reason why it shouldn't be a male or female driver. Either sex is the same to me and to the rest of the team and the sponsors.

PLAYBOY: So far we haven't seen a woman really hitting the top in any form of motor sport anywhere in the world and certainly not in this country.

BROCK: Well, it's a lack of commitment, I suppose, more than anything. If someone wants to do something hard enough they can do it. I remember Robyn Hamilton who really was a demon. I mean she was a real little charger, went really hard. There's no reason why I wouldn't class her as having the same amount of skill as a guy. There's also the stamina and the physical effort required to haul these big cars around the track. They get pretty hard to haul around, physically hard.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that's the only factor?

BROCK: Not really. There's probably a psychological disadvantage for a woman because she's not conditioned to be as competitive as guys are from the word go, taught not to be a sook and so on. So when it comes to adding up the requirements to go motor racing, the things the guys are being taught are things that help you win races. However, a lot of the things that a girl's been taught aren't exactly going to help her out there in the crash and bash of car racing.

But that thinking is probably a bit dated now because we are becoming far more independent and aggressive and achieving far more. So, I see no reason why a woman can't do it.

PLAYBOY: You've had a consistent career despite some fairly serious upheavals in your personal life. Do you find it hard to detach yourself from your problems when you are racing?

One of the rules I've always set myself in racing is I never let personal drama interfere with my driving.

BROCK: Well, I think the first thing to remember there is that you can't always believe everything you read. Often there is exaggeration where people who are in the news have some sort of personal drama. If your mate down the road was going through the same sort of drama, who'd give a damn? A few of his mates might ring up and say, "Jeez, your missus is on the loose." But because you're in the limelight, you do get that attention.

The hardest thing to do is to keep the overall objective in mind and you've got to be a pretty determined sort of bugger to do that. You've got to remind yourself of the one thing in life that you're being paid to do at the moment and it's most important that you do it right because your life could be running on it. You've got to drive this piece of machinery around this bit of bitumen faster and for longer periods then these other jokers. I think it's just a matter of self-discipline to just concentrate totally and completely on the physical things you are doing. I mean your steering wheel, your gear shift lever, the brake and the accelerator and the tacho and the bit of bitumen.

PLAYBOY: When you look inside yourself, do you see a certain hardness for you to be able to do that?

BROCK: No. I think I'm a bit of a softie, actually. I think I'm the opposite. While I may convince myself I'm on top of the problems, I'm still basically hitting myself because I really care about what did happen. No matter how long you try to put it out of your mind, it's still something that concerns you. You just feel relieved, I suppose, that you didn't allow that to interfere with what you were doing. One of the rules I've alway set myself in racing is I never ever allow any sort of personal drama to interfere with my driving. Over the years some woman might have thought, well I'll stitch this fella right up here because I know he wants to get into his car and go around Bathurst, and they've just got you at a vulnerable time. I've always set myself a rule that I will not allow them to do that at that time because it's too important. I mean, it's not just a matter of not making some mistake and losing the race. You might make a mistake and have some horrendous accident. So you try and keep the personal conflicts right out of it. If there's some drama, don't talk to me about it this week, see me on Tuesday when I'll be back from Bathurst or Calder, let's talk about it then.

PLAYBOY: Do you put that determination down to your strong family upbringing?

BROCK: Yeah. Very stable. A close family. A large family with various close relatives. Yeah.

PLAYBOY: Do you value the input of people like your mentor, Harry Firth?

BROCK: Absolutely. I think you can sit down and analyse your life after a while and you think about the most important points, like the people who really taught you all about the will to win and personal potential and honesty and then you meet a bloke like Harry, who's been there, done that. He understands. In that era he was a jump ahead of everyone else, and still is. The one thing that Harry always said was, "Listen Brock, make every post a winner, you won't get the same opportunity twice."

PLAYBOY: You have a stable personal life now. . . anything else that distracts you from your racing?

BROCK: Work for me was once just the race track. Now I go to the race track and I ring the office. There's often a problem, so when you hop in your car you've gotta switch, and just drive.

PLAYBOY: What about the pit groupies? What's the inside story?

BROCK: Well, when you're there it's never the same. You go to a party and they say you should've been there last night, there were 30 bloody birds and they were fantastic. They were sensational. You should've been there. So you go along the next night to have a look. They say, "Gee I don't know, there's nothing here." Am I a born loser? But there are certainly different classes of motor races around Australia. If you are talking about attractive women then Sandown, The Hang Ten, particularly in warmer weather, seems to be the place to go — beautiful girls, beautifully groomed, the day is a big outing for them.

PLAYBOY: Are they a pleasant distraction?

BROCK: Oh yes. A pleasant distraction; a pleasant accessory. It's terrific because motor racing is entertainment. It's escapist-type sport, and if there are beautiful women there looking fantastic standing around your race car, boy, oh boy, it's distracting for the driver. But you could also take a very comfortable bet that that particular girl standing there looking absolutely sensational is absolutely nowhere to be seen, even if you win the race, after the race meeting, somehow she'll walk into the crowd or her boyfriend will come and pick her up.

PLAYBOY: Is that a big disappointment?

BROCK: Of course. But the race driver should remember while he's out there racing, some hot-shot journalist or PR man is putting a lot of hot work into them and that's the last you ever see of the women. So, this is why I think John Harvey doesn't mind not driving these days. He gets to know all the promotional girls.

PLAYBOY: What about the legendary groupies?

BROCK: We should never talk about promotional girls as groupies, because they're certainly not. I suppose you can always think back and say that they used to be good back then, but maybe that's a sign of age, I don't know. They do vary tremendously and I don't think of the current crop as anything to write home about. There's some nice ones. So what we're really saying then is if there's any racing groupies out there who reckon they're half a chance, we need you. Public relations is assuming an importance that is starting to threaten the ability to simply race. If you're looking at a young lad who you would like to put in a car, his ability to handle the PR role is just as important as his ability to turn the wheel.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that's part of your success?

BROCK: Maybe it is, I don't know. Ever since big sponsorship got into the sport, it's probably become a valid fact. If you can't handle PR, you don't get interviewed on television and you don't put your sponsor's point of view across or you're not seen wearing the sponsor's outfit. There are a lot of good drivers who've never got to home base because they've looked like they hadn't had a bath for a few weeks.

PLAYBOY: The touring car championships over the past 12 months, mainly due to pressure of rule changes and competitive teams, have fostered head-to-head confrontations like you see in tennis, cricket and other sport. Is that good?

BROCK: It's distracting. I think that there's always going to be some losers and I'm not too sure if we don't *all* lose. Certainly it's important to have public awareness of your rivalry and the fact that you are fair dinkum.

PLAYBOY: You've been a lot more outspoken yourself in the past 12 months.

BROCK: I'm protecting my business interests as well as the motor sport ones. I became annoyed when I felt CAMS was not doing anything to assist the local product. I thought it was becoming pretty unfair that people were knocking Holden, or the cars we are racing for GM-H, directly or indirectly, when we were the only damn car that you could see in a showroom anywhere in Australia. I just figured enough's enough, no one else is going to say it, so I will. I do feel strongly about it.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel you've been under pressure in the past to be the Mr Nice Guy of motor sport?

BROCK: I must admit that if I ever criticise anyone, everyone gets shocked. But I think you can criticise constructively.

PLAYBOY: What terrifies you?

BROCK: Nothing really.

PLAYBOY: You're not concerned about things like lapping slower cars on very fast tracks?

BROCK: I don't think they terrify me.

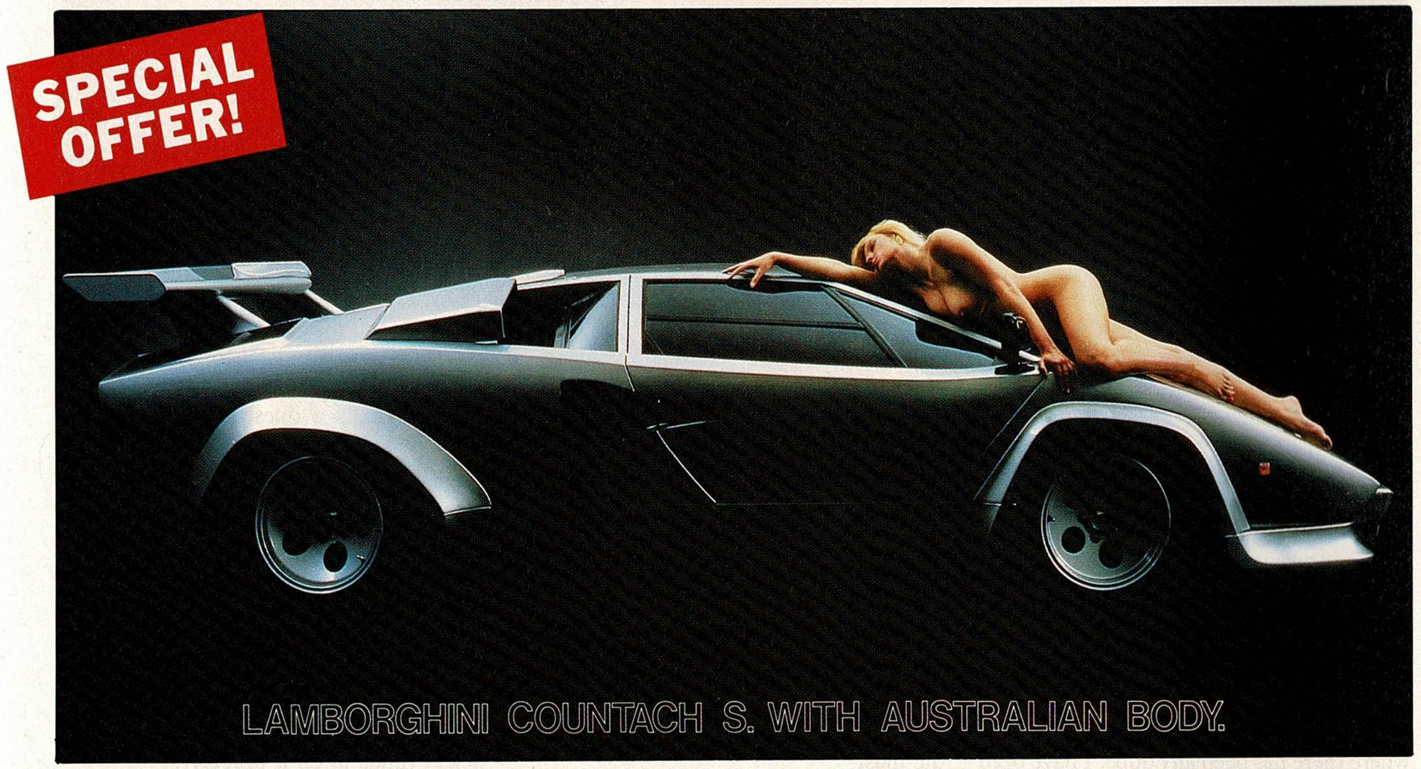
PLAYBOY: How would you describe it?

BROCK: I think that the hardest thing about Bathurst is not speed differential but the lack of confidence of the other drivers. All you can do is drive a percentage race where you can pass them at a safe moment.

PLAYBOY: You've never been taken out by a slower car at Bathurst?

BROCK: No.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that's because of your attitude to driving?



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BROCK: Yeah, I think it is.

PLAYBOY: What is the worst moment you've had?

BROCK: In terms of big events and almost blowing it, it was probably the 'round Australia trial. I was going up through the back blocks of South Australia on a very fast hard piece of road; narrow, one car length wide. I was probably doing 180-odd ks, went through a corner which sort of turned into a bit of a spoon drain. I guess it would have been okay at a 150ks but at 180ks she got airborne, completely took off the ground and stood on her nose and bounced and leapt. I just knocked into the side of the road in the bush. There was no drama, I just sat in there quietly steering it and thought I had probably blown a hole in it. It just didn't seem right to me because we had gone so far in the rally driving so conservatively and concentrating and we really sat there for a moment and just thought, oh no, here we go. Anyway, we drove the car about another quarter mile or something just fiddling around with the gears and opening a few doors and saying, hey, it's still working.

PLAYBOY: Was that worse than having a really quick "off"?

BROCK: No, that's the worst one I've had. I did get another bad one one year at Spa. I pranged up in the wet. The pit stops were so bloody slow you couldn't afford to get four wets on at once or four drys on at once. So the track was drying out, and I came around the back of the circuit into a cloud-burst, flat out doing about 208km/h, with two dry tyres on the back. I sat there for a long time, for nearly a kilometre, going completely sideways. It was an horrendously long distance. Fortunately, it just scraped the armco. That was the longest "lose" I've ever had in my life.

PLAYBOY: What do you think about in that situation?

BROCK: I concentrate on not becoming too rigid. It all happens in slow motion up to the point you actually start having the accident. But when you get committed and it all starts going wrong, you remember all around you.

PLAYBOY: Racing drivers have a pretty conservative image. For example, have you taken drugs? Is it a common part of the motor sport?

BROCK: I suppose motor racing drivers are quite outrageous in their behavior but of a fairly harmless nature. In terms of preserving a straight mind, you would not find a more determined group of people because they live on their wits, they live on their ability to think straight, sharp and keen. I have never been to a motor racing party where there has been any dope. I have been to a few parties outside motor racing and some like their dope there, that's just normal. I had a couple of puffs about 10 years ago or something like that. Didn't do anything for me, I would rather have a beer or a Beam.

PLAYBOY: You have taken other sorts of speed, haven't you?

BROCK: Yeah, bloody oath. I am into the real thing.

PLAYBOY: Natural high?

BROCK: Yeah, natural high. In fact, the "natural high" business could very well be what it is all about. If you are into motor racing, you are experiencing great emotional positives and negatives. You are this tightrope walker and if you slip or fall you are going to be in big trouble, but you still have to get there before anyone else does. So it's a pretty highly-charged sort of atmosphere.

PLAYBOY: A bit of heart strain probably goes into it if you feel that good. Have you ever been involved in testing that?

BROCK: I did some testing with the Australian Road Research Board a number of years ago. We hooked up a testing in a rally and every time you came up to a corner you could hear the heartbeat going up because it was being recorded. As I saw the corner the heartbeat would go up to say 170-180, then straight back down to 125 within a second or two. This went on all bloody night. So, obviously the adrenalin and the physical effort is rather high. Just before the start and during "moments" I think we reached well over 200. In a rally you are fired up, but nothing like the way you are in Hardie's Heroes at Bathurst. I think you'd be pretty fired up for that or the opening laps.

> *The natural high business could be what it is all about . . . you are experiencing great emotional positives and negatives.*

PLAYBOY: What's your normal heart beat?

BROCK: Oh, about 60.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider yourself a super-fit person?

BROCK: Pretty fit.

PLAYBOY: But you still smoke.

BROCK: Yeah, still have an occasional smoke. I smoke more than I should, particularly when I sit around doing nothing.

PLAYBOY: Do you thrive on action?

BROCK: Yes, I do. If it's not action, I like good entertainment. A top movie or a good book, but it's got to be absorbing. However, I can have an excellent Saturday afternoon cleaning up the backyard.

PLAYBOY: Which racing cars did you enjoy the most?

BROCK: I did enjoy that Austin which I started off with because it was such a devious little machine. Everyone hated it. The A9X didn't turn me on. It was pretty gutless and didn't handle. The past couple of years it's been the Holdens because they've been virtually unbreakable. I broke a car at Bathurst this year but it was an engine. It's probably the first thing I've had blow up in the Commodore. They give you the feeling that you can really wheel them. I mean, they would do 205km/h, through the corners on the top of the mountains at Bathurst. It was just amazing. Then there's Janey's car, that Monza. That's more related to an open wheeler in a lot of ways. It's got sensational braking, fabulous power and it doesn't do anything naughty.

PLAYBOY: What about open wheelers?

BROCK: Yeah, I have driven a couple of open wheelers. I have never driven one that actually impressed me much because they were too gutless.

PLAYBOY: Conrod Straight at Bathurst is legend in Australian motor racing. Why does a straight bit of road have such a reputation?

BROCK: Well, you're not only doing 250km/h, you're airborne! I mean last year I had to lift my foot on the humps to stop the wheelspin which could have blown the engine as well as putting me off into the shrubbery. At Bathurst you're doing 190-210km/h around some of the corners!

PLAYBOY: That must be dangerous.

BROCK: Don't say "dangerous", because some bugger will want to put a bloody chicane there. No, it's excellent. If I can go 280km/h next year, I will. We mustn't allow them to slow it down. Speed is progress. Going faster is progress. Hell, I can do 400km/h down the straight in the year 2000 at Bathurst.

PLAYBOY: How do you rate the touring car drivers against open wheeler drivers in this country?

BROCK: Higher. Obviously there's some open wheeler drivers here that have a lot of skill. But if you're any good, you gravitate toward the touring cars. Obviously blokes like Alfredo Constanzo, John Smith and people like that are very good operators and if they applied themselves to touring cars, they'd make a pretty reasonable fist of it.

PLAYBOY: If someone's going into motor sport, do you think they're better off starting with lower forms of formula racing or the lower forms of touring car racing?

BROCK: That's a question that I'm often asked by kids wanting to get into racing. If open wheelers really turn you on, go that route. A lot of kids want to get to Bathurst and I advise them to start with a little Torana or a Ford Cortina sports sedan.

PLAYBOY: Would you like to see a Formula One World Championship round in Australia?

BROCK: Yeah, I would. I think it would be viable. It's simply a matter of the right circuit, the right promoters and having sufficient funds to do it properly.

PLAYBOY: Investigation by Australian PLAYBOY over the past few years has shown that, from an international point of view, there is merit in a grand prix through the streets of Sydney. What are your feelings on street racing versus circuit racing for a World Championship in Australia?

(continued on page 116)

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HOW THE ELECTRONIC DICK STAYS UP

There's a reason why Dick Smith is up there and you're down here — and he's going to tell you what it is

"YOU KNOW HOW kids used to dream about growing up and being like Biggles?" asks Dick Smith, rocking back and forth excitedly in his swivel chair. "Well, I *am* Biggles!"

The boyish millionaire businessman-adventurer-eccentric (he reckons none of the labels are completey true) nods his head and waits for you to challenge this strange assertion. But how can you? Captain W. E. Johns's fictional flying ace was a non-achiever compared with Biggles Smith. Consider this: in the first six months of 1984, in addition to fronting a multi-million dollar business (about which more later), Dick Smith made a wildlife documentary in Tasmania, flew to Alaska to set up an Australian challenge in a 1200-mile dog sled race, spent eight weeks solo-flying his helicopter around the Australian coastline, and turned 40.

This, he claims, is completely normal, conventional, ordinary behavior for someone like Dick Smith. That is to say for someone who has made enough money to call the shots in life, to live out boyhood fantasies, to turn to reality those classroom dreams that came between him and academic distinction. Biggles? Peter Pan? Hero or ratbag? It doesn't really matter a damn to Smith, who gets more fun out of life than any 10 people I know.

Life wasn't always easy for Dick Smith, but it started getting easier the day he left North Sydney Technical High, where he claims to have been a hopeless student despised by his fellows for anti-social interests such as lizard-collecting. More likely he was just average; Smith likes to tell yarns at his own expense. In fact, Smith waved goodbye to his teachers twice. The first time he realised the folly of his ways soon after starting work on a production line, but he had to plead with a disciplinarian father to be allowed to reverse his decision. The second time around he marched out the gates of one institution of learning straight into another — Sydney University — but this proved to be no more palatable, and neither did a subsequent tech course.

Convinced of his unsuitability for most human endeavors other than his beloved Boy Scouting, Smith began tinkering

Article by Phil Jarratt

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

with car radios on a bench at home. By this time he had become engaged to Pip, his first serious girlfriend, and it occurred to him that he should try to prepare for the future by making a buck out of something. Thus was born Dick Smith's first business venture, a car radio repair shop.

Considering that a dozen years later Smith would sell the business to Woolworths for undisclosed (but many) millions, it was an ignominious start. When he first opened at a Neutral Bay (Sydney) shopping centre which had driven most previous tenants to the bankruptcy court, neither his landlord nor his wholesale suppliers would accept his cheques. (Smith believes that this vote of confidence was due to the fact that they suspected he was using a false name.) So it was cash all the way until the business finally became established, largely due to a continuing newspaper advertisement in which Smith's boffin head appeared above the words: DICK SMITH, CAR RADIO NUT. The ads were small but the image stuck. There was something instantly likeable about this nutter.

Throughout the '70s, the business expanded and diversified, kicked along by the innate business acumen of the founder, and his happy knack of making news. The more money he made, the more time Dick Smith had to indulge in his adventures; the more publicity he received, the more money he made. Smith swears that stunts such as hauling a phoney iceberg into Sydney Harbor were inspired by his sense of fun rather than his sense of self-promotion, but their effect on sales was the same. At the very dawn of the computer age in Australia, for a great number of consumers electronic gadgetry was synonymous with that crazy bugger, Dick Smith, who was always going to the South Pole or exploring in the desert.

In 1980 Smith sold 60 percent of his business (then valued at more than $12 million and with a $22 million annual turnover) to Woolworths. Two years later he sold the company his remaining interest and went on the payroll as figurehead and consultant guru. . . when he was in town. The sale gave him two things: further wealth and complete freedom. And while Smith would certainly never agree that you can't have one without the other, he admits it's a happy tandem.

The Dick Smith of 1984 plots his adventures from a spacious, but hardly lavish, office tacked on to the back of Dick Smith Electronics headquarters at Ryde, in Sydney's north-west, on the spot where he used to park his helicopter. The small staff of Dick Smith Adventure Pty Ltd helps him answer mail and memos, plan his trips and invest his riches. Closeted behind a brick wall, he is physically detached from the company he started but in other ways nothing has changed. Few people, apart from astute and careful readers of the financial pages, would be aware that Dick Smith and Dick Smith Electronics are no longer one and the same. His boffin head is still the marketing tool, he still gets all the mail and he still conducts his regular democracy-in-action video show.

Those video shows illustrate a lot about the Smith style of business. Retail employees from all over the country send in their complaints, queries and selling ideas. Smith replies to them in front of a video camera and the tape is dispatched to all branches. In that way, employees get to vote on most matters affecting their work and to share responsibility for stock buying and so on. Ask Dick about delegation of executive responsibility — something which he obviously mastered early — and he'll tell you it starts here with his video show.

In fact, ask him anything about his *modus operandi,* for a touch of the golden wand, for the secrets of his success, and he'll take great delight in telling you how nauseatingly simple it all is. He used to receive invitations to speak to businessmen's groups, seminars, motivation classes and the like, but they dried up just a little after Dick put down his knife and fork, leaned on the lectern and spake unto the mob: "All I can tell you blokes is that you're wasting your time here having lunch. Go back to the office and make some money!"

Now he says: "I won't speak to people over 30. They're too set in their ways. Schoolkids are the best, I'll talk to them for nothing because they'll listen. I tell them my code word, CASHED, right? C-A-S-H-E-D. It stands for *communication,* because you're nowhere if you have constant misunderstanding; *ask,* because that's the only way to learn anything; *simple,* because all the best ideas are; *honesty*, because it's a two-way street and you have to give it to expect it back; *enthusiasm,* obviously; and *discipline,* because I reckon it's vital in any business."

But, of course, there is more to Dick Smith, businessman, than the recitation of homilies, albeit proven ones. Mr Goody-Two-Shoes of the corporate jungle can put on his boots and kick heads if he has to. In the middle of the late '70s CB radio craze, however, he summed up the state of the market and decided that if the survival stakes were about to be run he wasn't going to be in them.

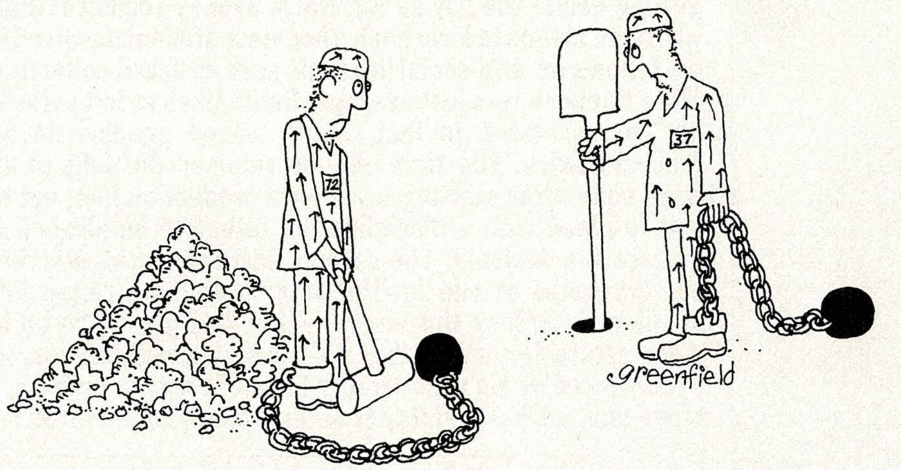
The situation was that the fast buck boys had moved into the importation of these trucker toys with a vengeance and oversupply was an inevitability. Seeing this, Smith decided to warehouse his large stock and panic the profiteers into cannibalising each other with lower than wholesale prices. To hear Dick tell it, his quiet phone call to the *Australian Financial Review,* apprising reporters of the delicate state of the industry, was nothing more than common courtesy. In fact it was a move which would have done the great bareknuckle boxers of Australian business like Sir Reginald Ansett, Sir Peter Abeles and Alan Bond more than proud. When the dust had settled and the bodies had been carted away, Dick Smith Electronics put its CBs back on the market at full retail price. Adjusted, of course, for inflation.

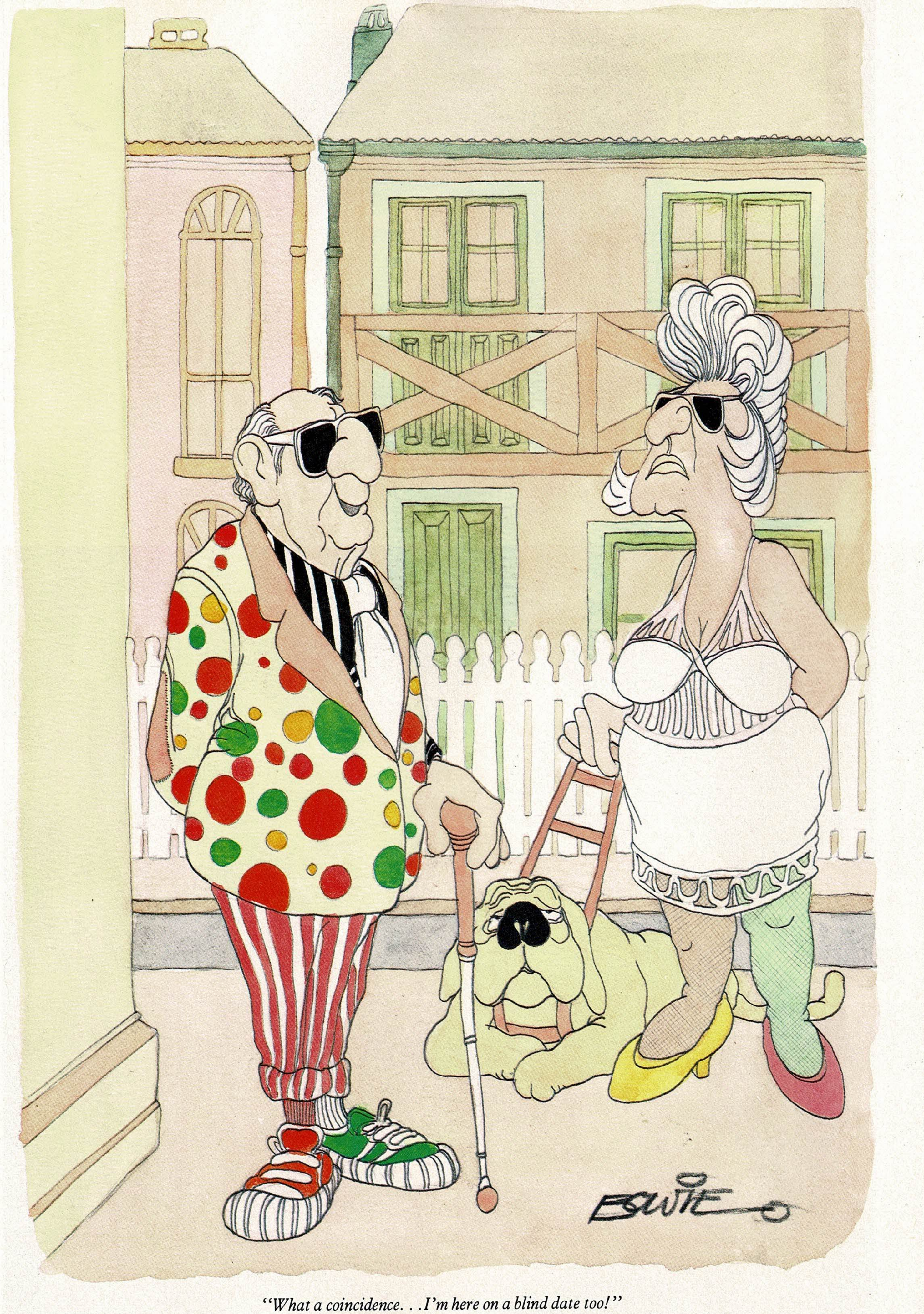
Faced with a similar situation in the video and home computer market, Smith says he would advise Woolworths to adopt the same tactic: keep buying and hold prices. He believes that johnny-come-latelies and fast buck merchants ultimately get their just deserts. "People come back to the companies they trust," he says.

Dick Smith reckons he was born a century too late, and when you think about it you see his point. He is driven by great ambition but it is not a lust for wealth and power. Unlike, say, Rupert Murdoch, who seems to seek corporate acquisitions for much the same reasons other men seek mistresses, Smith made a pile in electronics to prove to himself he could do it and to allow himself the financial freedom to get on with life. Making a lot of money was just one of life's challenges, not too dissimilar to the challenge of proving the history books wrong, or going somewhere no one has ever been.

I should state my bias here: I am a Dick Smith fan. I like the way he enjoys his money because you can sense that for him life would be no less an adventure without it. He's a great commercial for enlightened capitalism. He doesn't mind paying his

(continued on page 126)





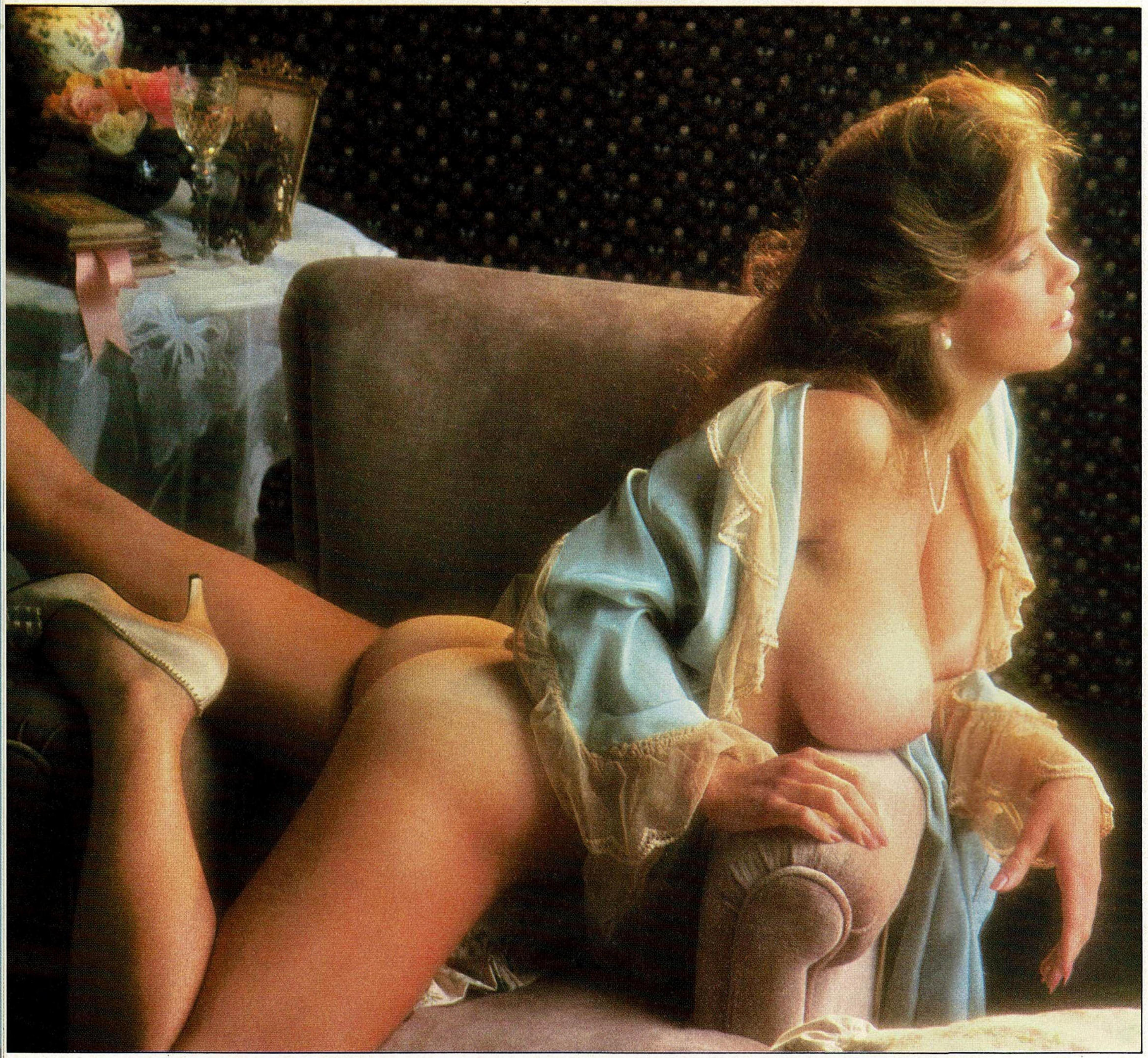
"What a coincidence. . .I'm here on a blind date too!"

TAKING CARE OF BUSINESS

Our ambitious beauty Patty Duffek believes that when you have the right foundations you're set for life.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

To look at her now you wouldn't believe 21-year-old Patty Duffek was considered a tomboy at school — just because she liked to play soccer. But Patty believes in a healthy mind and a healthy body. She jogs every day, plays racquetball, goes to aerobic classes and is studying for a degree in business administration at the same time. Patty believes that a solid foundation is important in life. "I don't do things on the spur of the moment," she says. "I'm a planner, I'm organised. I'm the kind of person who gets up and cleans the room every morning before leaving. I have to know what's going on and where I'm going to be at a certain time."



While she's studying business administration, Patty is considering being an actress or a model. "I do wonder what opportunities might be out there," she says. "I've had a taste of it through PLAYBOY *and it does make you think. But I don't want to be like some girls who go into show business with big hopes for things that never happen. I guess I'm conservative. Hard to believe after appearing in* PLAYBOY*, I know, but I am in a lot of ways. I'd never modelled before in my life so naturally I hadn't modelled with my clothes off. I was nervous, it was embarrassing at first. But now that I've done it I'm glad, definitely glad." And now the world can agree, Patty Duffek has very substantial foundations.*

THE WITCHES OF EASTWICK

JANE SMART in her pleated whites tossed up the tennis ball. It became in mid-air a bat, its wings circled in small circumference at first and, next instant, snapped open like an umbrella as the creature flicked away with its pink, blind face.

Jane shrieked, dropped her racket, and called across the net, "That was not funny." The other witches laughed, and Van Horne, who was their fourth, belatedly, half-heartedly enjoyed the joke. He had powerful, educated strokes but did seem to have trouble seeing the ball in the slant late-afternoon light that came in rays through the sheltering stand of larch trees here at the back end of his island.

Jane's own eyes were excellent, preternaturally sharp. Bats' faces looked to her like flattened miniature versions of children pressing their noses against an ice cream parlor window and Van Horne, who played incongruously dressed in sneakers, a Black Power T-shirt and the trousers of an old dark suit, had something of this same childish greed on his bewildered, glassy-eyed face. He coveted their wombs, was Jane's belief.

She prepared to toss and serve again but even as she weighed the ball in her hand, it took on a liquid weight and a squirming wartiness. Another transformation had been wrought. With a theatrical sigh of patience, she set the toad down on the blood-red composition surface over by the bright green fence and watched it wriggle through. Van Horne's feeble-minded collie, Needlenose, raced around the outside of the fence to inspect; but he lost the toad in the tumble of earth and blasted rocks the bulldozers had left here.

"Once more, and I quit," Jane called across the net. She and Alexandra had been pitted against Sukie and their host. The next tennis ball in her hand went through some rapid textural changes, first slimy like a gizzard then prickly like a sea urchin, but she resolutely refused to look at it, to cede it that reality, and when it appeared against the blue sky above her head, it was a fuzzy yellow tennis ball, which, following instruction books she had read, she imagined as a clock face to be struck at two o'clock. She brought the strings smartly through this phantom and felt from the surge of follow-through that the serve would be good. The ball kicked toward Sukie's throat and she awkwardly defended her breasts with the racket held in the backhand position. As if the strings had become noodles, the ball plopped at her feet and rolled to the sideline.

"Super," Alexandra muttered to Jane. Jane knew her partner loved, in different erotic keys, both their opponents, and their partnering, which Sukie had arranged at the outset of the match with a suspect twirl of her racket, must give Alexandra some jealous pain. The other two were a mesmerising team, Sukie with her coppery hair tied in a bouncing ponytail and her slender freckled limbs swinging from a little peach tennis dress, and Van Horne with his machine-like swiftness, animated, as when playing the piano, by a kind of demon. His effectiveness

Three witches in one hot tub make a strange brew

FICTION BY

JOHN UPDIKE

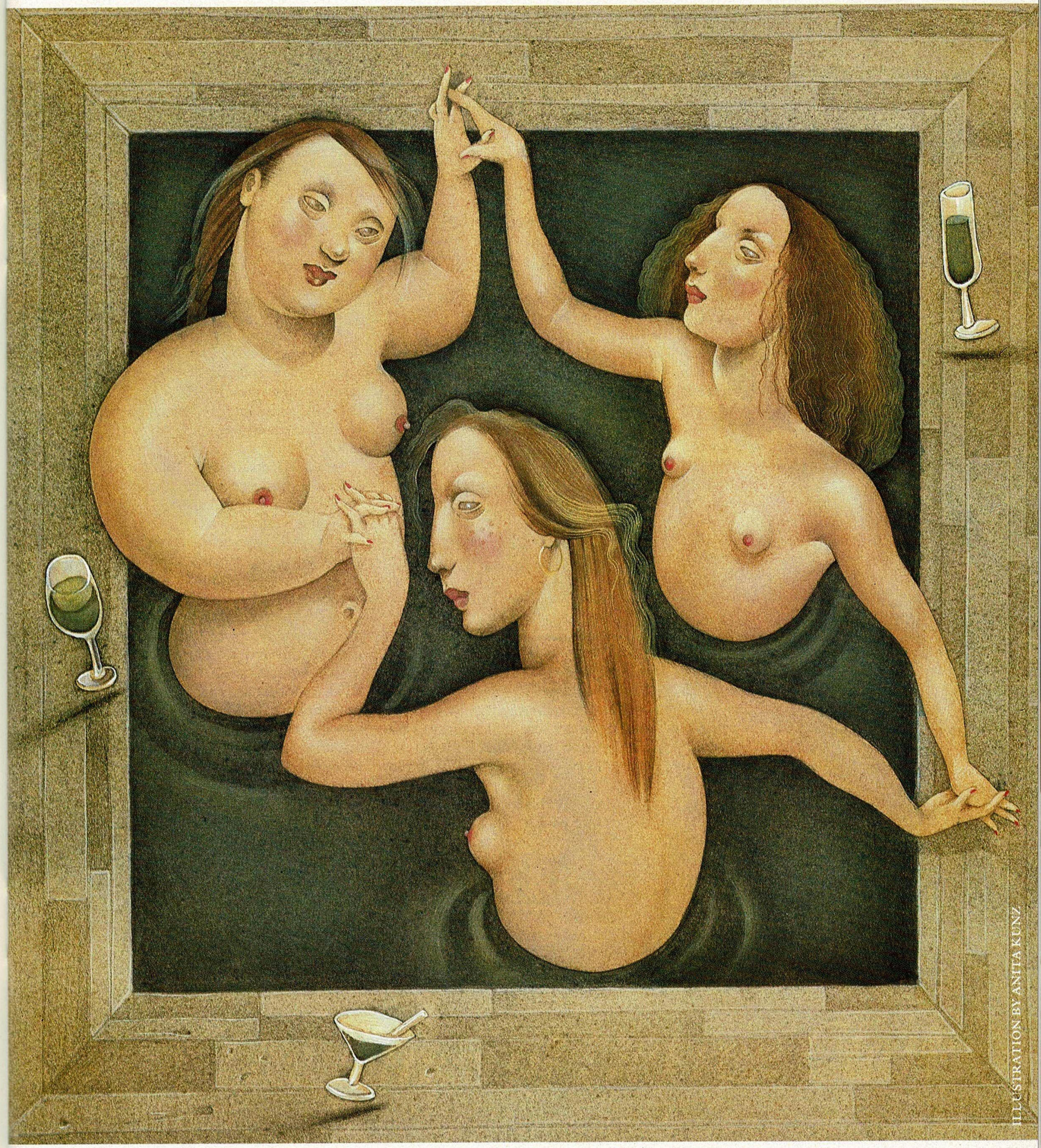


ILLUSTRATION BY ANITA KUNZ

was only limited by moments of dim-sighted unco-ordination in which he missed the ball entirely. Also his demon tended to play at a constant forte that sent some of his shots, when a subtle chop into a vacant space would have won the point, skimming out just past the baseline.

As Jane prepared to serve to him, Sukie called gaily, "Foot fault!" Jane looked down to see not her sneaker toe across the line but the line itself, though a painted one, across the front of her sneaker and holding it fast like a bear trap. She shook off the illusion and served to Darryl Van Horne, who returned the ball with a sharp forehand that Alexandra alertly poached, directing the ball at Sukie's feet; Sukie managed to scoop it on the short hop into a lob that Jane, having come to the net at her partner's adroit and aggressive poach, just reached in time to turn it into another lob, which Van Horne, eyes flashing fire, set himself to smash with a grunting overhead and which he would have smashed, had not a magical small sparkling storm, what they call in many parts of the world a dust devil, arisen and caused him to snap a sheltering right hand to his brow with a curse.

He was left-handed and wore contact lenses. The ball remained suspended at the level of his waist while he blinked away the pain; then he stroked it with a forehand so firm the orb changed color from optical yellow to a chameleon green that Jane could hardly see against the background of green court and green fence. She swung where she sensed the ball to be and the contact felt sweet; Sukie had to scramble to make a weak return, which Alexandra volleyed down into the opponents' forecourt so fiercely it bounced impossibly high, higher than the setting sun. But Van Horne skittered back quicker than a crab underwater and tossed his metal racket toward the stratosphere, slowly twirling, silvery. The disembodied racket returned the ball without power but within the baselines, and the point continued, the players interlacing, round and round the music of it all enthralling, Jane Smart felt: the counterpoint of their four bodies, eight eyes, and 16 extended limbs scored upon the now nearly horizontal bars of sunset red filtered through the larch trees, whose falling needles pattered like distant applause. When the rally and the match was at last over, Sukie complained, "My racket kept feeling dead."

"You should use catgut instead of nylon," Alexandra suggested benignly, her side having won.

"It felt absolutely like lead, I kept having shooting pains in my forearm trying to lift it. Which one of you hussies was doing that?"

Van Horne also pleaded in defeat. "Damn contact lenses," he said. "Get even a speck of dust behind them and it's like a fucking razor blade."

"It was lovely tennis," Jane pronounced with finality. Often she was cast, it seemed to her, in this role of peacemaking parent, of maiden aunt devoid of passion when in fact she was seething.

The end of daylight saving had been declared and darkness came swiftly as they filed up the path to the many lit windows of the house. Inside, the three women sat in a row on the curved sofa in Van Horne's long, art-filled, yet somehow barren living room, drinking the potions he brought them. Darryl Van Horne was a master of exotic drinks: drinks delicately concocted of tequila and grenadine and creme de cassis and triple sec and apple brandy and additives even more arcane, all kept in a tall 17th-century Dutch cabinet topped by two startled angel's heads, their faces split, right through the blank eyeballs, by the ageing of the wood. The sea, seen through his Palladian windows, turned the color of wine.

Fidel brought hors-d'oeuvre and dips of crushed sea-creatures that were consumed with squeals of disgust. Now and then one of the witches would exclaim that she *must* do something about the children, either go home to make their suppers or at least phone the house to put the oldest daughter officially in charge.

Sukie on the sofa arched her back inward, stretching in her scant peach dress so that her white underpants showed. . .

Sukie on the sofa arched her back inward, stretching in her scant peach dress so that her white underpants showed, and said with a yawn, "I really should go home. The poor darlings."

Van Horne was sitting opposite her in his corduroy armchair; he had been perspiring glowingly and had put on an Irish knit jumper, of natural wool still smelling of sheep. "Don't go, my friend," he said. "Stay and have a bath. That's what I'm going to do. I stink."

"Bath?" Sukie said. "I can take one at home."

"Not in a three-metre teak hot tub you can't," the man said, twisting his big head with such violent roguishness that bushy Thumbkin, alarmed, jumped off his lap. "While we're all having a good long soak Fidel can cook up some paella or tamales or something."

"Tamale and tamale and tamale," Jane Smart said compulsively. She was sitting on the end of the sofa beyond Sukie, and her profile had an angry precision, Alexandra thought. The smallest of them physically, she got the most drunk, trying to keep up. Jane sensed she was being thought about; her eyes locked on to Alexandra's. "What about you, Lexa? What's your thought?"

"Well," was the drifting answer, "I *do* feel dirty, and I ache. Three sets is too much for this old lady."

"You'll feel like a million after this experience," her host assured her. "Tell you what," he said to Sukie. "Run on home, check on your brats, and come back here soon as you can."

"Swing by my house and check on mine too, could you, sweetie?" chimed Jane Smart.

"Well, I'll see," Sukie said, stretching again. Her long freckled legs displayed at their tips dainty sneakerless feet in little tasselled pods like lucky rabbit's feet.

There was no telling, from the way she snatched up her racket and flung her fawn jumper around her neck, whether she would return or not. They all heard her car, a pale-grey Corvair convertible with front-wheel drive and her ex-husband's vanity plate ROUGE still on the back, start up and spin out and crackle away down the drive. The tide was low tonight, low under a new moon, so low ancient anchors and rotten dory ribs jutted into starlight where water covered them all but a few hours of each month.

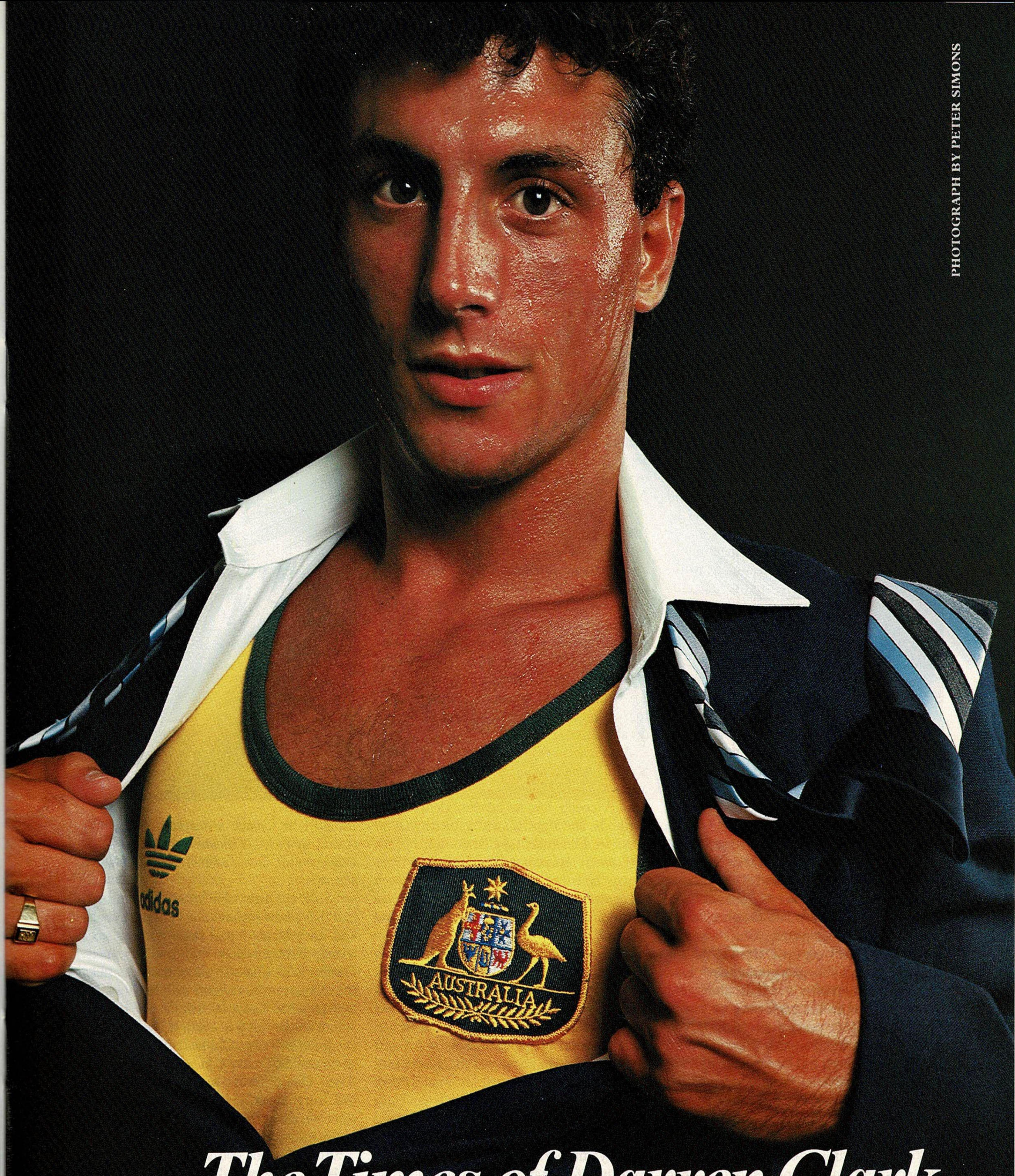
Sukie's departure left the three remaining more comfortable with themselves, at ease in their relatively imperfect skins. Still in their sweaty tennis clothes, their throats and stomachs roughened by the peppery sauces of Fidel's tamales and enchiladas, they walked with fresh drinks into the music room and the two musicians showed Alexandra how far they had proceeded with the Brahms E Minor. How the man's 10 fingers thundered on the helpless keys! As if he were playing with hands more than human, stronger and wide as hay rakes, and never fumbling, folding trills and *arpeggios* into the rhythm, gobbling them up. Only his softer passages lacked something of expressiveness, as if there were no notch in his system low enough for the tender touch necessary.

Dear Jane, brows knitted, struggled to keep up, her face turning paler and paler as concentration drained it, the pain in her bowing arm evident, her other hand scuttling up and down, pressing the strings as if they were too hot to pause upon. It was Alexandra's motherly duty to applaud when the tense and tumultuous performance was over.

Suddenly Van Horne shouted as loudly as he had made the harp of the piano resound, so that the thin black windowpanes in their seats of cracked putty vibrated in sympathy. "Fidel!" he called into the emptiness of the vast house. "Margaritas! *Tres!* Bring them into the bath! *Tenga las a el bano! Rapidamente!!*"

So the moment of divestment was at hand. To embolden Jane, Alexandra rose and followed Van Horne at once; but perhaps Jane needed no emboldening after her private music sessions in this house.

(continued on page 111)



PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER SIMONS

The Times of Darren Clark

For an 18-year-old sprint sensation, it's a long way to LA

ALAN HAWES peers through the twilight to the farthest curve of the grass track which skirts Sydney's Lane Cove River. The young athlete coiled 150 yards away drops his raised left arm in a chopping motion and explodes off the mark. Hawes clicks his digital stopwatch. Eighteen-year-old Darren Clark, great white hope to break the Negro stranglehold on the Olympic 400-metre crown in Los Angeles, corners

Article by Russell Deiley

beautifully. He looks relaxed but incredibly strong as he glides into the straight. He is breathing easily, his cheeks puffed grotesquely, exchanging carbon-dioxide for energy-laden oxygen.

Clark's giant, three-metre stride devours the track. Thirty yards out from the line he ranges up to a pair of track pants. There is a subtle change in his gait. His hips press forward and point marginally higher, dragging the powerful legs upwards. It's the famous Hawes-Clark kick. Three and a split seconds later Clark crosses the line. Hawes stops the watch.

The young Turk of Australian athletic coaches likes what he sees in the display window of the watch. Clark has run through the 150 yards at little more than three-quarter pace in 15.2 seconds. Roll on Los Angeles.

Neither Hawes nor Clark find what they read in the newspapers or hear on the QT as palatable. The greybeards of Australian athletics are in their element. It's good old Australian knock time and Clark is the bunny.

At one of the first inter-club meetings of the season, Clark stunned the athletic world by scorching through his first serious 400 metres in 45.37 — just two-hundreths of a second outside Olympic and Commonwealth Games silver medallist Rick Mitchell's Australian residential record.

"He's leaving his top form on the Australian tracks," or "He's running too fast too soon," or "Hawes's training methods are all wrong." Clark hears the chorus, often second and third-handed, and he is hurt.

"Everyone is so nice to us to our faces, but there is a lot of back-stabbing. We know what we are doing. Why can't they leave us alone?" says Clark.

Hawes counter-attacks. "The track is the place to do fast times," he says. "I wasn't surprised when he did 45.37 so early in November. We have a very closed season in Australia. You start in late October, inter-club competition stops over Christmas and in January. The time for Darren to do it is now. You don't change a good recipe. Last season we did exactly the same thing and people reacted in the same way by saying that Darren had peaked too soon. I can remember saying then that Darren would have the last laugh and he certainly did. He ran 45.42 in Tokyo and won. He ran 45 flat in London and won the three As.

"What we are doing is an Olympic preparation. I have always said that Darren has a unique ability over the three sprint distances and one complements the other two. Speed and endurance are just as much a part of 100 metres racing as in the 400.

"The 400 today is a total sprint. The only difference between the 400 metres sprint and the 100 is that the longer event is a more tactical race, you have the chance to make up for a mistake. And, of course, you need a lot of guts to run the 400. It hurts. I believe he can break 10 seconds for the 100 and, with our techniques, I am confident he will do that in a couple of years. Right now we are concentrating on his speed component, which will not only make him competitive at 100 and 200 at world level, but will make the 400 that much easier for him.

"By August I am confident he will be running 44.4 or 44.3 in the 400. But don't be surprised if he runs better than that. I firmly believe he will break 44 within the next two years."

The figures slip so easily off Hawes's eloquent tongue that you tend to overlook the fact that he is talking about times inside the fastest ever run at sea level (Alberto Juantorena's winning time of 44.26 seconds in Montreal) and hovering round the world record of 43.86 seconds set at high altitude by Lee Evans in 1968.

And when Hawes matter-of-factly mentions his protege's potential as a 100 metres sprinter, he is including him in that select band of runners who have dashed over the distance in less than 10 seconds. Mike Agostini, Trinidad Olympian, all-American sprinter who used to cut out the 200 metres in the low 20s two decades ago and respected Australian coach and commentator, has an ambivalent view on the Hawes-Clark duet.

"What the critics are saying about Clark running too fast, too early, is bullshit. He should be running 45s for the 400 at this stage in his preparation," comments Agostini. "Clark can win a gold medal in Los Angeles. He is one of those extraordinary athletes with the God-given talent to do almost anything."

Agostini, however, is not quite as certain about Hawes's qualifications as a coach. He acknowledges Hawes's confidence in himself. A coach has to be confident of his methods. But Agostini was left with the impression after meeting Clark and his coach that when Hawes talks about new techniques he is not only recycling old, proven methods, but also bases his theories on intuition rather than on sound basics and research.

"When I was running at the University of California in Fresno, my coach, John Flint Hanner, used to say: 'Give me the horses and I'll give you the champions.' He was one of the few honest coaches. While he was certainly a factor in the success of his athletes, he was admitting that there has never been a coach who has made an athlete. Percy Cerutty took a lot of credit for what Herb Elliott achieved. Elliott was Elliott because of an abundance of talent. A lot of what Cerutty did for Elliott was wrong. They were just fortunate that, in spite of those methods, nothing went wrong.

"Darren Clark has been running competitively since he was 11. He has always had the natural talent. There is nothing magical in what Hawes has achieved with him. What we are seeing from Clark now is simply the fruit of natural progress. Alan Hawes is doing some things with Darren which are right, but I have the feeling that, as a coach, he doesn't know why they are right. If he is such a talented coach, why hadn't we heard of him before Darren Clark came along? One swallow doesn't make a summer.

RHD
Pulsar Quartz
5
asics TIGER
6
PHOTOGRAPH BY GILBERT ROSSI/ACTION BANK

"Still, the two have an obvious affinity and that's how it should be between a coach and an athlete. I just hope nothing goes wrong between now and the Olympics. Darren is in a no-win situation — just like the secretary who runs off with her boss. No matter what happens, she is the one on whom all the shit is heaped. If Darren flops, everyone will say: 'Oh, well, he didn't have it; he couldn't make it in the big time.' And Alan Hawes will withdraw back into obscurity. Let's not forget that something went wrong at the world championships in Helsinki. . ."

Something, of course, did go wrong in Helsinki. Hawes and Clark don't deny it, but they dismiss Agostini's inference that it went wrong in Helsinki because of training methods. In Hawes's opinion, Clark was a victim of circumstances and nerves in the 400 metres semi-final in Finland. The circumstances were those which prevented Hawes, as a private and unofficial coach, from supervising Clark's last-minute preparations for the semi-final which most observers — including the eventual winner of the gold medal, Bert Cameron — expected him to win. Had he been allowed into the ground with Clark, Hawes still feels that he might have been able to soothe his runner's nerves and to head off the injury on which the Helsinki challenge foundered.

Hawes knew that Clark was troubled by a slight groin injury on the way from the training camp to the track. What he didn't know when the runners lined up for the start of the semi-final was that Clark had aggravated the strain in his final warm-up. "When the gun went I knew something was wrong," explains Hawes. "He normally runs the first 100 metres in 10.7. I timed him from the stand at 12.2 seconds. He just couldn't get going. He realised he was behind the eight ball down the back straight and he really seemed to go for it at the finish. It is amazing that, with the injury and after giving a hot field 20 metres start, he still ran 46.36 seconds."

Clark confirms what Hawes saw from the stand at Helsinki. He admits he has a tendency to over-stretch and over-strain when he is nervous. And, lining up among the fastest quarter-milers in the world at 17, he was plenty nervous.

"Five minutes before the start, I did some stretching exercises and I felt a sharp pain in my groin," he recalls. "I was limping in my run-through. I thought seriously of scratching, but then I thought if I pull out now and I feel all right in 10 minutes, I'll kill myself. I got down on the mark and told myself I'd just have to run and see how it went. But when the gun went, there was just no power in my legs and I was chopping and changing my stride. I did come home fairly quickly, but it was a half-hearted effort."

That torn groin bit deeply into the Clark psyche. He loves to run. Running is a celebration of his perfectly-tuned, powerful body into which is packed the potential to run a faster 400 metres than any other human frame. He moves like a Derby winner, contemptuous of challenge. The injury dented the concept of the perfect running machine and also denied him the chance to prove his mettle among the fastest quarter-milers in the world and to establish that psychological edge so important when Olympians gather. Bert Cameron won that final that Clark missed in Helsinki and the West Indian goes to Los Angeles with the advantage.

Sure, Clark beat some of the best with an outstanding run in the finals of the three As meeting in London in the run-up to the world champs. Everything was going according to the Hawes plan. He had run his personal best time in London and both Clark and Hawes were certain there was something left in the tank for Cameron and Helsinki, but then something went wrong. . .

Back in the Sydney spelling paddock after the world champs, Hawes and Clark have spent a lot of time insuring against the recurrence of that shock injury. They consulted leading sports-medico Dr Terry Dwyer, who took a searching anatomical look at Clark and came up with a set of exercises to strengthen the weakened muscles the runner is prone to torture in his compulsive and frenetic warm-up.

"The exercises have worked brilliantly," comments Hawes. "Darren hasn't had the slightest twinge since he started the exercises."

But mention to Hawes the prospect of some other muscle or tissue surrendering when Clark repels another attack of nerves in the warm-up area in Los Angeles, and the coach side-steps the spectre.

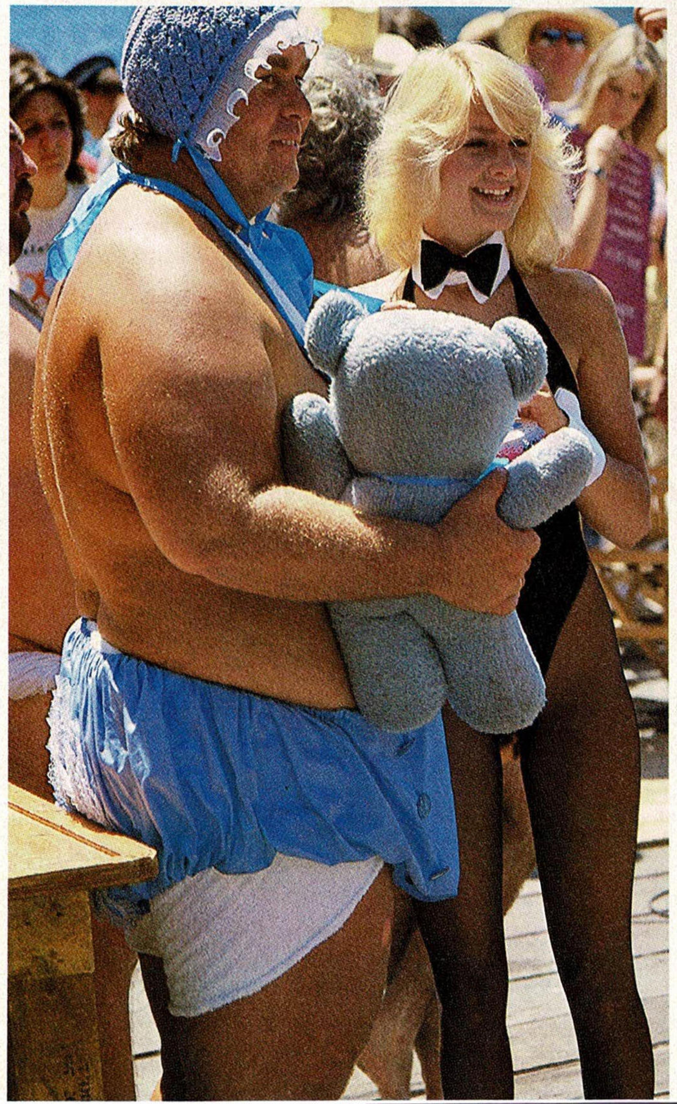
"If he didn't get nervous for a big race, I would get worried," says Hawes. "He runs brilliant races when he is nervous. The fast times he has been doing at the start of this

(continued on page 132)

Goldengirl

Queensland's Conie Pound wants a man with the golden touch

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BOB WATSON



It has been said that gentlemen prefer blondes — but what do blondes prefer?

Ask our mischievous Playmate Of The Month and she will tell you the answer is quite simple: blondes prefer gentlemen of means. The more means the better.

"Money turns me on," says Conie. "Of course he must have beautiful eyes and be a fantastic dancer, too."

Recently turned 18, Conie is at an age when she doesn't believe in taking life too seriously. A dinkum Aussie sheila from the Queensland Outback, Conie has been in Sydney less than a year and is playing it strictly for fun.

She has the unquenchable confidence of a girl to whom everything comes easy. Or perhaps it's that Outback "she'll be right, mate" philosophy that makes her so sanguine about life in the big city.

Her biggest worry, when she isn't modelling, seems to be choosing between water skiing or horseriding. She says she particularly enjoys the latter.

"What woman doesn't?" she asks with a challenging twinkle in her eyes. "I don't just take 'em out for a trot either," she adds. "I enjoy a good hard gallop."

Conie is studying acting and hopes to launch a career in theatre and films. "But I'm not very good at the moment," she explains. "I need practice. But I'll get there. I'm a very determined person."

For reasons which must be abundantly apparent, Conie doesn't lack for male attention. Though, as she has already said, she's picky. Mere riches are a preliminary qualification to sort the pretenders from the contenders.

"I'm in no hurry to settle down with one man," she smiles. "So many people are out there trying to find each other and failing. I haven't found myself yet. I'm going to enjoy life, explore the possibilities, fulfil myself through time and experience."

And once he's passed the means test, what will her ideal man look like?

"Rudolph Valentino," she replies in an instant. "He had the most beautiful eyes, he was such a beautiful man. And such a good mover on horseback, too."

"I like a man not a wimp. But he must be a gentleman. I don't go for heavily muscled physiques; I like them strong but slim. Strong faces really turn me on. A clean-cut face with strong, masculine features. I like romance but not when it's all overdone. Rudolph Valentino had it all just right."

"I told my parents I was going to pose for Australian PLAYBOY because they're very important to me; I want them to be proud of my accomplishments. My mum seemed quite surprised, but happy. My dad mumbled a bit but I think he's proud of me. They don't mind the world knowing they have a beautiful daughter."

MISS JUNE

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Conie Pound

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Conie Pound

BUST: 32 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 32

HEIGHT: 5'3" WEIGHT: 7½ stone SIGN: Pisces

BIRTH DATE: 21-3-65 BIRTHPLACE: Rockhampton

AMBITIONS: Money buys happiness - so I'll start with money!

TURN-ONS: Sexy sports cars, foot massages, Libran men.

TURN-OFFS: Having no money, violence, rude people, smokers and drunks.

FAVORITE BOOKS: Gorky Park, The Shining and anything by Fay Weldon, Tom Sharpe

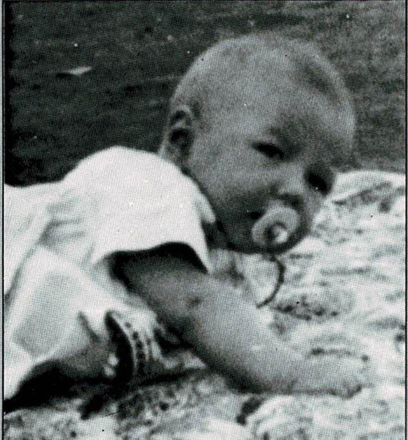
FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Marilyn Monroe, Clint Eastwood Stevie Nicks

FAVORITE SPORTS: Dancing, Running, Swimming

IDEAL MAN: Strong, independent, able to handle responsiblity

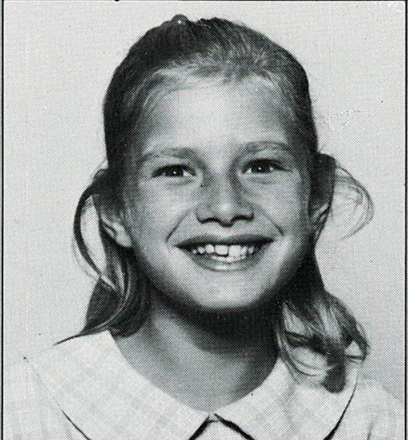
SECRET FANTASY: To be totally satisfied sexually in my castle of love and sensuality.

7 months



Already a Poser

10 years old



Check the teeth

16 years old

Dressed To Kill

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Two women were attending the funeral of a friend who had been married eight times.

One sighed and said: "At last they are together!"

"Which husband do you mean?" queried her friend.

"I mean her legs!" came the reply.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *partner swapping* as a new lease of wife.

After a four-year absence, the Scotsman returned to his native land. He was met by his two brothers at the airport but he could hardly recognise the pair as they had grown very long and bushy beards.

"Hey, Ian and Robbie," he exclaimed, "why have you grown beards?"

"Don't you remember, James?" they chorused. "You took the razor with you!"

A fellow visited his doctor and complained that his penis became very painful after sexual intercourse. The doctor advised him to soak it in warm milk immediately after having sex.

That night, after making love to his girlfriend, he ran into the kitchen, heated some milk and immersed his penis in the saucepan.

His girlfriend, mystified by his frantic exit from the bedroom, followed him to the kitchen and exclaimed: "So that's your secret, David! You just refill it like a fountain pen!"

Pierre, the world-famous fighter pilot, was about to make love. Before he began, he grabbed a bottle of red wine and poured it over the girl's lips.

"What are you doing?" she questioned.

"I am Pierre, the world-famous fighter pilot," he replied, "and when I have red meat, I also have red wine."

As he was about to move down to her breasts, he grabbed a bottle of white wine and poured it over her.

Again the girl asked what he was doing and Pierre announced: "I am Pierre, the world-famous fighter pilot and when I have white meat, I also have white wine."

As he was about to move down between her legs, he grabbed a bottle of brandy, poured it over her and set it alight.

"What on earth are you doing now?" she shrieked.

"I am Pierre, the world-famous fighter pilot!" he shouted. "When I go down, I go down in flames!"

A police constable was strolling through a large country town in the early hours of the morning when he came across a young man wandering about absolutely naked.

"Well then, sir," said the policeman. "What's all this about?"

"Well, it's like this, officer," replied the man. "I was at this party at a homestead and at midnight everyone started to take their clothes off and then the lights went out. Well, I didn't want to be the odd man out so I stripped off and then someone shouted, 'Let's go to town!' and here I am. . ."

A ventriloquist visited a farm in a remote rural area and amazed the locals by projecting his voice into some of the animals.

One young man came up to the ventriloquist and asked him if he could make any kind of animal talk.

"Yes, I suppose so," the visitor replied.

The lad then took him aside and whispered: "If that black and white nanny goat over there says anything about me she's a bloody liar!"

An Eskimo returned to his igloo after a fishing trip and once inside he was confronted by his sobbing wife.

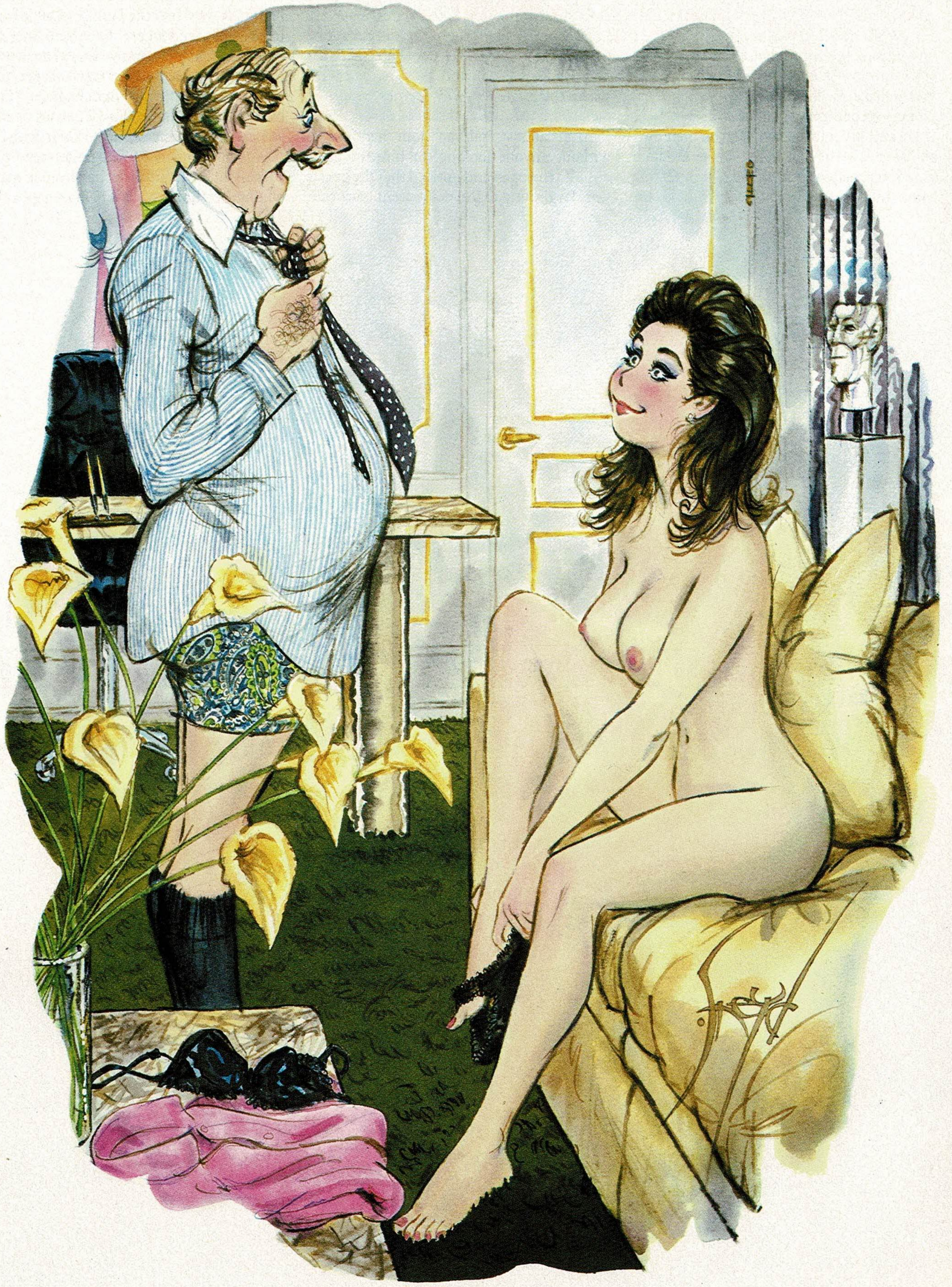
"Terrible news!" she cried. "My mother has just died!"

Immediately, the husband picked up a frozen fish and thoroughly thrashed his wife.

When she was able to draw breath, she sobbed: "Why did you do that, you brute?"

"If I've told you once, I've told you a thousand times," he retorted. "Don't make me laugh when my lips are chapped!"

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY*, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.*



"It's lonely at the top, Miss Fullerton, so this time I'd like to be on the bottom."

SEX, DRUGS & THE DECLINE OF THE KENNEDYS

If you're looking for some real trouble, David Horowitz and Peter Collier suggest you hang around with the Kennedy kids

When he thought about it later on, Chris Lawford was struck by how much that Saturday afternoon resembled others he had spent at his Uncle Bobby's house — a swirl of activity, laughter and argument erupting almost volcanically from groups of guests, children and dogs battling against the mainstream of adults in endless serpentining games.

He and his cousins had been on their own all day, as they usually were at such functions, playing Catch As Catch Can, a game his Uncle Bobby said he and his brothers and sisters had played when they were young. Then a pudgy 13-year-old who barely managed to hold his own in the non-stop family athletics, Chris had managed to keep from being caught for quite a long time, hiding first in the stable area near the 300-year-old stand of hickory trees for which the estate was named, then inside the tack room.

After almost half an hour had passed without anyone looking for him, he came out into the open and noticed that the guests were beginning to leave. He went back cautiously toward the house, trying to find Bobby Jr and David, the cousins who were also his best friends. Unable to locate them, he finally saw Ina, the family's Costa Rican maid, and asked where they were. She gave him a strange look, and when she answered, the music in her voice was sharper than usual. "Don't you understand? They buried their father today. They are feeling sad and have gone on up to their beds."

At that moment, Chris understood how successful his Aunt Ethel had been in maintaining her illusion since *it* had happened: that nothing had really changed; that Bobby was in heaven, happy to be with Jack and awaiting an eventual reunion with them all. He sat down on the grass, physically sickened by the feeling of loss.

His cousin Bobby Jr had told him during the funeral about how he had gone to bed soon after the announcement that his father had won the California primary and then had got up eagerly the next morning to read about the details of the victory in *The Washington Post,* only to see headlines about the shooting; he had sat by the living room

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RON VILLANI

hearth for an hour, feeding the newspaper page by page into the fire.

Sixteen-year-old Joe, oldest male of his generation, had been at boarding school when Teddy called to say there had been a shooting but not to worry because it wasn't as serious as it sounded. When Joe arrived in Los Angeles and saw his father inside the oxygen tent, the familiar face so black and distorted from the bullet that had smashed into the back of his head, he had known immediately that it was much more serious than he had been told. And when death had finally come, the operating room at the Good Samaritan Hospital had become what Joe (trying to describe the scene to Chris and others who hadn't been there) called a "hellish environment," with doctors and nurses crying and screaming and the adults in the family so incapacitated that he had been the one who had to tell his younger brothers and sisters that their father hadn't made it.

After the body had been brought home, those Chris was closest to in the family — his Uncle Bobby's oldest boys Joe, Bobby Jr, and David — had served in the memorial Mass at Saint Patrick's. Then the entire family had boarded the funeral train winding slowly down to Arlington.

For much of the trip, David — who had been sitting alone in a Los Angeles hotel room, one moment watching his father's victory statement on TV and the next moment watching him bleeding on the floor — had kept his head out the window of the train, letting the wind batter his face. At one point, as they were entering a tunnel, Phil Kirby, the close friend from Hyannis whom Ethel had asked along to keep him company, noticed that David didn't see the protruding arm of a steel girder and yanked him back into the compartment just in time to keep him from being decapitated. Both David and Chris had their heads out the window again when the funeral train struck two bystanders at a crossing, cutting one of them in half under the wheels. David had been mesmerised by the bloody scene, unable to tear himself away until Secret Service men got him back down into his seat.

The climax of the train ride, at least for Chris and the others of his generation, had come when Joe, accompanied by Ethel, had walked up and down the aisles of some of the passenger cars, wearing one of his father's pin-striped suits and shaking hands and saying, "I'm Joe Kennedy, thank you for coming," with such composure that Ethel later remarked excitedly, "He's got *it!* He's got *it!*" The pronoun needed no antecedent; it meant the touch, the destiny, the political genes all the Kennedy grandchildren were already talking and wondering about.

As the last guests departed from Hickory Hill and shadows began to creep across the grass, Chris Lawford thought about all the events of the past few days, trying to make sense of them; feeling alone and, even worse, unprotected. When Uncle Bobby was alive, he thought, we knew who we were. But now he's gone. What will happen to us? What comes next?

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Those questions were on the minds of many of the others as well. In all there were some 27 of that generation of the clan assembled. Together in one place, they looked like a remarkable experiment in eugenics — several strains of one particularly attractive species.

The whole world had seen these windswept, photogenic faces at different stages of development and had watched their growth and change as if by time lapse. They were, as one journalist had remarked, "America's children." But as in their parents' generation, it was the opinion of family members that really mattered. Each of the children was always looking for an opening to outperform some rival in the family, always searching for an opportunity to improve his standing, always wondering if someone in an age or ability group just above him would slip, always aware above everything else that their parents were watching and assessing their performance to see which of them had *it*.

Although they were not able to articulate it, the boys were aware they were stepping over lines between good and evil that Robert Kennedy himself had drawn.

As Chris Lawford later remarked, "We were all, every one of us, raised to be President."

Some of the older ones remembered what their parents referred to as, "that brief shining moment": trips to the White House; Friday afternoons when the presidential helicopter would swoop down, their Uncle Jack would get out and, after disposing of his aides, drive them all downtown and give them each a dollar to spend at the candy store.

But if Jack represented what the family had been — "the President", they all grew up calling him, as if there had been no other — Bobby had represented what they would become. It was he who would come through a room where one of them was lounging on a sofa reading a comic book and say, "Put that junk down right now and get outside and *do* something." It was he who attended christenings and confirmations, graduations and commencements. When their grandmother Rose repeated her favorite saying from Saint Luke, "To whom much has been given, much will be required," it seemed just another of her religious homilies. Bobby translated the admonition into terms they could understand: "America has been very good to the Kennedys. We all owe the country a debt of gratitude and of public service." He was the energetic, embracing figure who demanded that they be better than they thought they were. He was the one who had defined their Kennedyness.

And so 1968, the year of his loss, became their first summer of discontent. "It was so different from Jack's death," Eunice's oldest son, Bobby, later said. "Then there had been a coming together. Uncle Bobby had seen to that. In a strange way, we'd felt even more like Kennedys than ever —proud of what Jack had been, determined that our time would come again. But once Uncle Bobby died, there was just this sense of splitting apart."

The impact was greatest on Bobby's own children, whom his magnetism had made the centre of the clan. By the time of David's 14th birthday, on June 15, a spiritless party at Hickory Hill, the high point of which was Bobby Jr's decision to put laxative in everybody's milk, the heroic denial Ethel had been practising since the funeral had begun to crack. Tension was thick in the house. The Little Kids and the Girls — as the children were categorised, much to their dismay — were immune from it, but the Big Boys were not. She punished them constantly and capriciously, almost as if she blamed them for reminding her of her dead husband. She told Joe that he must be the man of the house now and allowed him to sit in his dead father's chair at the dinner table. But when he hit his younger sister Kerry for making noise, she gave him the infantile punishment of having to walk up and down the stairs 100 times. (Later, he had gone into the yard and, in a moment of tenderness, taken the hands of his younger brothers and sisters and begun to sing The Battle Hymn Of The Republic, their father's favorite song.)

A few days after David's birthday, they all flew with Teddy to Connecticut and chartered a boat to Hyannis Port. Ethel careened between gloom and febrile gaiety all during the trip. At one point, she took Bobby Jr and David below and hit them repeatedly with a hair-brush, the first such punishment they could remember and one that made them cry in spite of their teenage resolutions to be stronger than their mother.

"I can't stand it any more," she said when they reached home port. "You guys have got to get away from here." Thus began a diaspora that would continue for years to come, a process of leaving and returning that symbolised the next generation's dilemma.

Joe and his friend Chuck McDermott were flown to Spain where they stayed with the Guardiolas, a large family that raised bulls for bull rings throughout the country. For the first few days, Joe walked around like a displaced person. He had the Kennedy smile, which had been so striking on his father's funeral train, but it was tenuous and suspicious and usually accompanied by a knot of perplexity at his forehead. He had experienced another bad year at Milton Academy. Scholastically behind to begin with, he had lost further ground. Being a Kennedy had also resulted in his being constantly tested: girls solicited love notes because they thought the signature might be valuable; boys had short-sheeted his bed and had even sneaked in to vomit on his pillow. Joe had been looking forward to the presidential campaign to release him from his troubles.

Occasionally Joe wrote home, always asking about Bobby Jr. His brother was dark, wiry and enigmatic, a loner by choice rather than necessity, since, unlike Joe, he had no trouble making friends. The family regarded him as somewhat like the falcons he kept — hooded in intent and conveying the impression of slight danger.

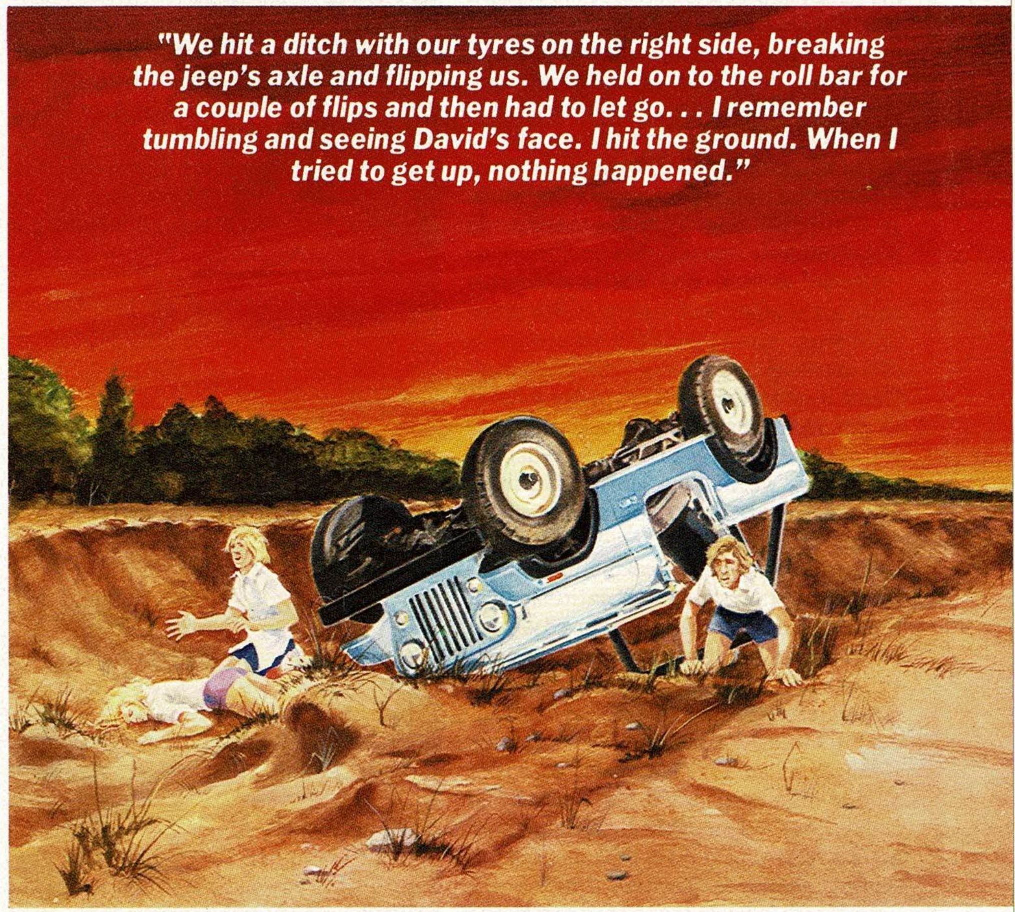
Because of Bobby Jr's interest in animals — snakes and lizards before the falcons — his father had commissioned naturalists from the Bronx Zoo to make him a walk-in terrarium for his 13th birthday. He had encouraged his interest in falconry, even though he'd admitted to his son that he was disturbed by the implications of feeding pigeons to the predators. The two of them worked out a compromise with a distinctively Kennedy twist: if a pigeon managed to avoid a hawk on two successive flights, it was "retired" and never forced to face death again.

Impressed by the boy's omnivorous interest in things, Bobby Sr had once remarked that Bobby Jr was "just like the President". Jack's oldest and best friend, LeMoyne "Lem" Billings, had thought so too, and had taken Bobby Jr on as a protege. When Ethel became difficult in the weeks after the assassination, Lem had volunteered to take Bobby Jr to Africa on an animal-watching expedition, fulfilling a promise Bobby had made shortly before his death. And so, while Joe was watching bullfights in Spain, Lem and Bobby Jr were watching wildlife in Africa.

David was most conscious of the *coup* his brother had scored by having an adult who was fully devoted to him and ready to help him cope with the tragedy. "Lem could have chosen any of us," he later said. "I remember the day it happened. Lem appeared and they just sort of walked off together. I thought: 'Bobby's lucky. I wish I had someone.'"

David was the only one in the family who hadn't been enthusiastic about the run for the presidency. For weeks after the announcement he had been plagued by recurring nightmares centred round his father's death. The day of the California primary, he had joined his father in Los Angeles. The two of them had been swimming in the Malibu surf and his feet had been cut from under him by a rip tide; he had felt himself being carried out by the undertow when his father grabbed him, scraping his own head on the ocean floor as he reached for David's slipping arm. With a teenager's sense of melodrama, David had decided that he owed his father a life and would look for an opportunity to pay him back in the years ahead. That night as he sat in front of the television set in the Ambassador hotel room and watched the images from the hand-held cameras jostling to get a better view of the new Kennedy martyr bleeding on the floor of the Ambassador kitchen, one of the thoughts he had was that the debt would be forever undischarged to his father.

With Joe and Bobby Jr taken care of for the summer, Ethel hustled David off to Austria with Chris Lawford as a companion. They went to Mayrhof, a tennis and ski camp run by former tennis great Bill Talbert. They skied on a glacier in the morning and practised volleys in the afternoon. After hours, David was introduced to The Grateful Dead and to sex. "Some 17-year-old girl at the camp realised who I was and picked me up," he recalls. "I was hardly into puberty. Chris told me to take her out and try to feel her tits. I did it. All of a sudden she was unzipping my pants and pulling them down and sort of moaning about how bad she felt that my father had died."



"We hit a ditch with our tyres on the right side, breaking the jeep's axle and flipping us. We held on to the roll bar for a couple of flips and then had to let go. . . I remember tumbling and seeing David's face. I hit the ground. When I tried to get up, nothing happened."

For the rest of their time in Austria, he and Chris sneaked out of their rooms at night with sleeping bags that they took into the girls' dorms, making macabre propositions to the girls who, they realised, felt guilty about Bobby's death. They knew it was wrong, but they also knew it was part of a large change in their attitude toward everything having to do with being a Kennedy.

"It was like watching a huge balloon lose its air," Chris later said. "Things just didn't have meaning any more." An outstanding tennis player, Chris now found himself not caring whether he won or lost. "I'd be out on the court and I'd just say, 'The hell with it,' in the middle of the match and walk off. Before Uncle Bobby's death I wouldn't have dared do that."

When they returned home, things were in a state of ongoing disorder. David's brothers were back but leading separate lives — Joe driving around with older friends in their cars and Bobby Jr spending most of his time by himself in the woods with Morgan Le Fay, the red-tailed hawk he had captured and tamed a few years earlier.

One day, in the family garage, Bobby laid out some mescalin on a piece of wood and dared David to take it. After hesitating a moment, David swallowed the mescalin. Later on, when he was hallucinating, it seemed to him that the hedge Bobby was leaning against had sharp leaves. He asked Bobby to move away so he wouldn't get hurt. But Bobby laughed and backed deeper into the hedge, whose spines seemed to David to penetrate his brother's body. "You're dying," David cried out, "just like Daddy." Bobby smiled and sagged to the ground with his eyes staring and his tongue lolling out of his mouth in a mime of death.

Although they were not able to articulate it, the boys were aware that they were stepping over lines they had never expected to cross, lines between good and evil that Robert Kennedy himself had drawn.

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As America seethed in racial unrest and the turmoil of Vietnam — exactly the wounds Robert Kennedy had tried to heal in the last months of his life — the Kennedy kids' only surviving father and uncle, Teddy, appeared to be trying to submerge himself in his work.

But as 1969 began, his behavior was more and more erratic. Returning to the "Cadillac Eddie" image of his youth, he was drinking more and moving faster than he had done in years. His marriage was suffering, and so was his reputation among his colleagues. Edward Muskie, a rival for the leadership of the party, acknowledged that Teddy could have the 1972 nomination for the asking but then wondered, in an off-the-record comment, about his growing penchant for alcohol and fast cars.

Then, the accident that had been waiting for more than a year finally happened when he drove the Oldsmobile 88 off Dike Bridge at Chappaquiddick, killing Mary Jo Kopechne.

Chris Lawford, who was in California with his mother and sisters at the time, remembers how he got the news: "Nobody said a word about what had happened. There were all these hushed phone conversations and then my mother packed her bags and said she had to go to the Cape. That was the way we were always informed of crises — someone arriving in a hurry or someone leaving in a hurry."

The accident didn't much affect him or his cousins. It was merely a confirmation of something they had already sensed — that the build-up Teddy was getting in the press as someone who had solemnly taken on family responsibility in the Robert Kennedy tradition was not only a sham but a Kennedy-created sham at that. "We all felt a lot of bitterness toward him," Chris said later on. "It was probably unfair. There was no real reason for it except that he couldn't fill Uncle Bobby's shoes and didn't try."

In March 1969 Bobby learned that he had been expelled. When he called home, his mother refused to do anything for him. Then he called Lem Billings, who fumed about how Ethel "was like an ostrich, always with her head deep in the sand," and then arranged for Bobby to spend a few weeks in Colombia on a 30,000 acre farm belonging to an old friend from Princeton. He worked in the fields and lived with the laborers.

In July 1970 he returned home to the Cape. Avoiding his mother, he hung out with Kim Kelley, her brother John and others, among them Bobby Shriver, who had tried to keep pace with his more adventuresome Kennedy cousins by experimenting with marijuana the previous year. One of the people in their circle was Andy Moes, a bearded taxi driver in his early twenties who gave them free rides all around the Cape. One day Moes drove up and said he was looking for some marijuana. Bobby said: "He was whining that all he wanted was a joint and to get laid and all that. Finally, he offered me 10 dollars. I said, 'Shit! Ten dollars for one joint? I'll take it.'"

A few days later, there was a knock on the door of the Shrivers' house, where Ethel and the kids had joined them for dinner. There were several policemen outside. They announced that Moes was an undercover narcotics officer and that both Bobby Shriver and Bobby Kennedy Jr were wanted for possession of *cannabis*.

After a court appearance ending in a suspended sentence, Ethel continued to rage at Bobby. "I have no control over you," she yelled. "You don't listen to me! I'm throwing you out of the family!"

In disgrace, Bobby Jr took $600 out of a savings account and bought a used Ford. Telling nobody where he was going, he headed west. Arriving in Los Angeles, he sold the car for $200 and began hopping freight trains and sleeping in box-cars with tramps and vagrants. On one occasion, he decided to go to San Francisco and sneaked aboard a car carrier, discovering two days later that the train was actually headed to San Antonio. "I had no contact with home," he says, "except that every couple of weeks I'd call Lem. I was riding around with bums. It was good: I could be one of them and not be a Kennedy." He stayed for several days in Berkeley, panhandling for a few dollars a day on Telegraph Avenue and using the money to buy drugs.

David Kennedy made a small reputation at school for smoking marijuana with his morning cup of coffee and dropping acid.

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While Bobby Jr was the author of much of the angry defiance in Ethel's house during those first couple of years after his father's death, his brother David got blamed for it almost as if by reflex. "Her idea was that it didn't really matter whether or not I had actually done anything," David says of his mother. "I would do it sooner or later, so she might as well get heavy with me in advance. I remember it all clearly: this was the point in my life when everything began to turn against me."

His sole friend was Chris Lawford, more an orphan than he, since his mother had decided on the spur of the moment to live in Paris with his younger sisters, leaving him in boarding schools.

Knowing that Bobby Jr was on the road, David and Chris, both now 15, decided in the summer of 1970 to hitch-hike to New York. They arrived dirty and ragged and walked around town with no money for several hours before ending up at Grand Central Station, where they began to beg from commuters. "It was great being just ordinary people and not Kennedys," David felt. "Also it wasn't bad money. At one point, we were making about $40 an hour."

They took the money to Central Park to buy drugs. Heroin was selling for two dollars a bag on Dope Hill, and they bought some and snorted it for the first time. Then they tried to find some girls, inviting a few back to Pat Lawford's vacant Fifth Avenue apartment. Word got around that there was a party, and soon the place was filled with blacks, street people and hippies. David went to sleep and woke up in the middle of the night to find winos and bikers frying eggs in the kitchen. When neighbors threatened to call the police, he and Chris managed to get everyone to leave.

When they returned home several days later, Ethel gave no indication of having realised they had even gone. David was so estranged from her for the remainder of the summer that he often wound up sleeping with a blanket on the soft hedges behind the house.

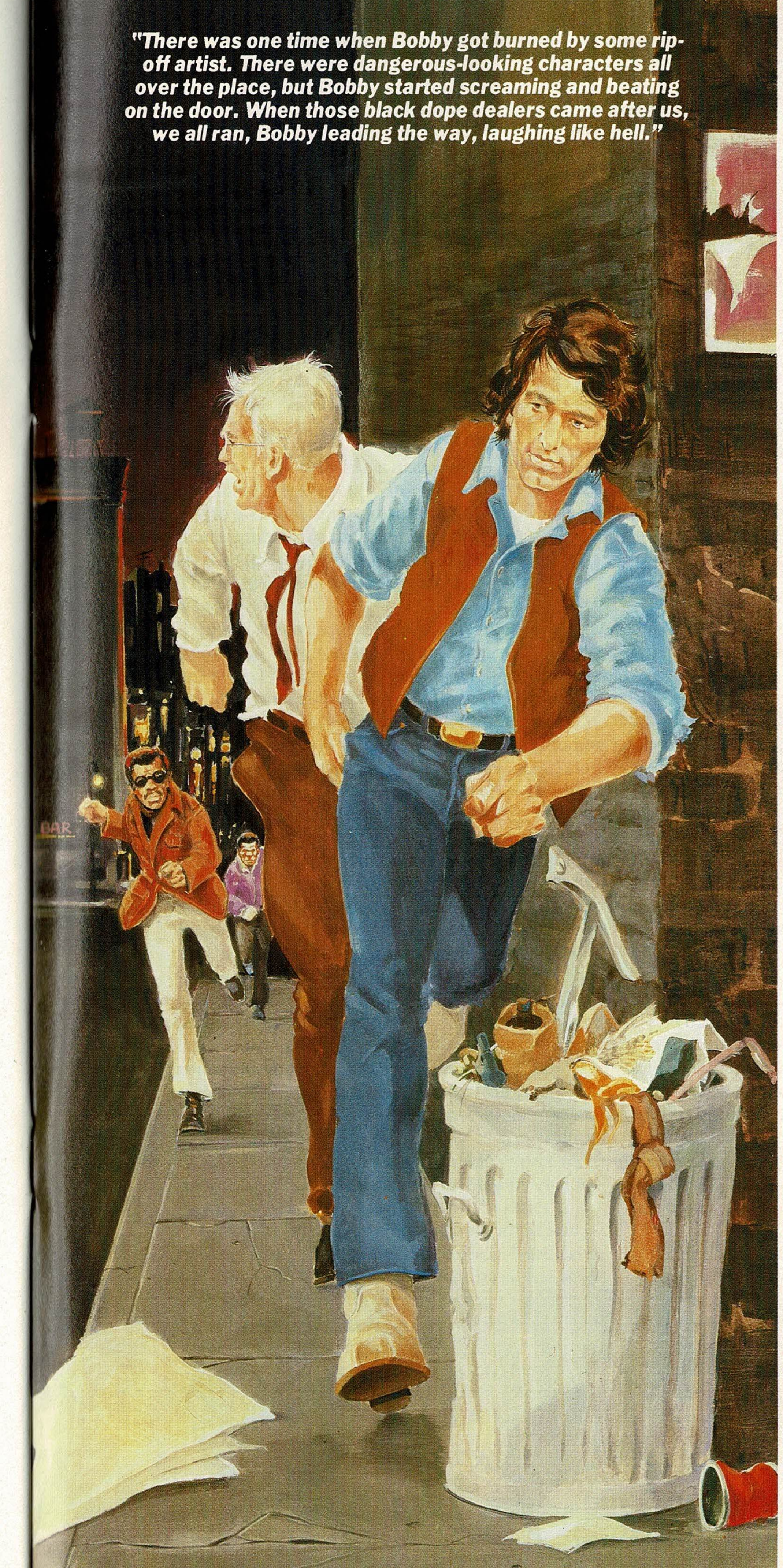
David had always been the one in his family who would try anything and now he was trying drugs. He made a small reputation at school for smoking marijuana with his morning cup of coffee and dropping acid at least once a week. Imitating Bobby Jr, he and Chris let their hair grow to their shoulders and became part of the school's rebellious hippie faction, building huts in a nearby forested area and fighting off the more authoritarian "neofascists" who staged raids on their tribal lifestyle.

Meanwhile, Bobby Jr had spent the year after his trip west at school in Connecticut, insisting on living in an all-black dormitory and ignoring his schoolwork while reading Franz Fanon, Eldridge Cleaver, H. Rap Brown and others. As usual, he had trouble with the rules. He hid his girlfriend in his room, got caught, and was expelled from his third school in four years.

By 1972, Bobby had somehow entered Harvard University, convinced that the only way he could seize his heritage was not by slowly growing into it but by striving for a mythic Kennedy identity right from the start. He began attracting followers in the same way that Jack had as a young man, exercising something like the magnetism Lem Billings had described to him in such detail.

The high point of his derring-do came in an almost legendary event that became known among his Harvard friends as the Bhutto Leap, so-called because it was undertaken as a result of a bet with Mir Murtaza Bhutto, son of the then President of Pakistan, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto.

"Bobby's dorm was Hurlbut, and next door was a building called Pennypacker, not actually in Harvard Yard but, like Hurlbut, four storeys high," recalls one of Bobby's Harvard friends. "The gap between them was 10 or 12 feet. Bobby bet Mir he could jump the gap. People heard about it and gathered below, a large crowd shading their eyes and looking up as if waiting for Superman. The distance wasn't that great, but it looked twice as big as it was; if he missed he'd probably die. Suddenly, Bobby just soared across. Everybody down on the ground gasped and shook their heads in disbelief."



"There was one time when Bobby got burned by some rip-off artist. There were dangerous-looking characters all over the place, but Bobby started screaming and beating on the door. When those black dope dealers came after us, we all ran, Bobby leading the way, laughing like hell."

But if some saw his behavior as heroic, others looked for deeper significance. Another Harvard friend recalls, "It was like someone who wants a massage but is so desensitised that he has to be hurt to feel anything at all. I think this sort of thing, which Bobby did quite often, was a way of giving himself a sort of existential pinch on the arm and reminding himself that he was alive."

But while Bobby Jr was the focus of his own generation's attention, his brother Joe was still the one the adults felt would have a career. He had got the political initiation his father's death denied him in 1968 two years later, working as an advance man for Teddy in his Massachusetts re-election campaign.

He was integrated into the political life in a way that his cousins were not — the first-born male, the one with the dynastic name, the one who had shaken hands with his father's bereaved supporters on the funeral train. All the others had been able to experiment with anonymity and temporarily escape the onus of being a Kennedy, but Joe was the one always forced to make speeches and appearances, the one called on to dedicate RFK stadium and to accompany his mother and younger brothers and sisters to his father's grave on assassination anniversaries.

When Joe finally graduated from prep school in 1971, he was the one who went to work for the recently established RFK Memorial Foundation, interviewing potential grant recipients and visiting Indian reservations, pockets of poverty on the Mississippi Delta and other areas loyal to his father, almost as if he were an ambassador from the grave.

For Chris Lawford it was especially hard. He didn't have the magic name and so the political career they all talked about would be much harder for him. He thought that perhaps the Lawford part of his identity offered a way out, and so, after graduating from high school in January 1973, he went to Southern California to live with his father and work in films.

Although just 18, he became close to Elizabeth Taylor, a long-time friend of his father's, and spent several weeks accompanying her on the social whirl. They went to Disneyland by helicopter, to Hollywood parties by limousine. Their relationship ended one evening when Chris accompanied her to a party at the home of Henry Wynberg, who was there with a woman closer to Chris's age than his own. Midway

(continued on page 128)

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT CRAWFORD

If you want your relationship to last, there are some things you really don't want to know

QUESTIONS YOU SHOULD NEVER ASK YOUR LOVER

DO YOU FEEL LIKE like a man who knew too much? Are there secrets you wish you'd never been told? There *is* such a thing as excess information, and too much information can kill. (Ask James Bond.) There are certain questions that should not be answered. There are certain questions that should not even be asked.

In law school, would-be advocates are taught this courtroom commandment: never ask a question unless you already know the answer. The rest of us are less fortunate; we have nothing so clear-cut to guide us. What's worse, over the past few years, as the sexual revolution undermined traditional definitions of masculine and feminine, that most basic of male qualities, inarticulateness, has been given a bad name. Men have been encouraged to talk with their lovers the way best girlfriends in high school talk —with brutal honesty. In better times, silence was known as discretion, and it was connected with something called honor. Since then, we've been led to believe you can get away with anything, as long as you confess to it afterward.

"Some couples are so busy talking," one enlightened writer has noted, "that they don't bother to listen. . . they don't communicate. Today a big word is honesty. An honest relationship. Honest communications. Honest disagreements. Honesty seems to promise its own rewards. However, those members of the lay-it-all-out-on-the-table school often mistake quantity for quality in communications. They tell all with abandon and expect to be rewarded; they don't recognise that too much communication can be as damaging as too little."

And that's why we're chipping away at the load — it's just too much for any couple to bear. Needless to say, the longer a relationship continues, the more you come to know about your partner — and the more you can *stand* to know. As couples evolve, the significance of any single event is diminished in the context of their entire history together. But on the way to that secure and solid state, there are enquiries that spell trouble. The asking of such deadly questions suggests a deeper problem and one that may not be solved by mere honesty. Consider them warning signs of jealousy, call them stepping stones to insecurity; these questions aren't just loaded, they're aimed at *you*.

WHERE IS THIS RELATIONSHIP GOING?

Most adults have a basic grasp of sexual dynamics — the beginning, middle and end of love. When people stop a relationship in mid-stream to ask for a definition, they won't settle for whatever they've got at the moment. They want to review the scripts, the timetables, the options. ("Well, we're going nowhere, but it sure is comfortable. But maybe comfort isn't enough. I want a commitment. If it's so good, let's make it forever. If it's not, let's stop wasting time.") This question is a quiet way to go for the throat, to issue an ultimatum. Anybody who would ask such a question either thinks you're a psychic or demands entirely too much guidance in this life. The biggest payoffs, after all, require not only commitment but risk.

ARE YOU SLEEPING WITH ANYONE BESIDES ME?

If you believe in Freud, you're already taking both of your parents, both your mate's parents and probably a few siblings to bed every time you have sex. No need to expand the party. The fact is, if you have to ask this question, you can't tell the difference, and if you can't tell the difference, perhaps it doesn't really matter. The thing that matters most is the time you spend together. If things are good, it tends to become full time.

WHERE DID YOU LEARN TO DO THAT?

Despite what you've been told, the most popular and widely held sex fantasy —the one that nobody will let go — is that your lover was a virgin driven by passion to submit to your sexual charms and that almost any sexual act came naturally. That's why "I've never done this before" is one of the best turn-ons in the sexual encyclopaedia.

Advice by James Petersen and Kate Nolan

DO YOU EVER THINK ABOUT YOUR FORMER LOVERS?

What we have here is your basic no-win situation. Even the best possible answer — "Yes, but only when I'm trying to lose my appetite" — cuts a mean profile and just won't do. If the answer is a simple *yes,* it breeds jealousy: if it's *no,* it creates the impression that you are being, shall we say, a bit vague.

AM I THE BEST LOVER YOU EVER HAD?

What is this, some kind of competition? There's no need for third parties to enter your bedroom picture — and this question amounts to an invitation. It's safe to assume that if the last lover was so terrific, he (or she) would still be around. It's also safe to assume that if you are the best, you'll eventually hear about it without asking. So don't go fishing for compliments!

WHAT DO YOU FANTASISE ABOUT?

Freud thought fantasies were a symptom of psychopathology. If you want to *tell* your lover about your fantasies, it's okay with us (the danger is that your partner may begin to agree with Freud). But please, have a little respect for mystery, show some deference to suspense — in other words, don't *ask.* Specifically, don't ask about the bolts on the bedframe or the collection of antique restraining devices in the wardrobe.

HAVE YOU EVER FELT THIS WAY BEFORE?

The person who asks this question is looking for divine intervention or recycled virginity. Love doesn't come with an applause meter. It is a process, a series of choices. Everyone was a teenager once. Everyone has experienced infatuation, puppy love, hormonal madness, the Big Mac attack. With luck, we've survived those and gone on to other symptoms. The rule is: Don't examine the symptoms too closely unless you think you have a cure.

Always bear in mind that you admire the product of your partner's experiences, but it's a little like ethnic food. You can enjoy the taste but, for the love of God, don't ask what's in it.

The questions on the preceding list tend to resurrect chromosomal memories of the primal scream. If you ask them gladly, you might just as well offer your partner a hot-oil bath. But there are other, subtler questions that, on the face, seem conventional rather than inquisitional. It's when you try to *answer* them that you realise you've just met someone of the ilk of the famous Italian reformer and moralist, Savonarola. Or maybe you asked the question and the minute it falls off your lips, you sense immediately that there are some things you don't want to know

For example:

Never ask what she sees in Mel Gibson (or what he sees in Raquel Welch).

Never ask her: Did you come? This is a hard one. Perhaps the best solution is to ask this question long before you make it to the bedroom: Are you orgasmic? (If so, fine. If not, fine. Nothing you do is going to affect the answer.)

Never ask your lover if she'd dive in front of an oncoming band of Hell's Angels for you. She doesn't know.

Never ask how many cigarettes your lover has smoked today. Cancer is a personal commitment.

Never ask to see photos of your lover's former lovers — especially the ones who dived in front of trains. If you look like one of them, you are repeating history's mistakes. If you don't look like one of them, you'll wonder what she saw in the others.

While we are on the subject of photos, you may admire the picture of your lover cavorting naked in a lagoon on Bali. Don't ask who took it. The answer is obvious: Japanese tourists did.

Never ask if your lover has had psychiatric treatment. Only people who *have* ask that question.

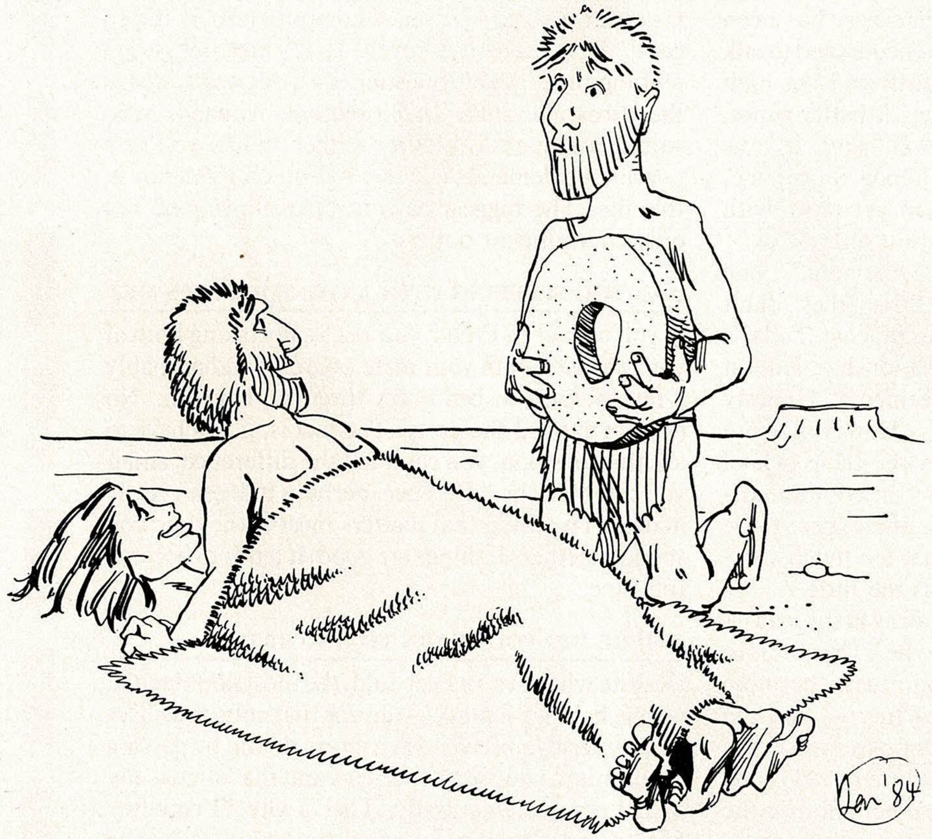
There are the sexual excitement questions that should generally not be asked: Am I sexy? Do I still turn you on as much as when we first met? Am I the most exciting lover in the history of Western man?

There are also the history questions: How many lovers have you had? (There are only three possible answers — enough, not enough, one too many.) How did you lose your virginity?

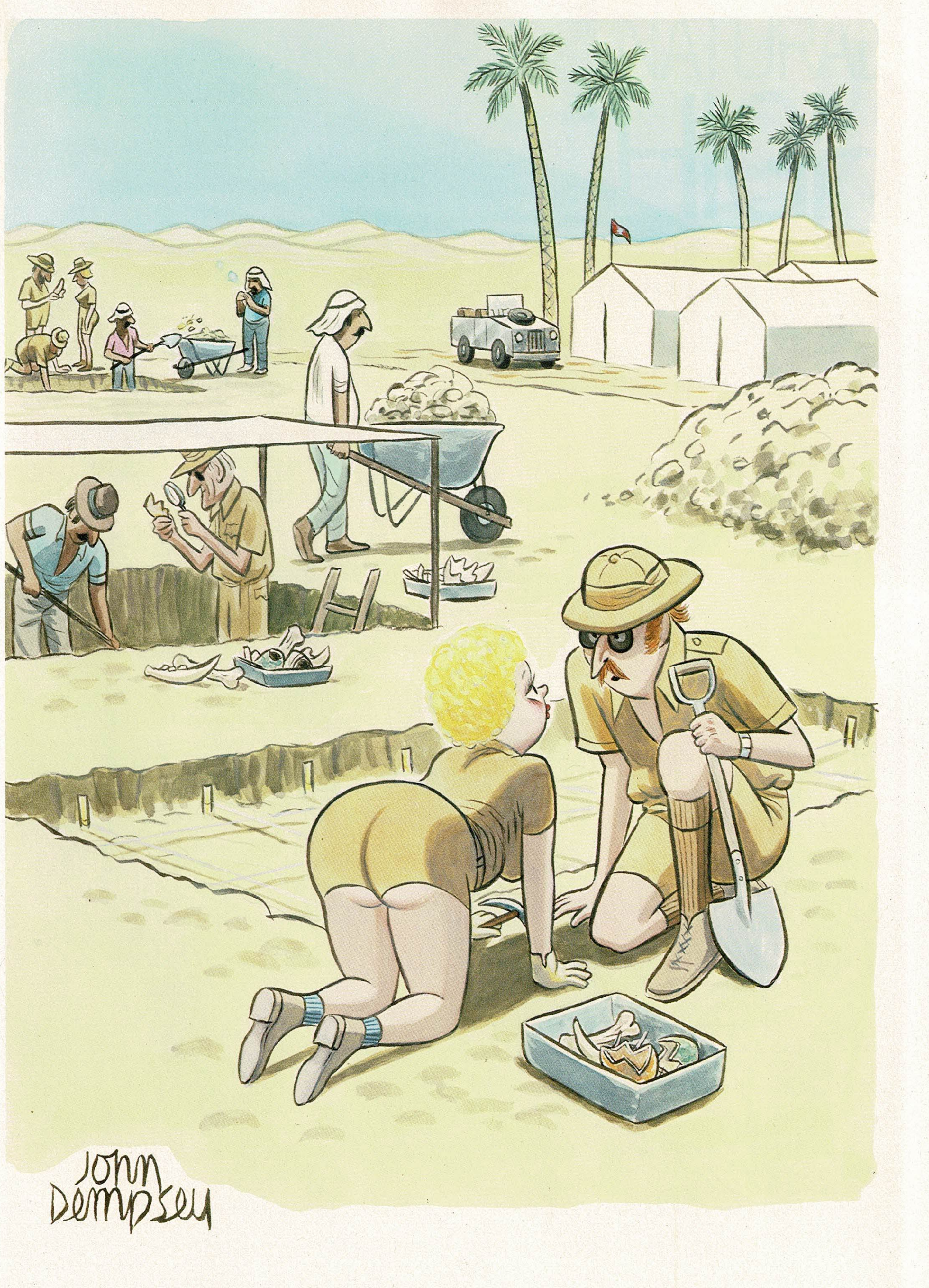
Telephones offer another category of questions that shouldn't be asked. If your lover gets a call during sex and is stupid enough to answer the phone, don't ask who it is, leave the room. If he or she crawls into the wardrobe to complete the conversation, leave the house.

People wonder why older men and women like to have affairs with younger partners. Firm flesh, right? But there's another good reason: young people have short pasts. They do not have leftover traces from years of misbehaving. Chances are if you ask them, "Who took that picture?" the answer will be, "My Mum." But put a few miles on those treads, and certain questions are sure to cause further wear and tear.

All this advice is important and we expect you to follow it to the letter. We didn't say it would be easy. But remember that unless you are planning to write a kiss-and-tell biography, there is very little that you really need to know about your partner's sex life before you were part of it. If you find it difficult to live like that, just think about it this way: until *you* came along, your partner didn't *have* a life.



"You think that's good? You should see what we just invented!"



"Miss Ross, I dig your arse."

NATURAL HIGH

Ex-tomboy Ruth Guerri is riding her own positive vibe

When Ruth Guerri tells you she used to be a tomboy, you don't believe her. This incredibly feminine blonde is too poised, too refined and just too, well, *feminine* to have been anything other than a normal, exceedingly pretty little girl. Right? Wrong!

Watching her wriggle into a pair of jeans and pull on her riding boots in preparation for a brisk hit-out on a thoroughbred horse has you wondering whether you may have misread this girl.

The truth is that as a child Ruth *was* a tomboy. With two brothers, she had to be. She developed fearlessness and athleticism, not to mention a finely-toned body. She keeps it that way with the help of a horse or two.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ARNY FREYTAG
AND STEPHEN WAYDA

"I have one horse now. There were two, but we had to take one off the track because of a bad leg. So I found myself breaking a racehorse in to a riding horse. It's great exercise!"

As a horse trader, Ruth makes a great model, which brings us to the profession that occupies most of her time. This lovely 26-year-old has been modelling since she was 18, mostly in advertising work.

"For as long as I can remember having relationships with men, I've looked for one that would last forever, like in the romantic novels I read as a little girl. I decided I would try for that, however long it took. I still believe in it. I don't sit around waiting, but I do think it exists."

"Most of the ads require a young look," Ruth says. "When I scrub down I can look 16, but soon somebody is going to come to me and say, 'Now, Ruth, you're 35; you can't pass for 16 anymore.' Before that happens, I'd like to get out gracefully. I'd like to have some kind of little business of my own. Right now, I'm thinking about opening a restaurant."

"What's it like being a model? I usually have three bookings a week. The rest of the time, I just kind of keep myself on ice so that I'm available for anything that comes up. That's frustrating for me, because I really have no patience."

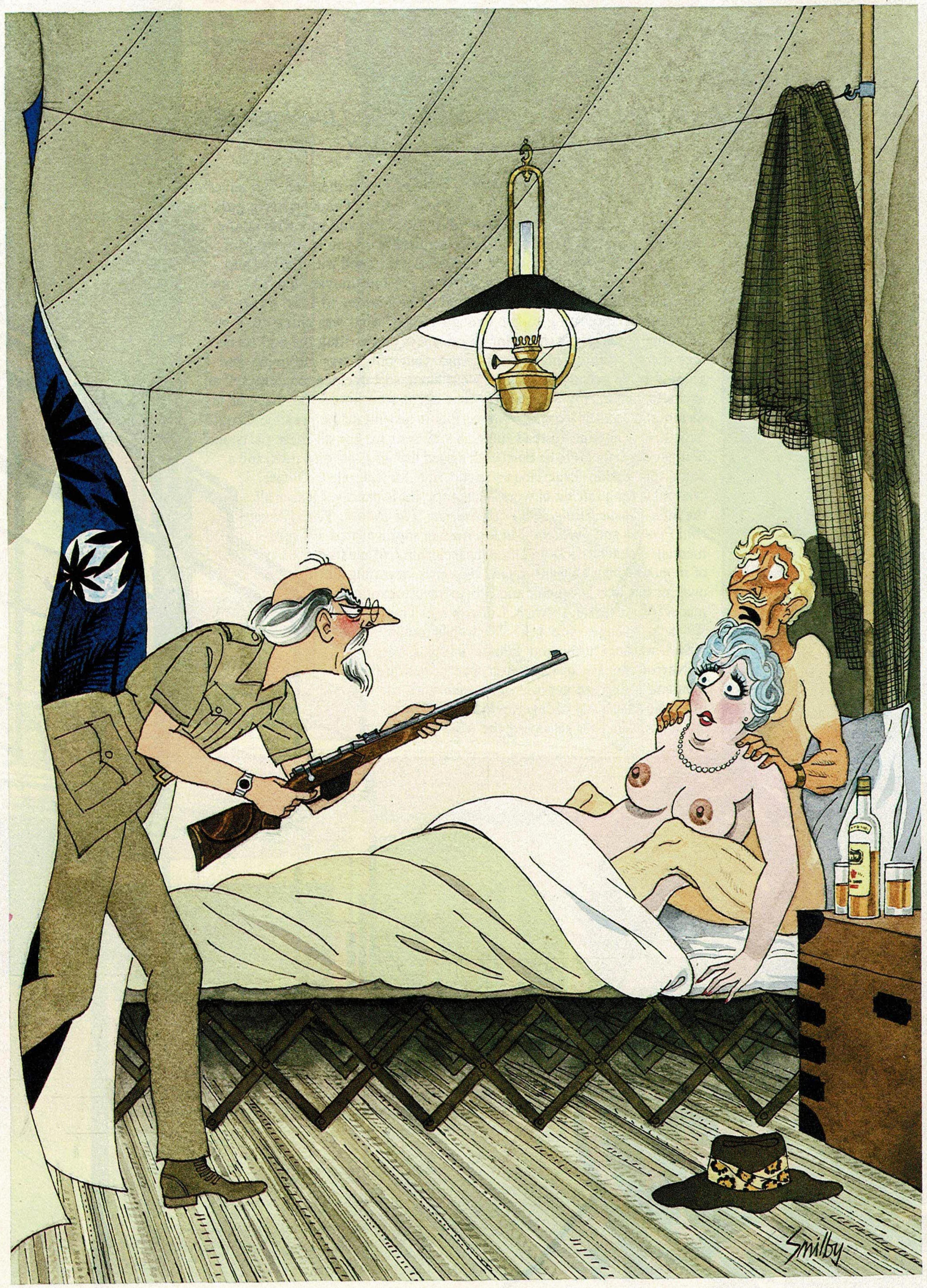
Keeping active keeps Ruth happy — and wonderfully optimistic. Her free time is spent decorating her house or putting in time on a car she is helping to restore. When she feels down, her remedy is to chastise herself: "Now, Ruth, you're being silly; you've got a lot going for you, so snap out of it."

"You have to pull yourself out of a depression," she advises. "You can't depend on someone else to do it. I like to cook, so I'll pull out a cook book and look for something really outrageous to prepare. Or I'll buy make-up or wash the car or put rubber snakes in the mailbox for my boyfriend. Anything but sitting around doing nothing. If you accomplish something, you just naturally feel better." Good advice, to be sure. But for our part, we find the world looks a whole lot rosier with girls like Ruth to brighten things up.

"You have to sift through what people are saying, what they're promising or offering you. I used to be very naive. I trusted everyone and thought that deep down everyone was good, but I found out that isn't true. I guess learning that lesson is just a matter of gaining a little maturity."

"I've been working for a long time now. I think I could live away from people for a year or so — maybe go island hopping in the Caribbean, sell sea shells or sling drinks for a living, then come back and be very happy. I know that probably sounds irresponsible of me, but it would be fun."

"When you're modelling, you get caught up in it all.
You see the pictures in your head and you push yourself to the limit, doing the best you can and often risking life and limb just for a perfect picture."



"For God's sake, Carruthers — you're a conservationist, remember."

SO, YOU WANT TO BE IN MOVIES?

Bob Barrett experiences fear and loathing on location with the ABC

SO YOU WANT to be a film star. You want to be up there on that silver screen, have your head seen on TV, earn heaps of money, have girls hanging off you like chokos, travel to exotic places and mix with all the beautiful people. It sure sounds all right. But if you're thinking of getting into films or TV, be prepared to take the good with the bad and believe me there's plenty of the latter. I got into movies and TV commercials almost by accident. I wanted to be a writer so I did a two-year course in scriptwriting to get a rough idea of what was going on. I was plodding along gag-writing for disc-jockeys and writing the odd ad here and there. Nothing marvellous, mind you, but I was surviving and I seemed to be getting better as I went along so I decided to get myself an agent to handle my scripts. My first agent scrutinised the shape of my melon and said if I could write scripts it just might be possible I could have brains enough to read them. So he sent me for all these parts and being lucky enough to be born with a head like an apple on a stick, and a voice that makes Paul Hogan sound like Sir Laurence Olivier, I cracked it for a fair bit of work. Romantic leads mainly. I was in all the hits. *Taurus Rising, Waterloo Station, The Restless Years, Now And Forever* and *Freedom.* Made a heap of sophisticated TV commercials — beer, trucks and industrial clothing. Made stacks of money, which all went in tax. Had girls swarming all over me like ants at a picnic and I got to travel to exotic places like Adelaide, Ipswich, Lithgow and Trangie. Where's Trangie you ask? Well, Narromine's 100km west of Dubbo and Trangie's 100km west of Narromine. It's way out west where men are men and sheep are nervous. The man with the big cigar (that's my agent, Kevin Palmer) rang me at home in Terrigal saying the ABC wanted

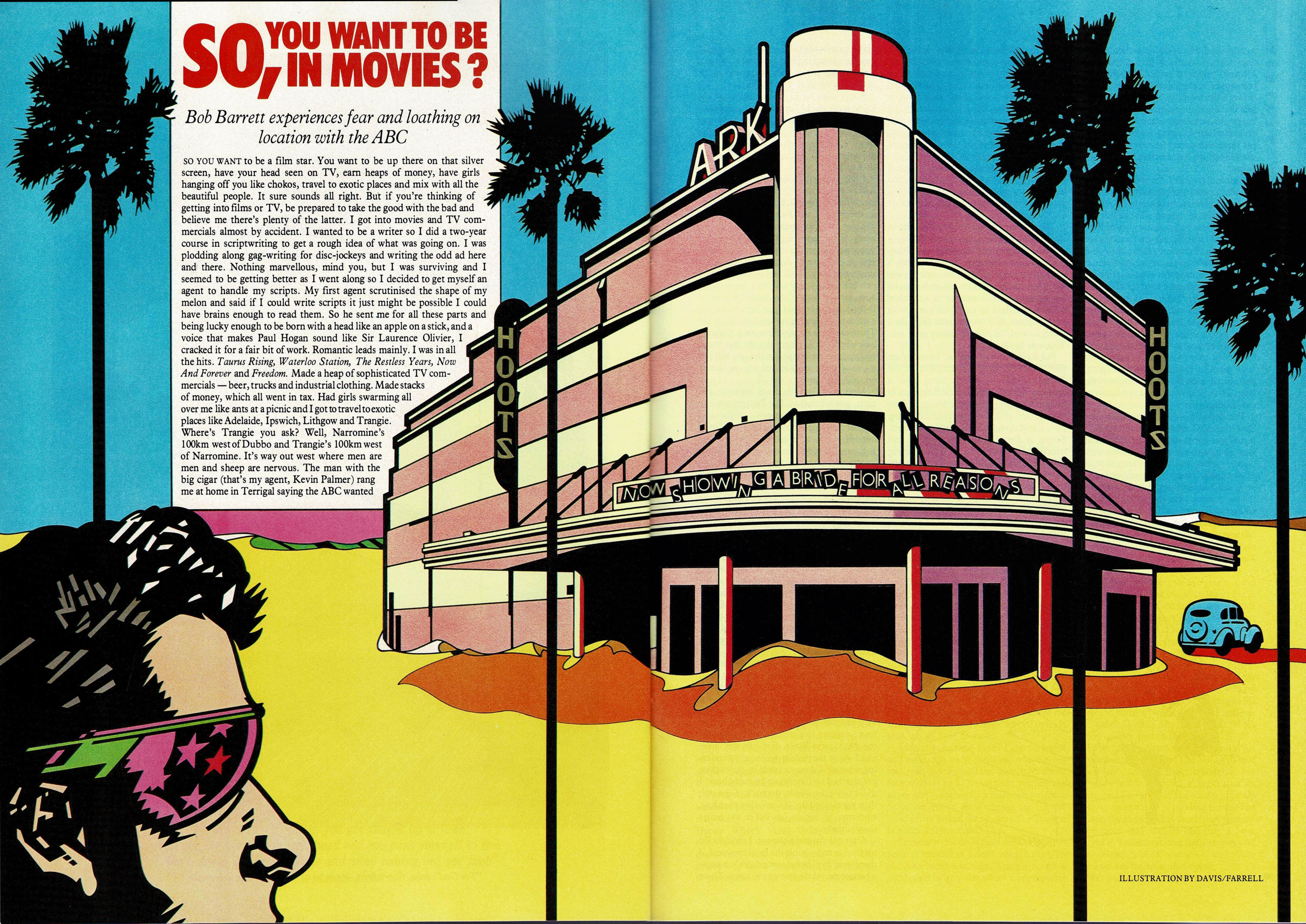

ARK
HOOTS
NOW SHOWING A BRIDE FOR ALL REASONS
HOOTS

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVIS/FARRELL

to know if I was available for four or five days for a few scenes in a movie about Filipino brides. I wiped the dust and cobwebs off my appointment book, checked through the tomes of blank pages and told him that as a matter of coincidence I just did happen to have some time available. Kevin said he'd have a casting for me next week, get there and do my best, try not to fuck everything up. No worries, Kev, she'll be sweet.

A few days later, he rang to say he wouldn't bother sending my "read" by mail, he'd give it to me over the phone and I could write it down. He added that, although I was going for the part of Keith, the "read" I was getting was for a character called Davo. I wrote the lines down over a badly connecting phone and it came out looking like a cross between a script for a beer commercial and a page out of *The Irish Joke Book Of 1853.* What the fuck, I thought, I'll go and give it my best shot.

I didn't think my best shot was particularly good enough but somehow or other (possibly because everybody else that went for it must have either died of food poisoning or been killed in car accidents), I got the part. Kevin rang to tell me a couple of days later; I was mildly surprised but Kevin was astounded.

The following day the wardrobe lady from the ABC rang me for my measurements and asked me would I throw some Levi shirts and my R. M. Williams riding boots in a bag and straight after that, the production secretary rang to tell me I was to be at the ABC in Gore Hill at 8.30am and there would be a car and driver waiting to take me to Narromine. The movie was being shot at Trangie but we were all staying at Narromine.

DO YOU HAVE A DRINKING PROBLEM?
DEFINITELY. I CAN'T AFFORD THE BRANDS I LIKE...
greenfield

In the meantime, the whole script arrived and, while you didn't have to be Sir Alec Guinness to do my part, I decided I might as well give the thing a read. Basically, the story behind the movie, *Mail Order Bride,* is as follows. Now, Kevin Saunders is an outback carpenter in his forties. He writes to several Filipino girls and eventually asks one called Ampy Cruz to come out to Australia and marry him.

He takes her to live in his palatial mansion — a shit-pot caravan about as big as a shoe box in a hot, dusty, fly-blown town of 1000 people called Badgeiri in the outback of NSW.

There's only two things they don't like in Badgeiri — racial prejudice and blacks — and when they meet Ampy they decide they don't like Asians either. So, little Ampy's stuck in the middle. The whites don't really want her, the blacks aren't all that keen on her either and she's married to a drunken ocker who's tight as a goldfish's arse with money, hates kids and a week after she's there, one of his mates tries to rape her. Welcome to Oz, Ampy.

But Kevin's not all that bad. Even though they have the wedding reception in the Badgeiri RSL — which turns into a drunken shitfight from which Kevin has to be carried home — and even though he likes to sit around all day whingeing and drinking piss, Kevin does have his tender moments. Seeing as Ampy never stops working and tries her hardest to please the whingeing big prick, he decides he'll take her out to a real grouse restaurant for dinner. So he takes her to the local service station for a feed of greasy steak and chips covered in tomato sauce which nearly chokes her. Then, after drinking about nine dozen cans of Tooheys with his meal and burping and farting all night, he tells her he's had such a wonderful time he's going to bring her back there once a month and to hell with the expense. He's sophistication-plus, our Kevin.

Ampy wins out in the end, but what she has to go through! Drunkenness, attempted rape, fights, racial prejudice, violence, not to mention a rather large dose of culture shock. . . all pretty harrowing for her, to say the least. After reading the script, I was keen to go.

I left Terrigal about 6.30am, got to the ABC a little after eight and met my Commonwealth driver, Bill. He threw my bags in the boot of the Fairlane and about 30 minutes later we were on our way to the bush. As it happened, Bill and I had something in common: we were both ex-butchers and we both liked a drink and a punt so we stopped in every TAB and just about every pub between Sydney and Narromine. Nifty Nev got the last of my punting bank at Dubbo, where I would have liked to stop for a while just to look at the heads on the locals. There are some rippers there; they made me look like Rock Hudson. But we had to get cracking, so we jumped in the car, Bill put the pedal to the metal and we were in Narromine about 5pm.

Most of the cast, the leads, directors and such, got billeted at The Peppercorn and The Country Club motels — the two classier ones in Narromine. I got the Narromine Hotel/Motel near the railway crossing at the end of town, under repair and on the wrong side of the tracks.

But as it turned out, the hoey-moey was grouse. My room was big and comfortable, the publican was the friendliest little bloke you'd ever want to meet in your life, there was a terrific drop of Old on in the bar which was about 50 paces from my room and right next door was the TAB. I was like a Viking in Valhalla. And if that wasn't enough, instead of having to muck around ordering and waiting for breakfast in the morning, you just went into this big, old country kitchen and helped yourself. Stacks of local bacon, free range eggs, fresh tomatoes, bread and coleslaw and beautiful fresh milk every morning. Cook your own and as much as you want.

My driver had to return to Dubbo so I said goodbye, unpacked my gear and decided to go for a run and check out Narromine. I laced on the K26s, threw a sweat band round my head and trotted off. Five minutes later I was on the outskirts of town, another five minutes and I was over the Macquarie River, five minutes more and I was in the middle of nowhere wondering whether I'd cop a spear in the back or get attacked by dingoes so I headed back. I did a few exercises in the back of the pub then got cleaned up. It was only a plodding, wheezing 30-minute job but it was better than nothing.

After a shave and a shower, I thought I'd hit the bar and sample the local brew and, if there were any sheilas around, let 'em know a handsome movie star was in town. There wasn't and nobody else was very impressed so I just sat there drinking. Three nice, cold "Lilly of Lagunas" later, I thought I'd better get some food before everything closed up, so I walked to a take-away food bar I saw earlier and bought half a chicken and some tomatoes. Outside the shop I bumped into this young Aborigine bloke.

"Hey, mate," I said. "You don't know where I can get a smoke 'round here do you?"

"You wanna buy a stick, brudda?"

"How much?"

"Twenty dollars, brudda."

"You got me, son."

He told me to wait there while he went home and got it. "Home" turned out to be an old grey Valiant stationwagon parked across the road. "Nice place you got there," I said. "I'll have to call 'round one day, have a cup of tea and meet your family."

He gave me the stick in a brown paper bag. "Here you are, brudda, 20 bucks."

I gave him the rock lobster then went back to my room to check it out and put the food in the fridge. The stick was head and leaf but it was as big as a corn cob and kept me going for four days. Like my old grandma said, you gotta get up to get down.

By the time I got back to the bar, a few of the crew and cast had started to drift in. The grips and props men were having a drink and I got to meet Robert Noble, who was to play the part of Donnie. Robert's a hard-looking, nuggety sort of a bloke with a good sense of humor and we finished up fairly good mates on the job. I asked him if he was going to have a drink that night but evidently he'd had a big one the night before so he said he'd hit the sack early. But the boys in the crew said the catering girls were putting on a bit of a turn in their digs back at The Country Club. For a Wednesday night in downtown Narromine, it sounded all right to me.

Everyone had been asked to take a bottle of champagne but getting a bottle of bubbly in Narromine is like trying to get a bacon roll in Tel Aviv. After rooting around like you wouldn't believe, we finally got some off the manager of the motel. By the time we got inside though, everybody was just about knackered or, as they say in the ABC film department, shattered. I hung in there for a while, had a few drinks and got to meet some of the crew. They weren't a bad bunch, most of them. A few others you couldn't warm up to if you were cremated with them. By then, the champagne was starting to disappear quicker than lifeboats on the Titanic and the crew I came with wanted to get to bed so, rather than miss a lift home, I bailed out.

I was still feeling pretty good and, you wouldn't believe it, when we got back to the hoey-moey, the place was raging. The Doctor What's Video Volley Ball Team were in there celebrating their win in the grand-final and with them were the runners-up and a host of friends. I decided to get my camera, take some photos and join in the festivities. I was off my face, anyway.

At first I thought they were the local first-grade rugby league team, broken noses, teeth missing, big hands, hairy backs (and that was just the women). But they were typical, easy-going country people, as pleased as punch at winning the grand final so I got right into the drink with them. I ended up dancing with this big country girl who was built like a Russian war memorial and after a few schooners, she was starting to breathe a bit heavy. I thought if she drags me back to my room and throws me up in the air, they'll take me to the movie set tomorrow in a doggy bag! Luckily, her brother was there to keep an eye on her and make sure no city slicker tried to remove her size 95 knickers so I was safe.

By just after midnight, everyone was just about totalled including the publican. It was a good night, I thought, and not a bad day all round, but we movie stars must get our beauty sleep, so like nine out of 10 Hollywood film stars I had a quick Palmolive soap facial and hit the blurt bag.

When I got up around seven the next morning, I looked rougher than five miles off Sydney Heads and I had a hangover about the same size as the Israeli defence budget. I laced on my K26s, belted down two Codral Reds and a cup of black coffee and decided to try and run it out of me. It was pure agony but the air was cool and clean and even though when I got back my chest sounded like Gus Merzi tuning up his piano accordion, I did feel a little better. Another black coffee, a nice hot shower and I was starting to feel almost half alive. It wasn't long before my appetite was up and it was time to sample my first country style breakfast.

> *In the Aboriginal language, Trangie means a good place to have sex, which is appropriate as there's not much else to do there.*

I was the only one in the kitchen and I ended up with a stack of food in front of me Evel Knievel couldn't have jumped over. It took me an hour to eat it.

After that massive bloat, I got the script and sat out in front of my room in the sun and read my lines. That only took about four seconds so I just sat there reading the paper and dropping farts that sounded like a Salvation Army Band tuning up till the ABC driver called, then it was off to Trangie to shoot a few scenes.

Trangie is about 100km west of Narromine at the end of a dead straight road. In the Aboriginal language, Trangie means a good place to have sex, which is appropriate as there's not much else to do there. It's one of the smallest towns I've seen. It makes Narromine look like Las Vegas. There's a main street, two pubs, some shops and that's it. They've got a single set of traffic lights and they change once a week. A bloke told me they had a boxing match there once and both fighters sat in the one corner.

We got to the caravan park where the crew were all set up and I got to meet the rest of the cast. Charito Ortez, cast as Ampy, the Filipino bride, is one of the prettiest and sweetest little ladies I've come across in quite a while. As soon as this movie gets on TV, every mug in Australia will be on a jumbo jet heading for The Philippines to bring one back for himself. One scene, where I'm talking to Kevin outside the shower block, she steps out into the light wearing a flimsy nightie with nothing underneath and lets her hair fall down over her shoulders. I forgot all my lines and tried to bite a piece out of the wall.

Ray Meagher's a knockout as Kevin, her pisspot, outback carpenter husband. If you hated him in *Breaker Morant,* you'll *loathe* him in this.

Of course I'm not taking anything away from my performance as Keith, Kevin's boofheaded mate from the caravan park who sprays beer all over the sheilas at the barbie and makes a complete Beecham's Pill of himself every time he appears. I was absolutely brilliant. Before the movie was even released, I'd been nominated for best supporting wombat.

Anyway, after a bit more shaking hands, back-slapping and bowing and scraping on my behalf, it was time for a bit of lunch, then down to work. The barbecue scene: 35 takes standing 'round a barbecue, talking shit and drinking piss in the sun. It was like Australia's biggest beer commercial. Mojo would have signed us to lifetime contracts if they'd seen it.

I've done four beer commercials. I did one in Brisbane, took me seven hours but at least I was in a bit of shade in a pub. But this scene was out in the sun and by far the most punishing. And for all those people wondering whether real beer is used in those scenes, of course it's real beer, what do you think we are, a pack of bloody poofters?

By five o'clock we were gone. I had my wobble boots on, Ray Meagher was walking around like he had an arrow sticking in his back and Robert Noble was saying his lines in Swahili. Luckily they called a halt for tea about quarter past five.

Everybody had apricot chicken and apple strudel with ice-cream; I had half a gallon of black coffee and a laugh at the footpath. But the show had to go on and straight after tea we ripped into another five dozen cans. By 8pm we were a mob of howling beasts. The girls in the scene had so much beer sprayed over them they looked like they'd been caught in a monsoon. But the directors said the scenes looked *enormous* and their opinions are the ones that count.

We wrapped at 8.30pm and were four

shot birds. I can't remember being driven back to Narromine until I was thrown out of the car like a bag of garbage outside my hotel where I crawled into the bar, bought a packet of corn chips, abused the publican like a good drunk should, then crawled to my room, flopped straight on the bed and passed out. I didn't even bother about having a Palmolive soap facial: I figured I'd just have to wake looking ugly for a change.

Considering how much booze I'd consumed the day before, when I woke up Friday morning about 6.30, I didn't feel all that bad. Apart from my mouth tasting like a baboon's armpit and feeling like they'd cut my tongue out and sewn one of B.O. Plenty's socks in it, I was okay. I laced on my K26s and went for a jog. After a shower and another one of those country breakfasts where I did my best to send the publican broke, I was feeling so good, I would've fought any woman in Narromine under five foot three. Then the driver called 'round and it was off to beautiful downtown Trangie again. When we got there, everybody was looking all bright-eyed and bushy-tailed so we got my first scenes over and done with pretty smartly. All I had to do was walk past Kevin's caravan with my garbage bin, engage Kevin in conversation and at the same time hide the fact that I was perving on his wife. It was a snack. When it comes to being a sneak perv, there's no one better than me in the whole bloody country.

Seeing as I had four hours or so to kill before my next scene, I decided to go for a walk into Trangie and see what it was all about. In one word — nothing. The film crew hitting town was the biggest thing to happen since the locals saw their first automobile. In the middle of the main street, right outside the Trangie Hotel, the ABC props department had built an imitation war memorial for a scene in which the local black activists daub land rights slogans all over it. They'd done a truly amazing job so I got my camera out: it must have looked genuine because while I was standing there taking photos, the mayor came over and laid a wreath.

Seeing it was right outside the pub I thought I'd better have a couple of beers so I went in and met the publican, an ex-Sydney detective named Bill Todd. I ended up having a few beers and yarning to him. I had to ask him if he wasn't hiding from anybody because he chose to live in such a small town. He said he just preferred the quiet life and the unpolluted air. Bill reckoned the climate out there was that healthy they had to shoot a bloke to start the cemetery. While we were talking, I got to meet Clarry. Clarry's the local Labor Party organiser. I don't know whether news travels a little slowly out Trangie way, but Clarry was wearing a T-Shirt that said GET RID OF MENZIES. I had two more beers, said goodbye and headed back to the caravan park.

My timing was perfect as dinner was being served just as I got there. After a nice big Mexican feed, it was time to put on my jeans and riding boots and clomp up and down the shower block talking to Kevin while he waited for Ampy to come out. I managed to handle the clomping, waffle and dialogue without too much trouble, only being asked once not to stand so close to Charito and, before I knew it, I was wrapped and on my way back to Narromine looking forward to a big night out in town.

After a shave, a shower and a piece off the corn cob, I thought I might venture up to the Friday night disco at the Narromine RSL. It was about 10pm when I got there and the place was in full swing, $3 to get in and all the fights you'd want. It looked like a cross between a Burt Reynolds movie and the disco at The Last Chance Saloon. The dee-jay could well have been Wyatt Earp. There were blokes going over chairs and tables, flying out windows, foaming at the mouth and rolling around on the floor trying to bite each other's face off. Right in the middle of this, like Custer at The Little Big Horn, was the ABC film crew. Naturally enough when the locals sprung the "artsy fartsy mob of poofter bloody actors in their poofter bloody clothes" in their midst, they were going to make things unbearable. So they were bumping into them, spilling beer over them, abusing them (me included), and the film guys were getting more than a bit horrified.

> *There were blokes . . . flying out of windows and rolling around on the floor trying to bite each other's face off.*

I'd worked as a disc jockey at a certain hotel I won't name, which used to be the roughest place on the Central Coast. I'd seen 10 fights a night, four nights a week for nearly a year so the sight of a few pints of blood amongst the beer and the broken glass didn't really worry me, so long as it wasn't mine.

I had a ball drinking beer and dancing with all the local girls. There were plenty to go around and you reckon some of them couldn't fight? I saw this wiry little redhead from Trangie knock a bloke out with the best left hook, right cross combination since Lionel Rose flattened Rocky Gattellari at Sydney Stadium.

By then the film crew had seen enough so they decided to bolt. I stayed on for a while with a certain young lady from Trangie and the more beer I drank, the more she started to look like Diana Ross. Unfortunately I was forced to leave because I had to be ready by 6am the next day to get driven to Dubbo airport, where, with a bit of luck, there would be a seat waiting for me on the 7.30am flight to Sydney.

The girl from the ABC was there at 6am sharp to take me to Dubbo airport. She told me on our arrival there was no guarantee I'd have a seat on the early plane but I was sweet on the 5pm flight. I wasn't really worried as there's always stand-bys on domestic flights so I got my bags out of the car, said goodbye and fronted the desk clerk. That's where I met Dubbo's answer to Don Rickles.

"G'day, mate. Have you got a reservation for R. Barrett?" I asked.

He looked at me, looked at my ticket and shook his head.

"Sorry, ocker," he said, "but the Fokker's chocka."

I said, "What?"

He said, "Sorry, ocker, the Fokker's chocka."

"There's no room?"

"That's what I said, ocker."

I looked around the departure lounge of Dubbo airport — it had all the atmosphere of KGB headquarters in Moscow. If I'd been stuck in there until 5pm, I would have ended up hanging myself in the shithouse. I told him I'd wait around just in case something turned up.

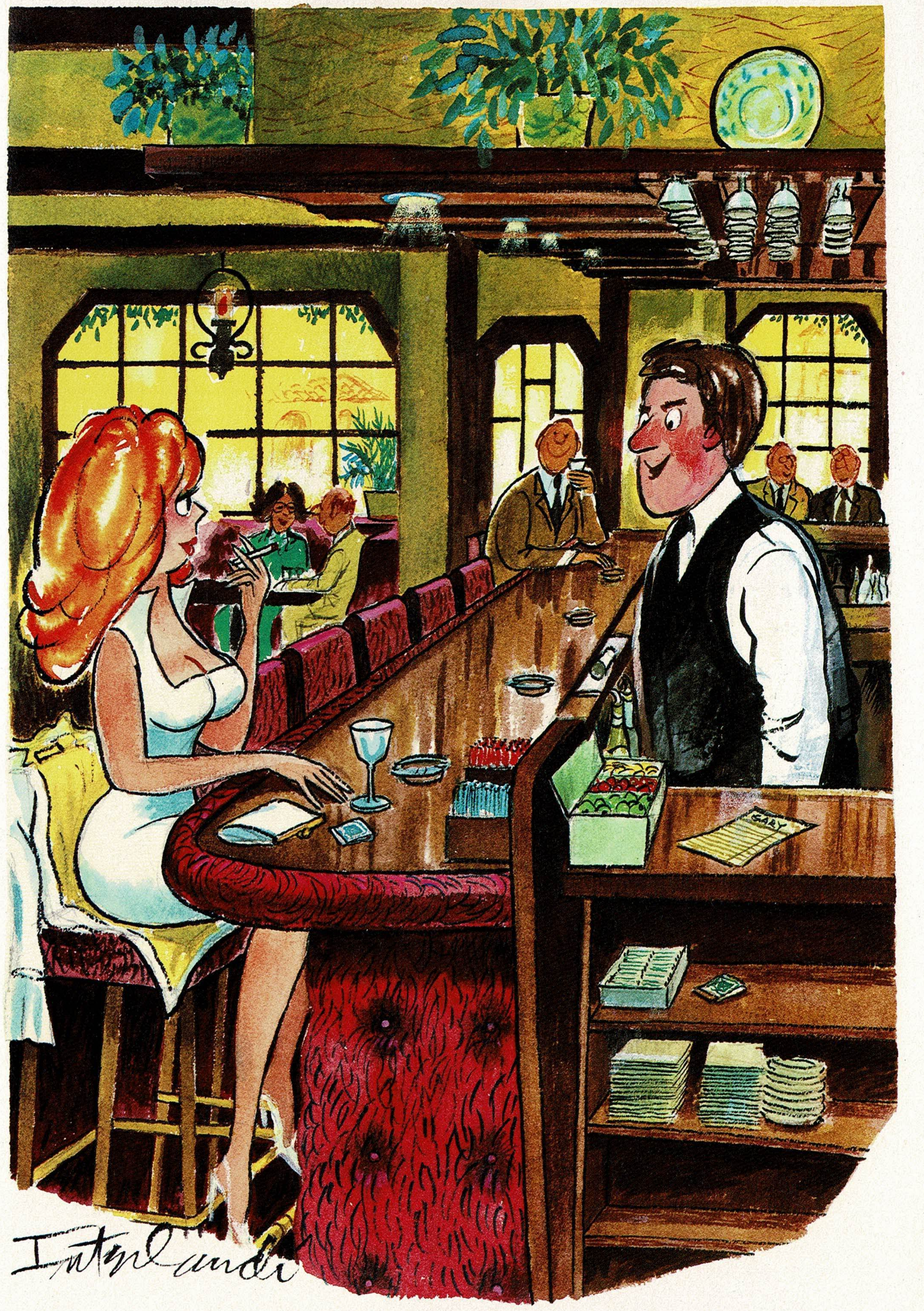
It turned out there was one seat left over but either I got it or this old blind man who wanted to get to Sydney as it was his last chance to see his son who was terminally ill in the cancer ward at St Vincent's hospital. What could I do? I smashed a chair over the old bastard's head and took the seat.

Don Rickles took my bags and ticket and the next thing I knew I was winging my way back to the old "steak and kidney".

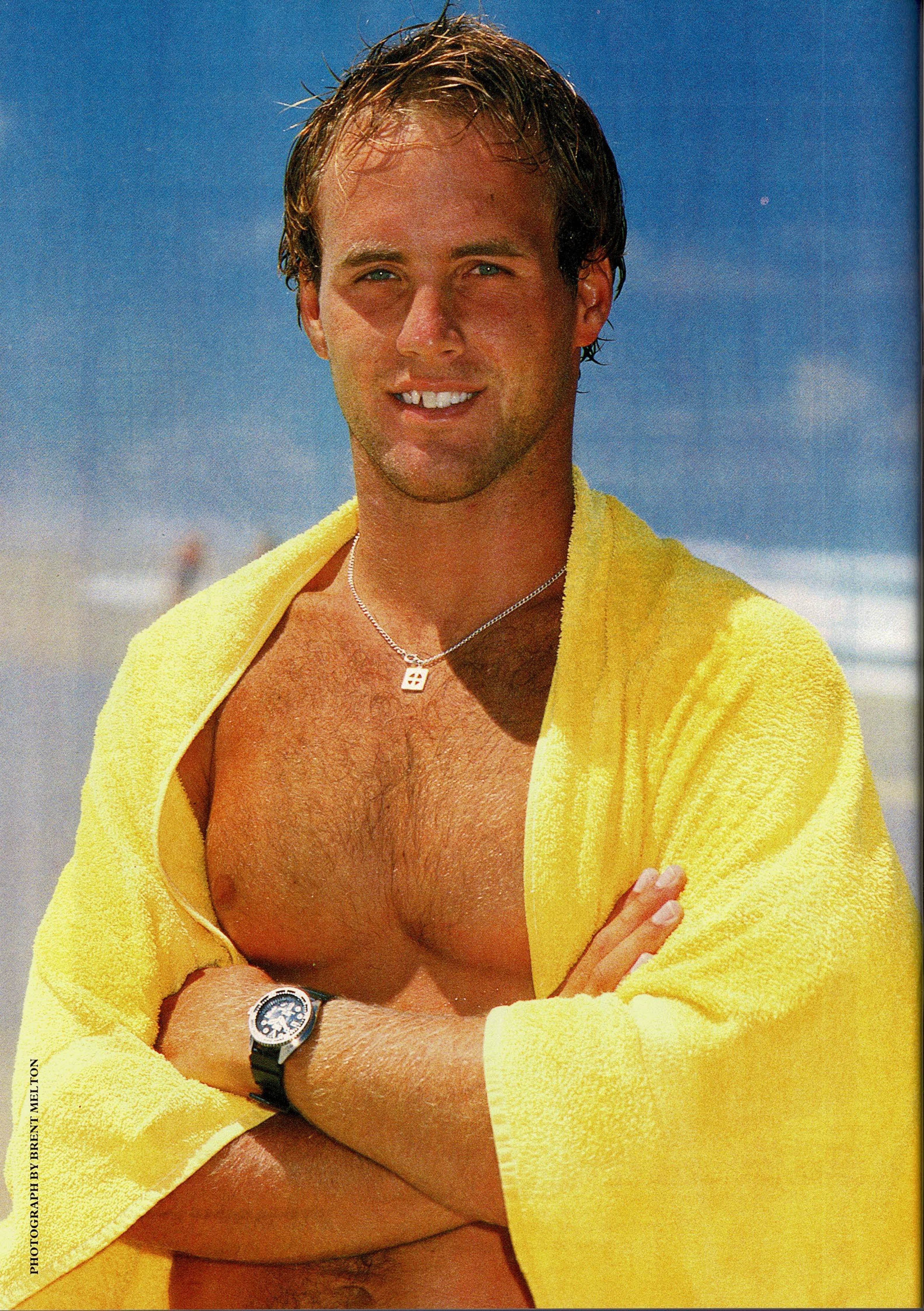
If you've been on one domestic flight in NSW you've been on the lot. Uncomfortable seats, surly stewardesses, lukewarm tea and biscuits guaranteed to give you indigestion for 24 hours. Fortunately the trip only took about 90 minutes and before I knew it I'd picked up my bags and was in a taxi heading for Gore Hill, which was when I knew I was back in civilisation. The cab driver was a living breathing ethnic — the first one I'd seen in four days. It was good to be back.

So if you want to be a movie star, go for your life. Like I said, there's all those lurks and perks. You get to travel to exotic places like Trangie and Narromine. There's free drink. You finish up with a stomach on you like a walrus and a 90 percent chance of ending your days in a ward for alcoholics. You get instant fame and recognition: drunks want to fight you everywhere you go.

Above all, there's the money. By the time the Taxation Department, Actors' Equity and my agent got their whack out of my fee for *Mail Order Bride,* I had enough left over for petrol to get me to the local pawnbroker so I could hock the last of my furniture and check out the boards at the CES.



"The gentleman at the other end of the bar would like to buy you a drink. The gentleman at this end of the bar would like to fuck you."



PHOTOGRAPH BY BRENT MELTON

20 QUESTIONS: GRANT KENNY

The world's sexiest lifesaver, iron man champion, Olympic kayak hopeful and now movie star. . . is this the kind of guy who'd kick sand in your face?

It's doubtful that the release, later this year, of Michael Edgley's third action blockbuster, The Coolangatta Gold, *will answer the question: can Grant Kenny act? But Australia's number one surf lifesaver, four times national iron man champion and Olympic kayak hopeful could not care less.*

Still only 20, the ruggedly good-looking, superbly-conditioned surf champion is riding the crest of a wave in 1984. Edgley's big-budget movie, in which Kenny plays a leading cameo, is in fact a testament to the way in which the boy from Queensland's Sunshine Coast has glamorised the sport. Before Grant Kenny burst onto the scene, few people outside the surf club cognoscenti could have named our leading surf lifesaver. But since 1980 he has captured the imagination of the sporting public, quickly becoming a media figure through his lucrative endorsement of Kellogg's Nutri-Grain and by falling in love with swim star Lisa Curry. With Chuck and Di degenerating into parenthood, here was a real romance.

The son of Australia's first iron man, Hayden Kenny, Grant was born with salt spray on his forehead. However, not content with absolute domination of surf lifesaving, he has set his sights on a medal in LA, gold in Seoul in 1988. Between times he'll become a movie star and a major force in Australian public life. The kid's got style.

Australian PLAYBOY's ***Phil Jarratt*** *caught up with Kenny the day after the running of the Coolangatta Gold Tri-Aquathon, a $30,000 endurance test in which hot favorite Kenny could not take part because of his filming commitments. Ironically, Kenny was filming the finish scene at Surfers Paradise, in which the two lead actors beat him home, when the real race concluded. Between takes he looked wistfully at the race clock, clearly doing a computer job on time and money comparisons. The next day, however, he was all smiles and Nutri-Grain energy.*

1.

PLAYBOY: Which is tougher: winning iron man events or making movies?

KENNY: Oh, the movie making isn't too bad. I work a fairly long day but I spend a lot of time sitting around waiting to be called. In a way that makes it hard on me because it doesn't give me much time to train, and even though the set is right on the beach, I can't make much use of it.

2.

PLAYBOY: But right now you're in training for the Olympics. How are you going to combine your working life on the set with the necessary training schedule?

KENNY: The last couple of days (the shooting of the race scenes) I've had to be in make-up and wardrobe by 6am, so there's been no chance of a workout beforehand. But I'm hoping to get a 7.30 start which would enable me to train for two hours before I start work. I mean, for this part my wardrobe consists of a pair of Speedos and my make-up is a bit of brown on my face, so it shouldn't be too difficult to organise. Through the day in my idle moments I'll be exercising and stretching, and I'll do another two-hour kayak session in the late afternoon. I've got to paddle 30 to 40 kilometres a day, working on speed and endurance.

3.

PLAYBOY: How does one go about planning a long-term assault on the Olympics?

KENNY: Well, working out the program is the coach's job. He just gives me a program to follow about once a month. He works it out from my performances over a year or so, and he can tell if I'm peaking too early or too low and adjust my buildup accordingly.

4.

PLAYBOY: We understand there's been a problem with the Australian Olympic selectors over your desire to compete in both singles and doubles kayak events at the LA Games?

KENNY: Yeah, they seem to think there's a problem but I can't see it. The way the Los Angeles Games are scheduled, there is an hour break between the singles and doubles over each distance. Now the selectors reckon that I'm going to be too tired to compete in the second event. They ought to open their eyes and take a look at what's happening in the sport in other parts of the world. That's the way kayak racing always works. We won a bronze at the world championships in 1981 in the second event, in fact my best performances have been in the second event. These people just aren't aware of what modern athletes can do.

5.

PLAYBOY: You're not the first amateur athlete to voice disapproval of the bureaucracy. Does it make you consider turning pro?

KENNY: Not in kayaking. There's no such thing. I've occasionally looked at the money around in professional endurance races — like the Coolangatta Gold — and the thought has crossed my mind, but never as a serious consideration. At the moment all I can think about is this year's Olympics and then the next ones.

6.

PLAYBOY: Are you planning to compete in kayaks at Seoul?

KENNY: Sure, I'd certainly like to. I mean I'll be 21 in LA and that's pretty young. Most of the top internationals are much older. I expect to be stronger, faster and more experienced in 1988.

7.

PLAYBOY: Is there a great deal of difference between your training for the iron man events and your Olympics training?

KENNY: Oh yes. For kayaking I spend most of my training time actually in the kayak, whereas for the iron man I do things other than specific training in ski paddling and swimming. At the moment I'm supposed to be doing weights three times a week but I haven't had a chance. I must say weight training is one aspect of the program I'm not totally sold on. I've never done it on a regular basis before and my strength has never let me down. I tend to think that specific training is best. The more you paddle a kayak the better you'll be at kayak paddling.

8.

PLAYBOY: Of all the sports you engage in — and we're thinking of iron man as three sports here — which is your strongest?

KENNY: Surf ski paddling, by far.

9.

PLAYBOY: Your filming commitments kept you out of the Coolangatta Gold Tri-Aquathon, but in retrospect do you think you would have won?

KENNY: Well, all I can do is compare my performances with guys who went in it, guys I know well. For example my kayak doubles partner, Barry Kelly; now he was going very fast in the ski leg and he made a lot of ground. If it had been over a few more kilometres he probably would have won.

It's very difficult to predict performances in these sorts of events though. There were guys who I thought were strong chances lying in the medical tent with drips in their arms.

10.

PLAYBOY: Actually we get this sinking feeling that you're the kind of macho arsehole who can pick up any sport and become an overnight champion. Massage our egos, tell us there's something you're hopeless at.

KENNY: My hand-eye co-ordination isn't too good, particularly with a tennis racquet. I haven't played for about 10 years but it was never my strong suit, and it really pisses me off. I'd love to be really good at tennis and golf. If I'd had the choice I certainly wouldn't have opted for being an iron man champion — that'd be crazy if you had the potential to be good at a sport like tennis or golf.

11.

PLAYBOY: We get the feeling that the choice really wasn't yours?

KENNY: It wasn't, but by the same token it wasn't anyone else's either. It's just that there was no choice. I've lived on the beach all my life, I've been going to surf carnivals since I was in nappies, and I think when you're very young you're very impressed by whatever your dad does. My dad was the Australian iron man champion. But I've never regretted the course my life has taken so far, the surf clubs have been very good to me.

12.

PLAYBOY: The storyline of the film *The Coolangatta Gold* is about the Lucas boys whose father was Australian iron man champion. Were there any embarrassing personal parallels?

KENNY: Well, I think it's a good and believable story, but as I play myself in it I don't see too many parallels between the Lucas family and ours.

13.

PLAYBOY: You don't see any parallels between the Nick Tate character, who is a very tough trainer of his favored son, and your own father, who is also your trainer for the iron man?

KENNY: No. Oh sure, Dad's a tough trainer but that's exactly what I need. It's what any serious athlete needs. Self-motivation is fine but sometimes it's just not enough. You need someone to tell you to get back in the pool. And if there's a mutual respect of each other's ability I think you tend to push harder when you can, and there's no recrimination when you can't. I mean, some days I'll stay in the water simply because I know I can and I know Dad knows I can. He can get me over that psychological hurdle with a couple of words. Other days I'll come out and, for whatever reason, I can't go on. I'm not getting anywhere, I need a break. A good coach will recognise that need and flow with it. I've got a bloody good coach.

14.

PLAYBOY: You mention motivation: do you work on your mental attitude before competing?

KENNY: No, not really. I studied karate for five years and I think that helped develop a very positive attitude, a good conditioning of the mind, to accept certain situations and to fight with your back to the wall in others. It's given me a tremendous ability to come back and win in situations where a lot of competitors give up.

15.

PLAYBOY: The image of the Australian lifesaver, bronzed and macho with his funny little cap, has been a symbol of the Australian way of life for most of this century. But most of us would be hard pressed to name a champion of lifesaving, that is until you came along. Now you're one of our biggest sporting stars and one of our rising media personalities. How has this quantum leap affected you?

KENNY: I spend a hell of a lot of my time training and it certainly doesn't affect me then. No one stops me in the street when I'm running, no one stops me when I'm paddling my kayak up the river and no one worries me at the pool because it's the same crew every day and they'd probably feel a bit silly asking for an autograph after all these years. The only time it's a hassle is at surf carnivals when the kids grab me after the iron man and want autographs. They don't realise that I've got three or four more races coming up immediately and that I have to get into the water to loosen up, and that I have to haul my equipment down to the beach.

> *I certainly wouldn't have opted for being an iron man champion. That'd be crazy if you had the potential to be good at a sport like tennis or golf.*

16.

PLAYBOY: But there must be some good points about stardom?

KENNY: Oh yeah, you meet a lot of nice people and you get to do a lot of things you probably wouldn't have normally done in your life. But, you know, I'm starting to think that it would be quite nice to walk down the street and not be recognised.

17.

PLAYBOY: You've become much in demand as a public speaker. Is that something you've come to enjoy?

KENNY: Well, I can get up on a stage now and I don't feel any different to this — sitting here talking to you or having lunch with a bunch of friends. The physical act of walking up a few steps and taking hold of a microphone doesn't concern me any more. If I have a speaking engagement I don't even write down anything now. When I get there I just work out what I'm going to say. I reckon it's a good idea to have a look at the people and work out what their interests are before you plot what you're going to say. I mean, a talk about training and motivation might go down real big with a hundred hungry athletes at a presentation, but it might not be a huge hit with 300 Rotarians whose main sporting interest is yabbie hunting.

18.

PLAYBOY: We've saved the best to last: money and sex. How much are you getting?

KENNY: Two worthy subjects. Money? Oh, I don't make anything in one sense. It all goes into a trust account controlled by the Australian Olympic Federation. I can draw on it for various things, like training expenses, and I suppose it adds up to a fair amount, but I certainly don't notice it.

19.

PLAYBOY: Conversely, how much does it cost you each year to compete?

KENNY: During this leadup to the Olympic Games I'll spend more than $15,000. That's made up of the purchase of one and a half racing kayaks — my doubles partner buys the other half — a few paddles, air tickets, accommodation and lost wages while I'm away. You see, my earning capacity is really restricted at the moment. I get offered lots of jobs but I can't take them because of my training schedule.

20.

PLAYBOY: Moving right along, the scandalous, guttersnipe yellow press of this country has made much of your supposed liaison with Olympic swimming star Lisa Curry. Without wishing to intrude on your private, personal affairs, we have but one question. Well?

KENNY: Oh, Lisa was here with me last night. She went home to Brisbane this morning. We've been going out for more than a year and we get along real well. It's important to have someone who understands the demands that training makes on you. You get very tired after training six hours a day and you can't be out raging every night. It's worked out great for us because we're both in the same situation. What's even better is that lately we've been invited to functions together, Olympic fund-raising or whatever, so we've travelled all over Australia together. We just go and speak about the Olympics, see the country and have a lot of fun. Great, huh?

THE GIRL WHO PUT THE THRILL IN 'THRILLER'

You'd dance
like Michael Jackson
if Ola Ray was
your partner

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY

'THRILLER'

Unless you've spent the past two years in Greenland you would have noticed that a young, black American singer called Michael Jackson has enjoyed a degree of success with a record album called *Thriller*. You may also have noticed that it hasn't been easy for anyone else to steal some of Michael's limelight.

Ola Ray did it. And she doesn't even sing. Ola is the wide-eyed beauty who appears with Michael in the million-dollar video clip made to accompany *Thriller*. She plays the hot little number who goes on a date to a horror movie only to discover her boyfriend has a monstrous sense of humor.

Ironically that video has been seen by more people worldwide than any of Ola's movies. She

'THRILLER'

appeared in *Night Shift* with Henry Winkler, *48 Hours* with Eddie Murphy and *Ten To Midnight* with Charles Bronson, in which she was stabbed to death in the shower.

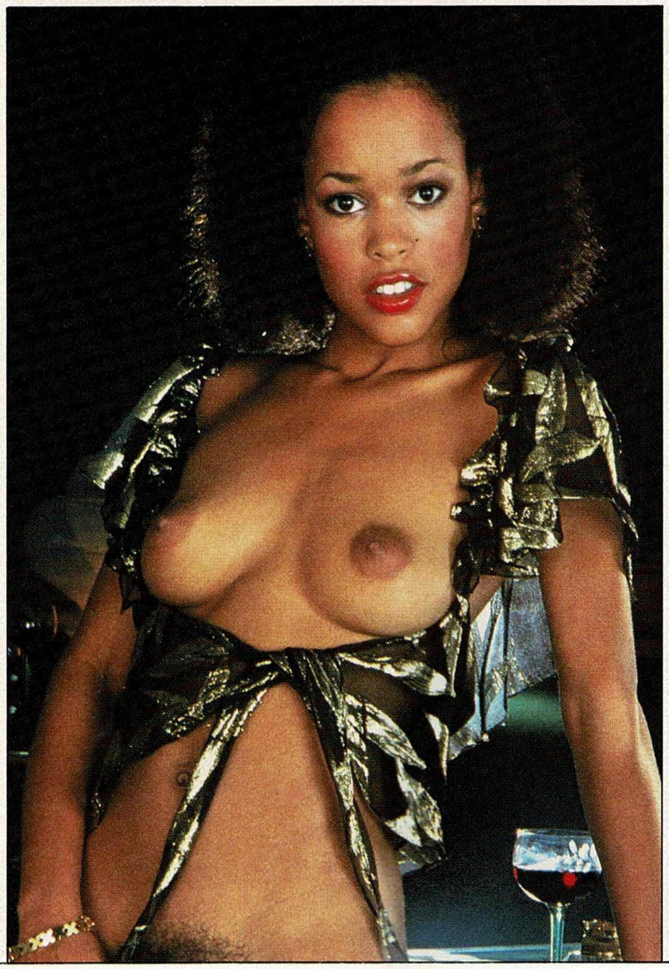
"I'm a good screamer," she says.

While Ola is one of the few young women ever to get close to Michael, she says there were no romantic overtones during their two weeks on the *Thriller* set.

"My woman's intuition tells me Michael is basically a very conventional guy who will, when he meets the right girl, settle down and have a conventional family life," says Ola. "He's a very simple, honest person."

And that leaves the way clear for us to appreciate all the charms that Michael missed.

Isn't it nice to know you're one step ahead of Michael Jackson in something?



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"Remember, Susan — those guys are pros."

WITCHES

(continued from page 56)

The caustic pungence of marijuana scraped her nose. Van Horne and Jane Smart were already in the tub. . .

The procession of three passed through the long living room with its decaying, dusty modern art and then a small chamber hastily crammed with stacked lawn furniture and unopened cardboard boxes. New double doors, the inner side padded with black vinyl quilting, sealed off the heat and damp of the rooms Van Horne had added where the old copper-roofed conservatory used to be. The bathing space was floored in dark slate and lit by overhead lights sunk in the ceiling, itself a dark pegboard-like substance.

"Rheostatted," Van Horne explained in his hollow, rasping voice. He twisted a luminous knob inside the double doors so these upside-down cups brimmed into a brightness photographs could have been taken by and then ebbed back to the dimness of a developing room. He left them at dim, in deference perhaps to his guests, their puckers and blemishes and the tell-tale false teats that mark a witch. Beyond this darkness, behind a wall of plate glass, vegetation was underlit by buried bulbs and lit from above by violet growing lamps that fed spiky, exotic shapes — plants from afar, selected and harbored for their poisons. A row of dressing cubicles and two shower stalls, all black, occupied another wall of the space, which was dominated as if by a massive musky sleeping animal by the pool itself, a circle of water with burnished teak rim, a cube of another element.

The very air in here started sweat on Alexandra's face. A small squat console with burning red eyes at the tub's near corner contained, she supposed, the controls.

"Take a shower first if you feel so dirty," Van Horne told her, but he made no move in that direction. Instead he went to a cabinet on another wall and took out a white box, not a box but an elongated skull, perhaps a goat's or a deer's, with a hinged silver lid. Out of this he produced some shredded something and a packet of old-fashioned cigarette papers with which he began clumsily fiddling.

Alexandra's eyes were adjusting to the gloom. She went into a cubicle, slipped out of her gritty clothes and ducked into the shower. Tennis sweat, guilt about the children, a ridiculous bridal timidity — all sluiced from her. She held her face up into the spray as if to wash it away, that face given to you at birth like a fingerprint or social security number. Her head felt luxuriously heavier as her hair got wet and her heart grew light. She stepped back into the shadowy room with a purple towel she found folded in the cubicle wrapped around her. The slate had a fine reptilian roughness to the soles of her feet. The caustic pungence of marijuana scraped her nose. Van Horne and Jane Smart, shoulders gleaming, were already in the tub, sharing the joint. Alexandra walked to the tub edge, saw the water was about a metre deep, let her towel drop, and slipped in. Hot. Scalding. In the old days, before burning her completely at the stake they would pull pieces of flesh from a witch's body with red-hot tongs; this was a window into that, that furnace of suffering.

"Too hot?" Van Horne asked, his voice even hollower, more mock-manly, amid these sequestered, steamy acoustics.

"I'll get used," she said grimly, seeing that Jane had. Jane looked furious that Alexandra was here at all, making waves, however gently she had tried to lower herself into the agonising water. Alexandra felt her breasts tug upwards, buoyant. She had slipped in up to her neck and thence had no dry hand to accept the joint, so Van Horne had to place it between her lips. She drew deep and held the smoke in. Her submerged trachea burned. The water's temperature was becoming one with her skin and looking down she saw how they had all been dwindled, Jane's body distorted with wedge-shaped wavering legs and Van Horne's penis floating like a pale torpedo, uncircumcised and curiously smooth, like one of those vanilla plastic vibrators that have appeared in sex shops.

Alexandra reached up and behind her to the towel she had dropped and dried her hands and wrists enough to accept in her turn the little reefer, fragile as a chrysalis, as it was passed between the three of them. After several deep tokes amid this steam she imagined she felt herself changing, growing weightless in the water and a new life beginning. Alexandra felt clean of worry. Jane's face still expressed worry, but her mannish brows and that smudge of insistence in her voice no longer intimidated Alexandra.

"God," Darryl Van Horne announced aloud, "I'd love to be a woman."

"For Heaven's sake, why?" Jane asked sensibly.

"Think what a female body can do — make a baby and then make milk to feed it."

"Well, think of your own body," Jane said, "the way it can turn food into shit."

"*Jane,*" Alexandra scolded, shocked by the analogy. To Van Horne she confirmed, "It *is* wonderful. At the moment of birth there's nothing left of your ego, you're just a channel for this effort that comes from beyond."

"Must be," he said, dragging, "a fantastic high."

"You're so drugged you don't notice," the other woman said, sourly.

"Jane, that isn't true. It wasn't true for me. Ozzie and I did the whole natural childbirth thing, with him in the room giving me ice chips to suck, and helping me breathe. With the last two babies we didn't even have a doctor."

"Do you know," Van Horne stated, going into that pedantic, ponderous squint that Lexa instinctively loved, as a glimpse of the shy clumsy boy he must have been, "the whole witchcraft scare was an attempt — successful, as it turned out — on the part of the newly arising male-dominated medical profession, beginning in the 14th century, to get the childbirth business out of the hands of midwives. A tremendous number of the women burned were midwives. They had the ergot and atropine, and probably a lot of right instincts even without germ theory. When the male doctors took over they worked blind, with a sheet around their necks, and brought all the diseases in the world with them. The poor cunts died in droves."

"Typical," said Jane abrasively. She had evidently decided that being nasty would keep her in the forefront of Van Horne's attention. "If there's one thing that infuriates me more than male chauvinism," she told him now, "it's creeps who take up feminism just to work their way into women's underpants."

But her voice, it seemed to Alexandra, was slowing, softening, as the water worked upon them from without and the cannabis from within. "But you're not even wearing underpants," Alexandra pointed out. It seemed an illumination of some merit. The room was growing brighter, with nobody touching a dial.

"I'm not kidding," Van Horne pursued, that myopic little boy-scholar still in him, worming to understand. His face was set on the water's surface as on a platter; his hair was long as John the Baptist's and merged with the curls licked flat on his shoulders. "It comes from the heart, can't you girls tell? I love women. My mother was a brick, smart and pretty, Christ. I used to watch her slave around the house all day and around seven o'clock in breezes this little guy in a business suit and I think to myself, 'What's this wimp butting in for?' My old Dad, the hard-working wimp. Tell me honest, how does it feel when the milk flows?"

"How does it feel," Jane asked irritably, "when you come?"

"Hey come on, let's not get ugly."

"I don't see what's ugly," Jane said. "You want to talk physiology, I'm just offering a physiological sensation that women can't have. I mean, we don't come that way."

Alexandra offered apropos of giving milk, "It feels like when you have to go pee and can't and then suddenly you can."

"That's what I love about women," Van Horne said. "Their homely similes. There's no such word as ugly in your vocabulary. Men, Christ, they're so squeamish about everything — blood, spiders, blow jobs. You know in a lot of species the bitch or sow or whatever eats the afterbirth?"

"I don't think you realise," Jane said, striving for a dry tone, "what a chauvinistic thing that is to say." But her dryness took a strange turn as she stood on tiptoe in the tub, so her breasts lifted silvery from the water; she held one each in her hands and explained to a point in space between the man and the other woman, as if to the invisible witness of her life, a witness we all carry with us and seldom address aloud, "I always wanted my breasts to be bigger. Like Lexa's. She has lovely big boobs. Show him, sweet."

"Jane, *please.* You're making me blush. I don't think it's the size that matters so much to men, it's the. . . it's the *tilt,* and the way they go with the whole body. And what you yourself think of them. If you're pleased, others will be. Am I right or wrong?" she asked Van Horne.

But he would not be held to the role of male spokesman. He too stood up out of the water and cupped his hairy-backed palms over his vestigial male nipples, tiny warts surrounded by wet black snakes. "Think of *evolving* all that," he beseeched. "The machinery, all that plumbing, of the body of one sex to make food, food more exactly suited to the baby than any formula you can cook up in a lab. Think of evolving sexual pleasure. Do squids have it? What about plankton? With them, they don't have to think, but we, we think. To keep us in the game, what a bait they had to rig up. There's more built into it than one of those crazy reconnaissance planes that costs the taxpayers a zillion before it gets shot down. Suppose they left it out, nobody would fuck anybody and the species would stop dead with everybody admiring sunsets and the Pythagorean theorem."

Alexandra liked the way his mind worked, she had no trouble following it. "I adore this room," she announced dreamily. "At first I didn't think I would. All the black, except for the nice copper tubing."

"I could put on some music," Van Horne said, touchingly anxious that they not be bored. "We're all wired up for four-track stereo."

"*Shh,*" Jane said. "I heard a car on the driveway."

"Maybe Sukie," Alexandra said. "I love you, Jane; you have such good ears."

"Aren't they nice?" the other woman agreed. "I *do* have pretty ears, even my father always said so. Look." She held her hair back from one and then, turning her head, the other.

"They're rather square," Alexandra said.

Taking it as a compliment, Jane added, "And nice and flat to the skull. Sukie's are cupped out like a monkey's, have you ever noticed?"

"Often."

"Her eyes are too close together, too, and her overbite should have been corrected. And her nose, just a little blob really. I honestly don't know how she makes it all work as well as she does."

"I don't think Sukie will be coming back," Van Horne said. "She's too mixed up with those neurotic kids of hers."

"She is and she isn't," someone said; Alexandra thought it had to be Jane but it sounded like her own voice.

"Isn't this nice?" she said, to test her own voice. It sounded deep, a man's voice.

"Our home away from home," Jane said, sarcastically.

The sound Jane had heard was not Sukie, it was Fidel, bringing Margaritas, on the elegant elongate silver tray Sukie had once mentioned to Alexandra admiringly, each broad wine glass on its slender stem rimmed with chunky sea-salt. It looked odd to Alexandra, so at home in her nudity she had already become, that Fidel was not naked too, but wearing a pyjama-like uniform the color of army khaki.

"Watch this, ladies," Van Horne called, boyish in his boasting and also in the look of his white behind, for he had gotten out of the water and was fiddling with some dials at the far black wall. There was an oiled rumble and above the tub the perforated ceiling, not perforated here but of dull corrugated metal as in a tool shed, rolled back to disclose the inky sky and its thin splash of stars. Alexandra recognised the sticky web of the Pleiades and giant red Aldebaran. Those preposterously far stars, the warm night air, the black walls and the surreal shape of her own bulbous body all fitted around her sensory self, as tangible as the steaming bath and the chilled glass stem pinched between her fingertips, so that she was, as it were, interlocked with a multitude of ethereal bodies. Idly she transformed the stem in her hand to the stem of a fat yellow rose and inhaled its aroma. It smelled of lime juice. Her lips came away loaded with salt crystals fat as dewdrops. A thorn in the stem had pricked one finger and she watched a single drop of blood well up at the centre of the whorl of a fingerprint. Darryl Van Horne was bending over to fuss at some more of his controls and his white bottom seemed the one part of him that was not hairy or repellently sheathed by a kind of exoskeleton but authentically his self, as we take in most people the head to be their true self. She wanted to kiss it, his glossy innocent unseeing arse. Jane passed her something burning, she obediently put it to her lips and the burning inside Alexandra's trachea mingled with the hot angry look of Jane's stare as under the water her friend's hand, fishlike, nibbled and slid across her belly, around those buoyant breasts she had said she coveted.

> *. . . her friend's hand, fishlike, nibbled and slid across her belly, around those buoyant breasts she had said she coveted. . .*

"Hey, don't leave me out," Van Horne begged and splashed back into the water, shattering the moment, for Jane's little hand with its calloused fingertips like fish teeth floated away. They talked, but the words drifted free of meaning, the talk was like touching, and time fell in lazy loops through the holes in Alexandra's caressed consciousness until Sukie did come back, bringing time back with her.

In she hurried in her suede skirt with its frontal ties of rawhide and her tweed jacket nipped at the waist and double-pleated at the back, her peach tennis dress left at home in a laundry basket.

"Your kids are fine," she informed Jane Smart, and did not seem nonplussed to find them all in the tub, as if she knew this room already, with its slates, its bright serpents of copper, the jagged piece of illumined green jungle beyond, and the ceiling with its cold rectangle of sky and stars. With her wonderful matter-of-fact quickness, Sukie undressed, first slipping off her green low-heeled square-toed shoes, then the jacket and pushing the untied suede skirt down over her hips, then unbuttoning the silk blouse of palest beige, the tint of an engraved invitation, and pushing down her half-slip, the pink-brown of a tea rose, her matching underpants with it and lastly uncoupling her bra and leaning forward with extended arms so the two limp cups fell down her arms and into her hands, lightly; her exposed breasts bobbed outward with this motion. Sukie's breasts were hemispheres, firm, unsupported, rounded cones whose tips had been dipped in a deeper pink without there being any aggressive jut of button-like nipple. Her body seemed a flame, a flame of soft white fire to Alexandra, who watched as Sukie calmly stooped to pick her underthings up from the floor and drop them on the chair that was like a shadow materialised and then matter-of-factly rummage in her big loose-flapped handbag for some pins to put up her copper-colored hair. Her hair was this color wherever it was, and her pinning gesture bared the two tufts, double in shape like two moths alighted sideways, in her armpits. This was progressive of her; Alexandra and Jane had not yet broken with the patriarchal command to shave laid upon them when young and learning to be women. In the Biblical desert, women had been made to scrape their armpits with flint; female hair challenged men and Sukie as the youngest of the witches felt least obliged to trim and temper her natural flourishing. Her slim body, freckled the length of her forearms and shins, was yet ample enough for her

(continued on page 136)

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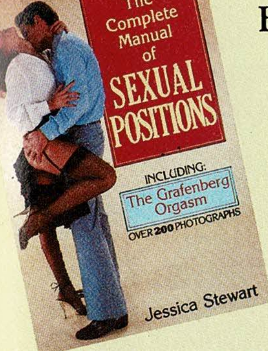

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VF1000F

The ultimate Super Sports motorcycle with race developed engine, frame and suspension and wind tunnel proven aerodynamics.

☐ 998 cm³ Four stroke, 16 valve, liquid cooled, 90°V four. ☐ Compression ratio 10.5:1. ☐ 4 x 36 mm CV type carburettors. ☐ Maximum Horsepower output 116ps at 10,000 rpm (DIN). ☐ Maximum Torque 9.3 kg – m at 8,000 rpm (DIN). ☐ Transistorised pointless ignition with electronic advance.

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VF1000R

The most innovative production motorcycle available today. This machine incorporates the latest developments in engine, frame, suspension and aerodynamics technology. A machine destined to make motorcycling history.

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HONDA
The leading edge

GNA HB 5000 L

GNA HB 5000 R

BROCK

(continued from page 42)

What people don't understand is that the normal high level of lead will be in fuel for. . . the next 10 years.

BROCK: Well, I've watched a couple of street races in Formula One. I was at Detroit last year and it was disgraceful. It was just a joke. There are street circuits and there are street circuits. Some of the layouts I have seen for the Rocks area in Sydney looked like they might include a few long straights for the cars to get cracking, a few quick corners. Now if that's the case, great, a street circuit. It's got all the character in the world, it's marvellous. But if you're going to just make it a Mickey Mouse sort of chase around chicanes, forget it. Then again if we invest the money in a proper circuit, the industry can use it and so can the other competitors throughout the year.

PLAYBOY: Will you be sticking with Holdens in the future?

BROCK: If I possibly can, yes.

PLAYBOY: So you see cars like Commodore as a good Australian-suited product?

BROCK: They're as strong as hell. For instance, you look at its German counterpart — hardly anything fits. You can't even bolt a mudguard on because the car by evolution over the past few years has become so Australian that it's completely away from this World Car concept. The World Car concept of course is supposed to be that the one car gets a different nameplate in every country. You can't do that in Australia. Our conditions are so much different that you've got to re-engineer a car for Australia.

PLAYBOY: Ford, which is the most successful company on the local market at the moment, has introduced a mid-range product, the Telstar, without that type of re-engineering for local conditions.

BROCK: Well, it's starting to show. If you've got to drive from here to Ayers Rock, there's no way I'd pick one of those front-wheel-drives. I'd be too frightened that it'd fall apart.

PLAYBOY: A lot of people have virtually written GM off in this country because of its performance over the past 12 to 18 months. What do you think about the situation?

BROCK: I think it will turn around. I think GM-H has painted itself into a corner. It's just taken some time to get out of it.

PLAYBOY: Do you see GM-H going back up to number one again?

BROCK: I see no reason why not.

PLAYBOY: Do you think GM-H has the range of cars to do it?

BROCK: I think so. I'm just concerned about the range of cars that will be on the horizon after January 1, 1986 when lead-free fuel comes in. That'll change power trains and models overnight.

PLAYBOY: What particular changes do you expect to see?

BROCK: Well, for a start, you won't be getting all your European cars. There's a debate in Europe at the moment whether they go no-lead fuel or low-lead fuel. The people in the box-seat are the Japanese who already have their US spec engines and right-hand drive local market. They should be able to fit into Australia very easily. Local manufacturers are finding it very difficult to adapt local power trains. The other people have been hanging off saying, "Look, you can have fuel economy or you can have no-lead fuel."

PLAYBOY: If you were to make changes in the structure of the Australian industry, what would you like to see from a legislative point of view?

BROCK: Well, the no-lead fuel, I think it's a *fait accompli.* What people don't understand is that the normal high level of lead content will still be available in fuel for current cars for quite some time. In fact the next 10 years. And that's for the majority of cars on the road. Instead, why not go low-lead and really see a decent sort of reduction, instead of bringing out no-lead when only a small percentage of cars are going to be using it? In America 60 percent of the fuel is still leaded fuel and it's 10 or 12 years since no-lead was introduced.

PLAYBOY: You've been to America recently and looked at the new vehicles. Do you see the possibility of American technology getting back on top again?

BROCK: Yeah, I do. I think that they've been very slow to react because they've been trying to build simple, cheap cars without employing the electronic management systems that Europe and Japan have been doing. They've got most of the engine types, complete electronic management systems, on-board computers, and now very good suspensions too.

PLAYBOY: If you were in a position to be able to change the design of cars, what would you do?

BROCK: I'd improve the shape. I'd try to keep the mechanicals simple because of the sparseness of the population and the service. Keep the old traditional sort of Aussie reliability, I would go for a few more comfort items and make cars more suitable for urban use, particularly decent burglar alarms as well as sound systems, air-conditioning and sun roofs.

PLAYBOY: What is your ideal motor car?

BROCK: Well, normally I like driving a nice Brock 5-litre. But I do like the current Caprice and De Villes for a trip. The exotic cars I like, but I don't find them practical for the type of driving that I do, because it's Australia and they should be able to take a bit of punishment. But I do like very good accelerative abilities, too. I certainly can't stand cars that sit on the other side of those double lines too long.

PLAYBOY: What do you consider to be the high point of your career?

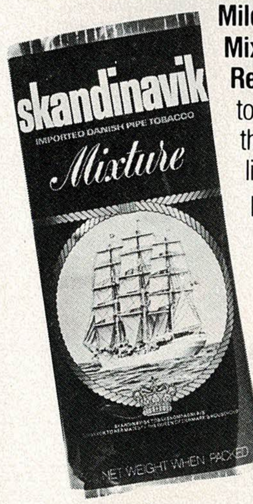
BROCK: In racing? It's probably Bathurst actually. I suppose '72 was pretty good because it was pouring rain and the little car shouldn't have won but it did win because the conditions suited it. At that point I had sort of served my apprenticeship with Harry Firth. I was very pleased about finally achieving something. That was the turning point in my career. And '75 was excellent because we were flat broke. We really had to win the race and we won the damn race and the car wasn't much damn good at all: it was a nice solid dependable car but it wasn't sophisticated and we ran it on such a small budget, we had very limited spares.

PLAYBOY: If you had to sell yourself to a team manager for, say, a big overseas race, what would you put up as your best asset?

BROCK: My racing record.

PLAYBOY: Compared with a wide range of other drivers who might be considered for the job why do you think you should get it?

BROCK: Ability to save the car. That's one of the by-products of specialising in long-distance racing. . . a special technique and a rhythm.



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FLASHBIKES

The racebike class of '84 takes to the streets

THE NEW buzz word in the world of motoring is racebikes. Racebikes are production clones of actual Grand Prix racing cycles. Apart from the sponsorship decals, they are visual mimeographs of the real racers. They are spawned from the same mechanical stock, lacking only in detail conformation of engine, suspension and braking. The last generation of

Motoring by Rob Luck

BMW K100RS
with "Australian body" and BMW helmet

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL COX

SUZUKI GSX1100EF

MDS M90 glassfibre drop-front helmet from Matich Australia, Sydney or bike shops, $150 and Trackstar leather gloves by Racing Mate, $30.

SUZUKI
FULL FLOATER SUSPENSION

megabikes were real animals — hairy-chested monster machines with bulk urge in the engine room and rugged chassis to get the grunt to the ground. The application of anything less than the ultimate finesse with throttle and tiller produced a devastating yawing in the corners, which could spit the hapless rider off.

The new breed of racebikes are lean, hard, super-refined, precise, very tight and very accurate. Their radical chassis are stencilled from the formula machinery, many components beautifully cast or forged in advanced aluminium alloys for strength, precision and light weight. They have pure race suspensions and brakes. The chassis frames hug engines that yield only percentage power points to the circuit racers. The "gimme shelter" road fairings are flopped from the same mould.

The RZ500 Yamaha is just such a machine. A fair dinkum replica of the YZR500 which Kenny Roberts took to six outright wins in the 1983 World Championship, it looks like it turned straight on to the road after taking the last checker.

Like the factory racer, its specifications and performance are CIA-proof classified information. If you wound the thumbscrews down on the factory boffins you'd probably find the sensational V4 two-stroke engine with its quad-carburettors and electronic monitoring pumps at least 90bhp. The total motorcycle unit probably wouldn't push the needle on the Avery past 181kg (400lb). That compares with the megastar superbike that opened this decade of two-wheel decadence, the Honda CB900 with 90bhp to tow more than 227kg (500lb). So this gadget probably eats standing quarters in less than 12 secs and runs to 220km/h or more. It would have a Lamborghini Countach for breakfast. The cost/efficiency ratio is 50 to 1 — $250,000 to $4700. It is the gee-whiz bike of 1984. There probably won't be enough cargo space available between Japan and the rest of the world to meet the demand for this cycle alone. And more than any other cycle released in 1984, it will reshape two-wheel motoring in the future.

Why? Because the logical market move is downsizing superbikes. The transfer of race-tech into prodbikes produces more performance from less engine capacity. We caught a glimpse of the success of that idea in production bike racing in Australia last year. Then, a VF750 Honda carved out more laps in a three-hour endurance race than the CB1100R in the previous year.

HONDA VF1000R

MPA polycarbonate helmet from Race & Rally, Sydney or bike shops, $69. Dart Gauntlet leather gloves by Rivet from Race & Rally, $35.

VF1000R
HONDA
CAM GEAR DRIVE
HONDA
1000R

YAMAHA FJ1100

MDS M90 Kevlar helmet with chin-vents from Matich, Sydney and bike shops $180. Slimline Gauntlet gloves by Rivet, $39.

YAMAHA
LATERAL FRAME CONCEPT
FJ1100

KAWASAKI GPZ900R

MDS M81 Glassfibre helmet with 6-pivot visor by Matich, $138. Racing Mate Trackstar gloves, $30.

Kawasaki
Liquid Cooled
GPz900R

Smaller engines mean lighter frames. Combined with state-of-the-art racetrack componentry, the small superbikes accelerate as hard, but handle much tighter and stop more snappily, more often. They are low-fatigue machines too, giving the rider a comfort and safety edge compared with manoeuvring the heavier, bulkier bikes.

This idea rides in tandem with some likely legislative moves in the future. The big one is rider licensing. If the local industry can get its act together, it could push for middle-ground licence grading. At present a P-plater is chained to a 250cc maximum. But at the end of 12 months, he can step straight astride the biggest, nastiest, hairiest monster bike on the market. If he doesn't make an unscheduled exploration of the scenery on the thing, then there's a chance he'll be back for a sane mid-range projectile in 12 months or so. A smarter move would be to slap a 550-600cc limit on year two of his cycling, ensuring he doesn't get to sample the adrenalin megashooters until he's learnt a bit about mechanical management.

That's not all. Third party insurance premiums are currently split at 100cc, 300cc and "the rest". Cutting another slice from the cake at 600cc would make more sense for everyone.

The mid-range market is thick with a forest of bikes; Yamaha has a stranglehold on the glamor/performance stakes with the YZ250/350 models which have the fattest power curve on the market. With the new RZ500, the "affordable Bimota", coming in over the top, this could get to be Yamaha territory.

Overall, Honda dominates the local market with a 37 percent share (1983) compared with Yamaha at 23 percent, Suzuki with 22, Kawasaki with 12 and the rest squabbling over a measly six percent residual. Honda is tough in the country market (60 percent), much of which is accounted for by dual-purpose bikes (on/off road machinery) but its roadbike chunk is still big, and accounts for 50 percent of sales.

In the Superbike range, there's a staggering array of machinery, much of it heavily duplicated, and it's increasingly laced with racing technology.

Honda kicked the racing bikestands out from under the opposition last year, winning virtually every critical production bike event on the continent — the Calder/Castrol Two Hour, the Adelaide Three Hour, the Tasmanian Two Hour and the legendary Castrol (Amaroo Park) Six Hour. They did it with the new 750cc V-format four-cylinder four-strokes, and they cut lap times on every circuit below the 1100cc machines they employed the previous year. Their 1984 killer machine is the VF1000R. With 122 (DIN) PS bhp and race-programmed mechanicals hiding under a full-on fairing, this will be the machine to beat. Kawasaki is going to try, and it has unleashed a lethal device for the purpose. It's the GPZ900R, billed as the world's fastest roadbike.

CBX
HONDA
CBX 750F

HONDA CBX750F
MDS M81/2 Duotone fibreglass helmet, $138 from Matich Australia. Cafe Racer leather gloves from Race & Rally, $35.

Frank Matich's Pirelli Racing Team was hot on the trails of both machines before they were unboxed, a no-holds-barred racetrack shootout determining the bike to carry the race colors in the ensuing season. While that one was being decided, Honda backed up with a road version called the VF1000FE. This cut-price ($4999) version of the VF1000R ($7399) is the new standard for roadgoing superbikes. Employing a great deal of racebike technology, and looking only a titch less menacing, the biggest Honda will probably cut the lowest standing start acceleration times and run around 240km/h (150mph) on the big end.

Yamaha has its own answer to that. It's called the FJ1100 and it could just be the prettiest of the racebred flashbikes.

Suzuki, long regarded as having the smoothest big engine in this business, has struck another blow for awesome, controlled performance with the GSX1100EF. Employing the same race-track technology, it is a stunning bike with a full fairing like the GPZ900R Kwaka, and comparable performance. Bred out of the wind-tunnel, the full fairing unloads air pressure from the rider and boosts performance and economy. It looks half a chance, too.

The common denominator in all those machines is high technology. There is a daunting spread of engine types, each one as sophisticated as the world's most exotic road cars. Engine blocks are characteristically milled from lightweight space-tech alloys. Four-strokes predominate (the Yamaha ex-track RZ500 the notable exception), the engines are liquid cooled, some running oil coolers (eg Suzuki). Cylinder head design and valve operation is state-of-the-automotive-art. Most cycles feature four valves per cylinder with twin overhead camshafts. There is a carburettor to feed each cylinder. Breakerless transistorised ignition sends a hot, hard, fail-safe spark. And power outputs reflect this technical competence — engines from 900-1100cc generally punch out in excess of 110 (DIN)PS bhp which is far more than most small sedans (and double the micros). Torque (or pulling) power is similarly impressive at a minimum of 8.5kg-m.

Engines are hooked to five, even six-speed transmissions with race-standard shifts and clutches. The suspension is up to the job of converting this raw power to useful performance. Super-long travel fat front forks squash out roadshock on our worst routes. Most suspension is variable or adjustable. The front end is generally anti-dive to keep the bike straight and level with the anchors out, and make for cleaner, safer braking. Small, fat (16in) front wheels are the norm.

The new move down the back is to swinging arm or fully-floating suspension. This gives Rolls-Royce ride with Ferrari handling. Conventional chain-drive is preferred, some encased (Honda VF1000F). Wheels are aluminium — lightweight, strong, stylish. The brake systems are just bloody unbelievable. The state of the art has pretty well levelled out at dual discs on the front wheels, with dual piston calipers, cross-drilled or cross-cut disc faces, ventilated disc plates, sintered metal pads. It's Formula One stuff. The single rear discs have the same specs, including dual pistons. It's all hydraulic, of course, with handlebar-reservoirs and air-research steel braided lines on many machines.

The frames that hold all this together are adapted from the race workshop. Craftsman forgings are common. The frames are now running well forward to embrace the fork necks. They are strong and rigid and the running hardware (pegs and mufflers) are set high so there is a minimum of metal shaving in lay-down turns. The driver's workshop is workpersonlike. Full instrumentation with a big central rev counter, supplementary gauges and searingly bright warning lights for emergency functions. Clip-on race-style handlebars are *de rigueur*. The minimum acceptable windbreak is a good deep half-fairing and most manufacturers have gone to the wind-tunnel to adapt race-style full fairings.

YAMAHA
XJ600

YAMAHA XJ600
With MDS M82 helmet and Trackstar Gloves.

The occupants now virtually sit "in" the bike, ensconced in an open-top "cockpit". The posterior is pampered with multi-grade shock-programmed rubber buttresses, there is a visor or low screen to hide behind at high speed, even the mirrors are styled and streamlined.

The trend is lower, leaner, meaner, finer.

Accessories are advanced — halogen headlights, anti-tailender tail-lamp assemblies, styled and faired grab handles and carrybars. Unlike four-wheelers where road-tech barely achieves one-third of race-tech engineering, around 70 percent of general motorcycle F1 engineering is transferred and, in the case of something like the RZ500, the figure may be nearer to 95 percent. Imagine a Formula One motor racing derivative on the road — the average-weight compact GT sedan (BMW/Alfa size) would need a 1200bhp engine.

There is another common thread linking the motor cycles just described — they are all Japanese. One manufacturer stepped sideways from this bunch in 1983 and opted for a totally different route. It was BMW with the K100.

Not surprisingly, it won the European Motorcycle Of The Year award in a no-contest decision. It has plucked the local award (*Two Wheels* magazine) in the face of more dispassionate judging. And in many respects, there is still no contest. For it represents the ultimate in "lateral think" motorcycle engineering.

YAMAHA
RZ500

YAMAHA RZ500.
State of the art Flashbike.

Inevitably unspectacular compared with the Japanese flashbikes, it may just be the horniest bike of them all, especially in its ultimate RS format. This muscle machine is quite simply FAT. It has a purposeful bulk to its haunched shoulders and rounded lines. There is an elegant simplicity in the way it is nailed together. And there is a disarming viciousness about the way it transfers its power quotient to the road.

BMW has gone down a totally different road to the Japanese. Turning its back on current motor cycle technique, the company co-opted a racecar engineering team to weld the vital elements together. They initiated ground-breaking ideas. The engine is developed along car lines. It is a light alloy, four-cylinder lying-down-in-the-chassis frame to achieve low centre of gravity. Untypically mounted (for cycles) north-south, it minimises engine width and enables the solid-axle direct-drive car-type transmission to hook straight up behind. The engine uses BMW's Formula One racing car technology from its block manufacture to its dry-sump and electronic ignition and computerised electronic fuel injection. It has double overhead camshaft and two valves per cylinder. Power output is 90 (DIN) bhp with remarkable torque (86Nm) produced at only 6000rpm — good enough to enable this cycle to compete head to head with the big Japanese grunters and with 10 to 25 percent more bench power, chiefly because the entire assembly weighs only 76.5kg.

There is another reason. BMW employed more Euro Grand Prix car technology by using the engine as a chassis member. This is particularly cunning, since there is no need for the chassis rails to get their "arms" under the engine, offering many advantages including excellent ground clearance and mechanical access. You'd better believe this all works — the BMW checks in at 215kg (473lb) on the scales, as much as 30kg (66lb) lighter than its competition. BMW opted for similar suspension engineering to the Japanese superbikes with long travel adjustable anti-dive forks, light alloy (cast) rigid swing-arm with mono-shock, double-disc front, integrated single-disc rear brake system and light alloy wheels.

The fully aerodynamic body moulding is claimed to produce similar drag with rider aboard (0.39 coefficient of drag) as some of the Japanese half-fairing superbikes. The half-fairing RS model goes a stage further and according to BMW is the most slippery shape in the world.

It's good enough to get this cycle down the standing 400 metres in similar times to the Japanese superbikes (12 seconds — a few of the Japanese get into the low 11-second bracket), and hold its own with the average at 220+km/h top speed.

Where this bike excels is in its mid-range, where the pulling power is brutal. It is just so remarkably powerful and smooth that it is easier to produce fast point-to-point cruising speeds than on most other cycles. How smooth? Well, standing still it is possible to shift gears without picking any sound or feel. BMW thoughtfully provides a gearshift indicator in the instruments to let you know which slot you've selected.

Instrumentation, accessories and equipment are outstanding and, for once, so is the price at around $6000 for the K100 and $7000 for the K100RS. There's an RT (full fairing tourer) to come at slightly more and it will doubtless be wearing blue lights as the police in many states pick it up for patrol work following the successful debut with the lower-power old model R100RT.

To underscore its lateral-think engineering mind, BMW has also produced a new full-face helmet concept, with "full frontal" hinging to satisfy myriad motor cycling requirements, especially working cyclists (police, couriers etc) and those wearing prescription glasses and sunglasses.

There are other great two wheelers in the world. Hot names like Ducati (newly acquired by Cagiva in Italy and headed for a local revival), Moto Guzzi, the legendary Bimota, and others. But they are locked in mortal combat over the miserly market slice left over after the Japanese (93 percent) and BMW (1.2 going on three percent) have devoured the rest.

World-wide, the Japanese have taken over not only the market volume, but dictated the future trends. They have interpreted the future in the form of race-track techno-fantasies re-created in production realities.

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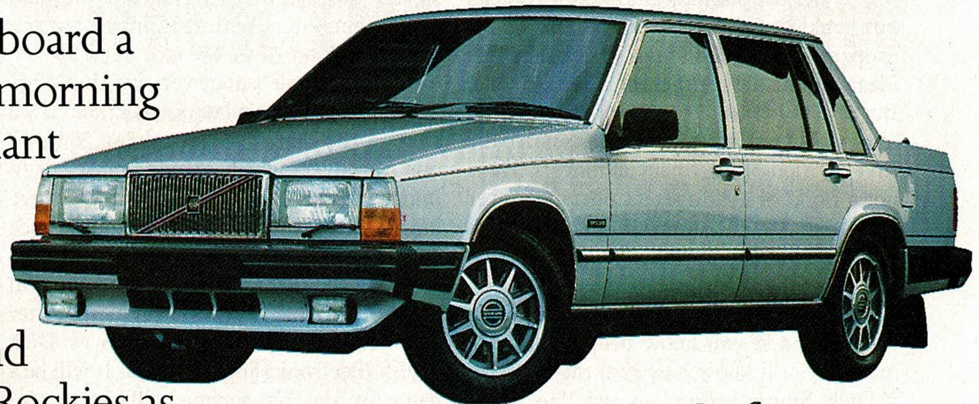

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CPAir CANADIAN PACIFIC AIR IS THE OFFICIAL CARRIER OF THE VOLVO SKI TEAM.

Y&R Coudrey V714

DICK

(continued from page 46)

He has used the system without being corrupted by it. He mainlines money but is not addicted to wealth.

taxes (you get the feeling that 90 percent tax would be just another challenge), reckons he should be paying capital gains tax on his property investments and believes in the ideals, if not the realities, of a welfare state. But let's put this in perspective: by world, or even Australian, standards he is not in the first division of big financial movers. He is not a Bond or a Holmes a Court and never desired to play their game. What makes him fascinating is the fact that he has used the system without being corrupted by it. He mainlines money but he is not addicted to wealth, and if you know people with real money, you'll know how rare that is.

Dick Smith learned to say "no" very early in his career. For a time he had installed behind his desk a giant bright, flashing, clanging contraption which spelt out the word NO with the subtlety of a fireworks display. When employees asked for unreasonable and unwarranted salary increases, Smith would delight in pressing a button on his desk which activated the machine. With less showmanship but as much conviction, he now says "no" to the money-making offers he receives almost every day.

"Don't you understand I don't *want* to make any more money?" he tells people. "If I wanted to make money, Woolworths wouldn't have my business."

I asked him whether fantastic success stories like that of young Steven Jobs and Apple computers tempted him to put the gloves back on.

"Never. Apple's done very well but it has a lot to do with population you know. If we were in the States, we'd be doing 20 times our turnover which would make us a billion-dollar show. Tandy does three billion so that'd be about right. Couldn't see any problems achieving that."

In his consultant capacity, Smith will probably be able to test this prediction later this year when Woolworths moves Dick Smith Electronics into America. It will be a game for him, but a game he'll play to win. He says: "Just because I don't own the company any more doesn't mean my motivation has changed. It's more important than ever for me to make this company a success because my name is riding on it."

But his name also rides on the fortunes of the curious little company out the back. Dick Smith Adventure is a complete indulgence but, typical of the man, it too turns a profit.

"It's bloody embarrassing," he says. "The profits go to charity of course." He excitedly grabs a brochure advertising next January's Antarctic expedition on the ship Lindblad Explorer. "Look at the prices! Five grand a shared cabin and people are screaming to get on board. It was the same with the jumbo flights to Antarctica. Raised a hundred grand for charity. You put something good together and it's amazing how easy it is to make money out of it."

The three-week expedition to such exotically icy coves as Commonwealth Bay and Ninnis Glacier has been years in the planning, part of Smith's ongoing obsession with frontiers. The man who was born a century late is passionate about discovery in a world where not much is left to be discovered. Hence his fascination with the great white continent below us. Deserts also intrigue him, and on his helicopter travels he takes a pup tent and a sleeping bag and puts down in the middle of them, just to experience the isolation.

But Smith is happiest when he can give his adventures a magical purpose, such as setting straight the historical record of an event or debunking a popular myth. For example, one of his pioneer heroes is Kingsford Smith, whose aviation exploits have rightly earned him an important place in our history. However, Dick Smith felt that Smithy's copy book had been unjustly blotted by suggestions that he had grandstanded for publicity after his plane had crashed out west at Coffee Royal. It had been said that Smithy would have been rescued immediately if he had torched his engine oil and sent a plume of smoke into the air. Dick Smith reckoned this was a lot of old cobblers. Now, while most people holding such a view would simply put the book down, Smith mounted an expedition, found the spot where Smithy had put down and started a fuel fire to prove that the smoke couldn't be seen. Having satisfied himself that Smithy was not at fault, Dick Smith presented the written and photographic evidence to the Archives, where it has remained buried to this day.

Getting Smithy off the hook, however, was not purely a whim. The vindication of the aviator was a very personal thing for Dick Smith, who feels that a queue is forming to whip him good should any of his own adventures go wrong.

He explains: "What they did to Smithy is exactly what the media are waiting with bated breath to do to me when I make a mistake." To illustrate his point he recalls his landing at Fort Worth, Texas, after the last leg of his epic 12-month solo helicopter flight around the world. "The Channel Nine bloke raced up to me and said, 'Well Dick, great publicity stunt.' Great publicity stunt! I laughed at the bloke because I couldn't believe he thought I'd risk my life for a year for publicity. But that's the sort of negative thinking you find in the media. How bloody mediocre!"

Dick Smith believes that the tall poppy syndrome is particularly cruel to modern heroes like himself. In an age when all the frontiers have been crossed you have to create artificial restrictions. Anyone can fly around the world in a jumbo jet but not many would chance it in a chopper. Why would you? The cynical answers are the ones that Dick Smith gets annoyed about. He's a great believer in Ayn Rand's philosophy of personal gratification as the underlying motivation for most achievement and makes no apologies for his selfishness. He just wishes everyone would recognise the fact that he does these things simply for the hell of it.

I remind him that his unlikely visage protrudes from shop windows and awnings all over the country, thus commercialising even the purest motive. "Yes, that's true," he says. "That was never my idea of course, and in time it'll have to be changed. I'm not the bloke who runs the shop and it probably gives people the wrong idea."

When Smith decided that his adventures were becoming so much fun that he needed a permanent record of them, he didn't nick out and buy an Instamatic camera. He asked the Leyland Brothers for a few clues on how to make a documentary series. Mike and Mal, finding themselves with a spare few minutes, reeled off everything they knew. Dick Smith then went out and made films which sold to the networks and outrated the Leylands in prime time all over the country. Ask, ask, ask, keep it simple, copy, copy, copy.

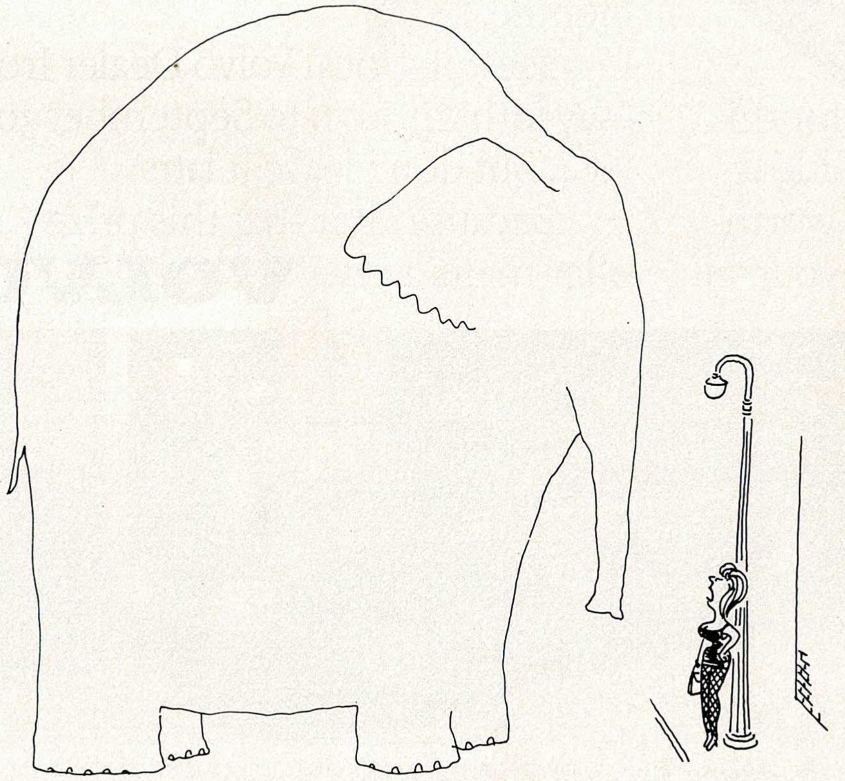
While I am sitting in Dick Smith's office, a fellow of my acquaintance phones and asks Smith about the advisability of using Super Eight cameras to film the ascent of Mount Everest. Within seconds Smith has summed up the situation and, nostrils flaring, is presenting a very good case why he, Dick Smith, is the bloke to shoot Everest.

Dick Smith can't help himself. He has the gift. He sits there grinning behind his horn-rimmed glasses as everything he touches turns to profit. It's embarrassing he says, it's irritating, but he keeps making money. His enthusiasm is infectious. The staff at Dick Smith Adventure bound around like their boss, eating healthy sandwiches at their desks instead of indulging in boozy lunches like everybody else. Apples and pictures of kids sit on desk-tops. The atmosphere around Dick Smith is dangerously wholesome.

Smith doesn't drink, smoke, enjoy restaurants or wear fancy clothes. He does, however, like McDonald's, as much for its corporate philosophy as for its Big Macs.

"We got a McDonald's bloke on our board," he says. "Masterstroke. You can learn a lot from that company."

Keep it simple, copy, copy, copy. I have a recurring image of Dick Smith. He is at the wheel of his chopper, somewhere over the South Pole, munching on a Big Mac for warmth and the blizzard is closing in. A rescue chopper appears through the white very close to him, asking if he needs help. Smith goes on grinning and munching and presses a button on the control panel. The front of his chopper turns into a neon sign which says: NO.



"I don't care if you do have the money. . . the answer is still no!"

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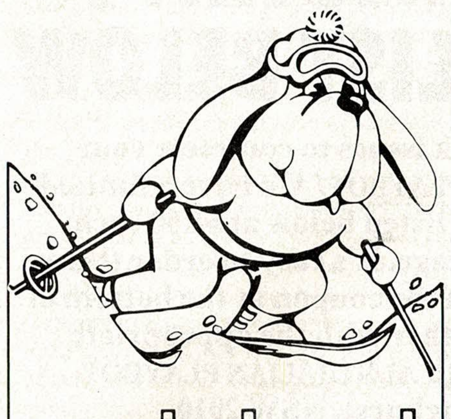

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KENNEDYS

(continued from page 79)

No longer close to Chris, David was on a parallel journey that would also lead to a brush with death.

through the party Wynberg suggested half jokingly that they switch partners. Chris and Taylor agreed, although Taylor had second thoughts and later told him reproachfully, "I ran after your car as you were pulling out, destroying my heels in the process, and yelled at you to stop, but you were apparently too infatuated to hear me."

Chris's major failure in Hollywood occurred not with stars or starlets or at the studio but with his father. Chris worked hard to re-establish the relationship that had been severed when his mother walked out on the marriage, his Kennedy half trying to make amends with his Lawford half.

"Peter and I would stay up all night doing dope together and talking about family problems," Chris remembers. "We'd have what seemed a breakthrough — saying we loved each other and hugging and all that. But the next morning it would be all gone. He'd snap at me and absolutely cringe if I called him 'Dad' instead of 'Peter'."

After one of those nights of drug-induced camaraderie, Chris had decided that he would tell his father about how disoriented he and his cousins were, how lost without adult guidance. "I need you, Dad," he began to cry. "I need you to be my father — at least for a little while. My life is a mess, and if I go back East again, it's going to get worse." Lawford looked at him in disgust and said "You must be high on something. Get the hell out of here."

●

In the summer of 1973, David met Pam Kelley, younger sister of Kim, who had been involved with Bobby. Spunky, with rimless glasses and long blonde hair, Pam confessed that she, too, was having trouble with her parents.

One Sunday, Joe invited David to spend a day at Nantucket and bring Pam with him. "David was ecstatic," Pam says. "Here, finally, someone in the family was taking notice of him." They spent that Sunday at Nantucket sailing with Joe and his friends. That night they had a barbecue on the beach. The next morning they got up and went for a last swim before catching the ferry back. Joe commandeered a friend's jeep to take them to the jetty.

"He was doing his super-Kennedy act," David later said. "There was all this crazy energy. I suppose Teddy was that way before Chappaquiddick." As Pam remembered the drive, "We were all sort of standing up in the jeep. Joe was cutting through the woods, spinning the jeep in circles. We were yelling and laughing and acting crazy. There was a rest area on the other side of the highway and Joe started to cross over to it. He didn't see this station wagon heading toward us until the last minute. He swerved and we hit a ditch with our tyres on the right side breaking the jeep's axle and flipping us. We held on to the roll bar for a couple of flips and then had to let go. Me and David were right together . . . in the air. I remember tumbling and seeing David's face. I hit the ground. When I tried to get up, nothing happened."

For Joe, it meant an appearance in court, and the loss of his driver's licence. For David, it meant painful fractured vertebrae. For Pam Kelley, it meant days in and out of a haze of painkillers and then an awakening into the cold realisation that she was paralysed. David was in the same hospital and he knew that Pam's injuries were more serious than his. But when one of her friends broke the news to him that Pam would never walk again, he started screaming at her. He managed to get out of bed and walked stiffly to Pam's room. "That fucking bitch," he began yelling as he saw her. "You wouldn't believe the shit she's been telling me. . ."

Pam looked at him from her bed, amazed that his family, whose lawyers had already been talking with her and her parents about a $1,000,000 settlement, had told him nothing. "It's true," she said.

David later recalled this episode: "You finally find someone to love, and you lose her. It's the shits."

Released from the hospital, David began to look for newer and darker boundaries to cross. Drugs provided the route, the morphine he had taken in the hospital leading him to experiment with heroin, a drug which he had been introduced to with Chris in Central Park.

Early in 1978, Chris went to the New York night club JR's, where a rock singer named Jennifer Jacobson was entertaining. Although he had been living with another woman for several years, Chris was stunned by her. He went home with her that night and they were together for the next six months. Streetwise, with a vision unclouded by guilt or romanticism about the Kennedys, Jennifer was attracted to Chris in part because she saw him in a light in which he'd never been seen before. "Like all the Kennedy kids," she said later, "Christopher is both tremendously savvy and tremendously naive. It was the oddest combination of innocence and experience I'd ever encountered." She saw immediately that Chris and Bobby were addicts — not mainlining heroin addicts perhaps, though heroin had become the *summa* drug for them — but addicted to narcotics in general: "Christopher and Bobby liked heroin. But they'd settle for whatever else was there. There was a desperate need to escape. Most of us who do dope just want to leave our lives behind. You got the feeling that whatever they might say about the Kennedys, they wanted to leave their whole ancestry behind."

Chris tried to keep up with Bobby but he couldn't. He became more and more dependent on heroin, less and less able to handle it. He was sick and despondent for long periods. Worried about him, Jennifer helped him enrol in a methadone program under an assumed name. But methadone turned out to be a "nightmare high", as well as physically debilitating. Chris's weight had ballooned some 40 pounds to 220. He contracted pneumonia. Jennifer thought he was dying. Desperate, she called Pat Lawford, now back in New York, who came in a cab and took Chris to a hospital. From there he was transferred to a Massachusetts clinic specialising in the mentally and emotionally disturbed. Jennifer went up to see him and found that he was in a room with another drug addict and an apparently hopeless schizophrenic. "He came to the door and we talked awhile and the first thing he asked me was if there was any way I could get him some dope."

●

Although no longer close to Chris, David was on a parallel journey that would also lead to a brush with death. He had managed to get admitted to Harvard. Other students grew used to his dishevelled appearance — an unvarying uniform of rumpled shirt and dirty Levis. "I never saw him without a beer in one hand and a cigarette in the other, no matter what time of day it was," says a female student who lived on the floor above him.

After a 40-day booze and drugs binge David was found by friends in a coma and taken to hospital. Doctors quickly diagnosed a potentially fatal inflammation of the lining of the heart caused by dirty needles. Back home after six weeks of hospitalisation, David sank deeper and deeper into a nightmare world. He dropped out of Harvard, devoting himself almost exclusively to scoring heroin. He spent a good deal of time in the Roxbury ghetto. ("My father was concerned about blacks in one way," he would say later with bitter self-knowledge, "and I was concerned about them in another — as people from whom I could get drugs.") One day a black dealer told him he'd meet him in a bathroom to make a transaction. When David showed up, the man overpowered him, tied him up, and tried to stab him. David jumped back, so that the knife only sliced him along the abdomen, and managed to get out of the bathroom and run. Later, after his wound healed, he was disappointed that the scar wasn't more severe. "I was modelling myself on the James Caan character in *The Gambler*. I saw that movie over and over. I loved the last scene, where Caan had finally pushed things so far that the black guy cut his face and then he went to the mirror and saw the wound and smiled. I could relate to that."

David and his brother Bobby were later to meet actress Rachel Ward, whom David regarded (and still does) "as the most beautiful woman who ever lived". The two of them took her dancing. To Bobby's surprise and David's too, she seemed to prefer the younger Kennedy brother. It was an intense involvement, the first serious romance for David since Pam Kelley's injury. His intense jealousy showed up one night when he, Rachel and Philippe Junot (recently married to Princess Caroline of Monaco) all went to Xenon's Disco. David was in a leg plaster from a recent football mishap. When they sat down at their table, David saw Junot put his arm around Rachel and knocked it off. Junot, who had been trained in martial arts, leaped to his feet and they had a brief fight that ended with David on the floor, bleeding from the nose.

He thought Rachel wanted to get an apartment with him but, said David, "I knew I was too fucked up. I was back on smack. She had no idea of what I was up to. I don't know what she thought of all those little marks on my arms. I guess she thought they were some odd Kennedy rash. We never talked about it. I was supplementing the heroin — five times the lethal dose for someone not used to it — with 40 Percodans a day."

One day, his temperature began to spike again, and he could tell he had been reinfected with inflammation of the heart. He decided to go in the hospital again, but then went to Harlem for one last score. This time he had trouble. As he was making his connection at the seedy, run-down Shelton Plaza Hotel, a huge black man accosted him and demanded money.

As the man hit David in the face repeatedly, a black woman watching the scene slipped out and called the police. "I should have just said it was no big deal and walked off," David now says. "But I was so out of it that I walked up to the cop in charge and started acting suspicious and said I didn't want to get involved. Naturally, I was arrested and the next day the news was all over the papers. David fucks up again."

●

There is a poignant postscript to this chapter of the Kennedy saga. Through all their trials, Joe, David, Bobby Jr, even Chris, had one adult figure they could trust and confide in. Lem Billings was always willing to help. But the strain of playing the surrogate father to the Kennedy boys tooks its toll. Rather than bring them up to his level, Lem Billings was dragged down to theirs. For a while he was involved in heavy drink and drugs sessions with Bobby Jr and Chris.

Lem Billings died of a heart attack in May, 1981. A few years earlier he had made this chilling statement to a friend: "After I go," he said, "there'll be no more Kennedys."

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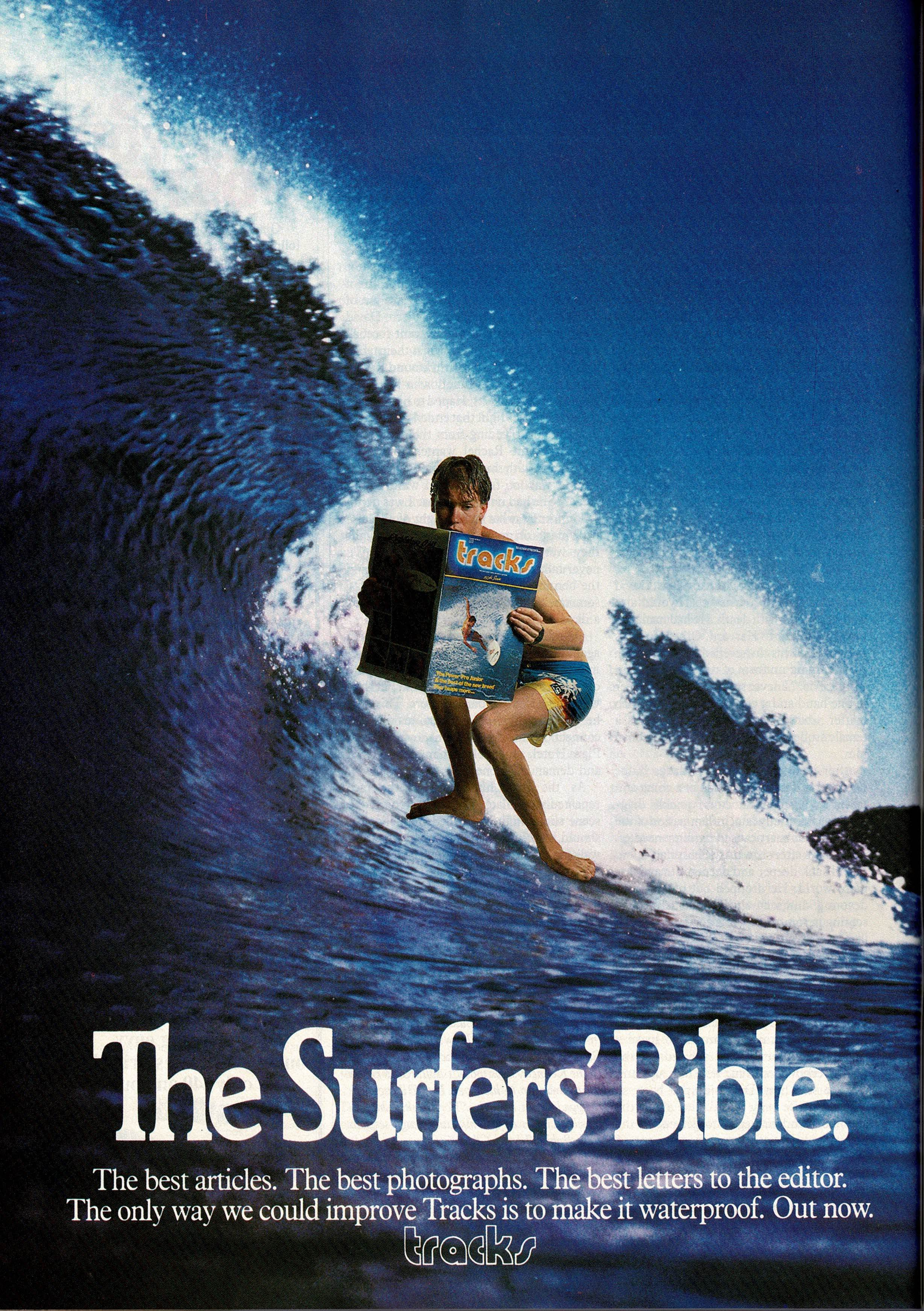
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LOOKING GOOD

You have to be fit to make love well. Fitness is specific to performance. Robert de Castella runs over 5000miles (8000km) each year in training, yet he performs competitively in the marathon only two or three times annually.

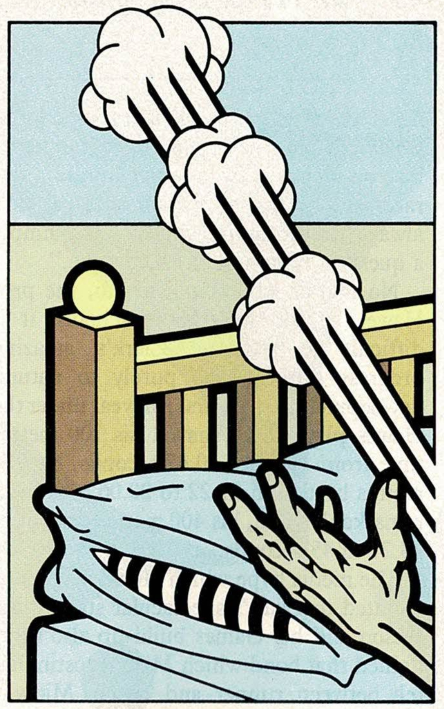
So it should be with making love — certainly from the purely physical-performance aspect. You need to be physically fit if you are to be capable of performing regularly and consistently at your best. If you disregard the emotional and spiritual aspects of love and look at the act itself, it is, or should be, a physical act requiring stamina, dexterity, flexibility and agility as well as relaxation and control under pressure, all of which are requirements in most sports and games for which basic training and fitness are essential.

So if you want to be a top performer in the physical acts of lovemaking, you'll have to get fit by training properly. Fitness means you are able not only to do whatever you wish but that you recover adequately and soon enough to ensure that you go on coping with your lifestyle and its demands.

It has nothing to do with running marathons, unless you are, or want to be, a marathon runner. Indeed, for some, training for and running marathons can detract from the enjoyment of an active and regular sex life. So don't try to train like a marathon runner if all you want to do is perform better sexually.

What you will definitely need is stamina. Men, in particular, do not have quite the same sexual stamina as women for a variety of valid reasons, including the necessity to rise and remain standing during the entire performance. Stamina is developed by aerobic training. The word "aerobic" means quite simply "with air". It refers to any physical activities which make you breathe hard because your heart rate increases as a result of performing physical effort for long periods of time. Sound familiar? To be beneficial, an aerobic exercise needs to be engaged in for a minimum of 15-20 minutes but preferably more like half an hour to 40 minutes. That is why such things as brisk walking, jogging, running, bicycling, aerobic dancing, tennis, squash and other similarly athletic activities provide beneficial aerobic training. This develops your stamina. If you haven't been fit or exercising regularly, it will take a minimum of six weeks for any benefits from aerobic training to begin occurring.

Aerobic fitness can actually be regarded as heart-lung fitness. As you train regularly and become fitter, your heart improves its ability to pump blood to the body and its muscles and organs, including the ones you use in making love, enabling them to perform better and for longer periods of time.



How to train for those bedroom sporting events

Begin by learning how to read your own pulse rate, which is the simplest indicator of your heart's efficiency.

Using your index and second fingers to feel your pulse, count the beats for 10 seconds, multiply by six, and you have your heart rate per minute. Take your pulse first thing every morning while lying in bed (doing nothing!). Record the morning resting pulse rates for a week, or preferably two, average these, and you have your normal average resting pulse rate.

After six weeks of regular aerobic training, a minimum of three times weekly but preferably a maximum of five times in seven days, this resting pulse rate will amost certainly decrease, meaning your heart has become fitter and is able to do its basic work with less effort or strain, including making love. Training to become a better lover, is one really good reason to get fitter.

Of course you will have to learn other techniques of fitness before you can consider yourself as a really capable and competent lover. For instance, you will require agility, which is defined as the ability to change the direction of the body and its parts and to do so rapidly. That should sound familiar too.

Another requirement is flexibility. Flexibility is defined as the range of motion in a given joint or combination of joints. It is either passive, which is the amount of movement in joint or joints when relaxed, or dynamic, which is the range of movement which can be achieved in joints by the contraction of muscles. Dynamic flexibility is obviously of much greater importance for lovemaking, and it can be developed significantly by proper training.

Dexterity means manual skill or adroitness as well as neatness of handling. It refers particularly to the using of the hands and fingers, another obvious necessity for great lovers. This, too, can be improved and enhanced by specific training.

Relaxation under pressure while using the body and its muscles is another key factor in sporting prowess which is also of great benefit to the consummate lovemaker. Before a muscle can relax, it must be fit and strong, which can only be achieved through proper training with regular exercise and discipline.

As is obvious from the above outlines, the subject cannot be covered in just one column, but will be enlarged upon in future issues of Australian PLAYBOY.

If, for any reason, you find my athletic approach to sex somewhat unusual, note that the ancient gods of Olympus in the Greek civilisation were themselves strongly sex-oriented. So much so that several of our more evocative sexual terms today have Greek origins linked to various deities. Like the word "erotic", which comes from the winged youth Eros, son of Aphrodite, who shot arrows of love into the hearts of his victims, causing them to become obsessed with amorous pursuits. Another son of Aphrodite was Priapus, who was born with the extraordinary deformity of an extremely large penis, giving his own name to such an organ even today.

Aphrodite herself is well remembered as the Goddess of Love. The word "aphrodisiac" comes from this great Greek goddess.

There is also Venus, the Roman version of Aphrodite who presided over the art of the sexual chase as well as the total enjoyment of sexual delight in all its varied forms.

"Venereal" is the modern word, which connotes, curiously enough, love gone rancid, a poisonous brew fraught with risks of illness, disease and discomfort.

So if you want to become an Olympian lover, you'll have to get fit for just that purpose. Begin with your aerobics, starting slowly, not doing anything excessive, but just forming the habit of exercising for half an hour to 40 minutes three to five times weekly for the next four to six weeks. Once you've formed this basic habit we can show you how to get really fit and prepared to become an even greater lover than you may imagine yourself to be now.

— MIKE AGOSTINI

Clark

(continued from page 59)

"Darren is very coachable," says Alan Hawes. "He has total faith in me and my methods."

season have helped. They have created intense media interest in Darren and this has all added to the pressure which gets him keyed up to run big races." Nothing, in other words, can go wrong.

Hawes's faith in Clark's talent and his ability to help tap that talent is supported by the runner's performances since he joined the coaching stable during the Commonwealth Games trials in 1982. Up until then, Hawes, a useful sprinter himself a few years back, had concentrated on helping a handful of young runners who'd come to him as Little Athletes.

Hawes returned to the sport as a parent lending a hand with the Little Athletics nursery at the Rotary Field alongside the Lane Cove River. His first "champion" was a youngster named Adam Clay who used to beat Clark and who still holds the national under-15 400 metres record. Those were the days when Clark was a raw, spindly kid. Clay moved to Tasmania and dropped out of the athletic mainstream and Clark, one-time ugly duckling, linked up with Hawes and became the proud and haughty swan.

Alan Hawes admits to no formal background to coaching, no academic training in the mechanics of the human body. His biggest attribute, he says, is a keen eye for body motion — for example, just as Tommy Smith has that infallible eye for a horse.

"I have always been able to look at someone and say: That is a good motion; that is going to give you the mechanical advantage. I can advise a runner on the energy economy of a particular motion," he says.

Clark sought that advice in the lead-up to the Commonwealth Games trials in Brisbane. Hawes watched Clark at training. The action was strong, but Hawes detected some glaring technical flaws. He guided Clark through the warm-up, gave him a few tips on how to negotiate the bend in the furlong race and Clark expressed his gratitude by running a personal best of 21.22 seconds in the 200. There have been quite a few personal bests since then, but Hawes says there were times during the first three months of his association with Clark when he wondered where the two of them were going.

"The beauty of working with children — Darren was only 16 then — is that you can concentrate on technique," he explains. "I don't push children. A runner must have a good technique. Development of technique must come first. For the first 10 weeks Darren was with me, I didn't let him run fast sprints. We concentrated exclusively on runs through to get his technique right. It was so monotonous that even I was getting sick and tired of it all. At one point I can remember saying to myself: Jesus, this kid is never going to get it right. It took a lot of work, but once he began to get it together his confidence grew. We put him in a few races and he was an instant success. He's always had the natural ability. It was simply a question of honing his technique."

No matter who you listen to, the pro-Hawes or the anti-Hawes schools, it is difficult to attribute Clark's amazing progress during 1983 purely to natural development. In his first full year under the Hawes plan, Clark shaved his 100 metres time from 10.84 to 10.47 seconds, his 200 metres best from 21.22 to 20.06 and, most remarkably of all, his 400 metres time from 48.24 to 45 seconds.

The media hype which Hawes feels contributed to Clark's spectacular start to the season and his Games build-up also spotlighted that bond which Mike Agostini has felt between runner and coach. Midway through the Rotary Field training session, a television reporter pops a question to Hawes: Will it be worth our while taking a crew to the Sydney Athletic Field next Saturday?

"You can please yourself," says Hawes. "I reckon Darren will run 20.5 in the 200." A few days later Clark runs the 200 in the inter-club meeting and wins in a canter in 20.49 seconds.

Hawes and Clark share a unique kinship, bred of strong mutual respect. It's not surprising. Although Clark is very close to his parents, Eddie and Barbara, and his younger sister, Debbie, who is also starting to put it all together as a sprinter, he spends most of his waking hours in Hawes's company. Hawes is not only Clark's coach and mate, he's his boss.

Hawes operates a Sydney freight company called, appropriately, Speed For Sale. Clark is one of his reps. The close working relationship, in fact, has not been forged without cost to Hawes. By escorting Clark on the super sprinter's first overseas tour to Japan, England and Europe, Hawes lost one of Speed For Sale's anchor clients — a loss that ripped $35,000 a month off the freight company's turnover. It is the kind of sacrifice Hawes is prepared to continue to make.

"Darren is very coachable," he says. "I can't stress that enough. A lot of athletes don't have the ability to be coached. Darren has total faith in me and my methods. He can carry out anything I ask him. He never questions why. Of course, I always make a point of explaining the cause and effect of something new. And when I ask him to try something new, he goes out of his way to get it right."

Right now as the 1984 domestic season begins to gather momentum, the something new is the "kick". Hawes began to develop the Clark kick after watching the Negro runners in Helsinki. He was impressed with the black runners' ability to lift their running action at a point about 60 metres out from the line. This over-striding action allowed them to forge ahead as other runners faltered.

"What they were doing was pulling the big backside muscles (glutei maximi) into action," says Hawes. "After looking at them in the international meetings, I began to play around with some stick figures, relating them to videos, and I came up with a gait technique which I thought would enhance Darren's finish.

"We simply use his abdominal strength to tilt his hips forward with the result that his centre of gravity is advanced. The newly-positioned centre of gravity improves his delivery technique which is the key to sprinting. The technique allows Darren to get his hips and knees much higher. He steps over his hips, if you like, in a cartwheeling action. Gravity is free, and the higher you can lift your knees, the greater the momentum back to the track."

By the time the Olympic flag is unfurled above The Coliseum in Los Angeles, Hawes is confident Clark will be able to slip into the overdriving gait for the greater part of his races with even less of a drain on his extraordinary cardio-vascular system.

While the pulse rates of most athletes rise to between 200 and 220 — close to the red line in human performance — at the end of the tough 400, Clark's heart beats at between 170 and 178 times a minute. His pulse rate soars to between 170 and 178 over the first explosive 100 metres, eases back to between 155 and 160 down the back straight and peaks again in the drive to the tape. It is back to 160 within 30 seconds of the finish of the race. Another 30 seconds later it is down to 120 to achieve full, first phase recovery. Within a couple of minutes his heart is pumping at a slow, steady rate of 47 beats per minute — the pulse of a supreme athlete.

Notwithstanding the knockers, or unforeseen disasters such as that hamstring injury which threw an extra dose of the jitters into countdown training procedures, Clark is still a standout as one of our top medal hopes.

"Don't worry," says Hawes, "we'll be ready for Los Angeles. We are training to make the 400 Olympics final. That's the big difference between Darren and most of Australia's other leading athletes. They are training to make the team. They don't see themselves as chances in Los Angeles. We do. The only reason Darren is in there running is to win."

Winning, of course, could mean more than Olympic gold. The speed at which Darren Clark runs is a very sellable commodity.

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AUSTRALIAN PLAYBOY

SEX · BETTINA ARNDT

I am 32 and have been troubled with an embarrassing condition since my late teens. In a casual sexual encounter, I find that either I cannot raise an erection, or if I do manage to do so it disappears quickly just prior to penetration. This also occurs in the process of forming a more permanent relationship, although once I have made love to my partner I do not seem to encounter any further problems with that person. I can only conclude from this that my problem is mental rather than physical, but I have been unable to overcome it through the years.

I have recently separated from my wife, with whom I carried on a satisfactory sexual relationship, so I am now back to scratch and my old problem has reared its ugly head again, if you will pardon the pun. I have reached the stage now where I am frightened to get involved with a member of the opposite sex, for fear of yet another embarrassing anti-climax.

— S.P., Tas

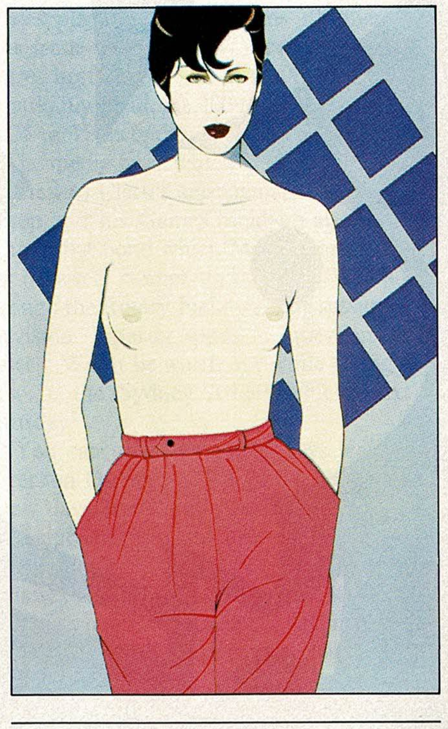
Your penis is really the most wondrous device, a barometer to your internal emotional and sexual weather. If you are nervous, bored, too tired or too drunk for sex, your penis is often the first to know. Listen to what it's saying and use its message as a means of taking better care of yourself.

At present your penis seems to be saying that you are not very comfortable having sex in casual relationships and even when the relationship looks like developing into something more serious, you need to take things gradually. Perhaps your penis is suggesting you should leave it out of the action altogether until you and your partner have had a wonderful time learning about each other. Perhaps it really wants to be ignored during the very early stage of the action, even if it does appear to be standing up and demanding attention.

I hope you understand the point I am trying to make. There's nothing wrong with being sensitive and a little nervous about early relationships. Most of us are like that. Where we all go wrong is we expect men never to show those nerves and display that sensitivity. We have a crazy notion that a man should always be ready, willing and able, no matter how many butterflies he may have in his stomach. In fact, most men and women have some anxiety on first times, they just show it in different ways. Some males are trigger happy and come quickly, others may find they can't climax at all if they aren't comfortable with their partner. Some, like you, have trouble with erections. Female nerves are easier to hide — we may take a long time to become aroused or have more trouble climaxing but it's usually easier for us to pretend everything is fine.

You have to realise this will probably continue to be a problem until you're really comfortable with a woman. If possible, you should try to avoid circumstances where you feel pressured to perform. When you are with a woman and everything is looking good, why not mention the fact you suffer stage fright occasionally. Bring it out in the open before it becomes a major problem lurking in the back of your mind.

I feel most women would be very supportive if you were to approach the problem in this way. We really don't like men feeling they have to put on a great performance for us and it's nice to be with a man who is open about his feelings. It makes it just that much easier when the time comes for us to share our own little anxieties.



The penis is always the first to know

After the birth of our second child, my wife and I decided our family was now complete and I had a vasectomy. This was in late 1975.

About a year ago, I felt that my penis had become smaller and wondered if the vasectomy could be the cause. I mentioned it to my GP who assured me it was not the case. But now I am convinced that it has got smaller, though not by much and not in girth. I am not so sure I can believe everything a GP says and this is one of the reasons why I would appreciate your opinion as to the possibility of this happening as a result of the operation or because of age (I am 43) or any other reason.

I am probably an egotist but I used to take pride in my ability to bring a woman to climax 90 percent of the time, in spite of my wife being one of those who takes a long time to get there. I do consider woman to be one of the most beautiful things God ever created. That is why I always strive to give my best in spending a great deal of time giving her pleasure with caresses and oral stimulation prior to entry. Many ladies have commented on this and I would like to continue to do it. I know there is a saying, "It is not how big you are, but how good you are," but I do feel that a woman needs size, too. Correct me if I am wrong.

— T.K., NSW

The bad news is that it *is* possible for a penis to shrink. The good news is that it's probably very rare that this actually happens and most experts I've spoken to have never come across a case of a shrinking penis. However I did talk to one expert on penile blood flow who said it is quite possible for there to be damage to the blood system inside the penis which prevents the penis erecting to its full length. As you probably know, erection is caused by blood being pumped into spongy bodies inside the penis which then expand rather like balloons until they reach full tumescence. We're not really sure what happens at this point but essentially a system swings into operation which pumps blood in and out at a slower rate so the erection is maintained.

All sorts of blockages can occur in this blood flow system so that parts of the penis fail to erect, or one side erects more than the other, causing the penis to bend to one side. It's easy to see it would be possible for blockages to occur in such a way that the erect penis ended up slightly smaller. Since some of the medical problems causing constricted penile blood flow do tend to get worse with age, a penis could shrink more as you get older.

It may well be worth having a chat to a sex therapist experienced in dealing with such intricate physiological matters if you want further explanation. The Australian Society of Sex Educators Researchers And Therapists (ASSERT) at 21 Carr Street, Coogee, 2034, could put you in touch with an appropriate person.

There is certainly no reason to suspect such a problem could be related to your vasectomy. You do not appear to have experienced any difficulty satisfying your wife up to now and I very much doubt if any slight variation in penis size is likely to affect your ability to do this in the future. Any penis varies considerably in size from one occasion to another — sometimes it's far more rigid, sometimes fatter, sometimes thinner. But as you have found, this has very little to do with providing satisfaction for a woman.

I am writing to you about a question which my husband and I have not been able to find any answers to and we didn't want to ask a doctor because we didn't want to be considered sex deviates.

We have often been making love on the lounge or rug or somewhere similar and our German Shepherd likes to annoy us. On one occasion, the dog got very close to licking my vagina after we had made love — I just couldn't be bothered moving until I suddenly remembered that its mouth might give me germs or something — and then we got to discussing whether it was dirty or not. Could its mouth have some infectious germs? Hope you can tell us about this. We've heard of a lot more involvement with dogs but that is not of interest to us.

F.L., Vic.

It's a common experience for people with pet dogs to report that the animals start sniffing around wherever humans in the house indulge in some sexual activity. The experts tell me that human pheromones, the body chemicals which attract us to each other, are very similar to the canine version of the same. Hence when we get all hot and bothered and our pheromones start operating at full blast, we not only attract our lovers but the dogs pick up the scent as well. And yes, it is hard to remember to always lock them out *before* you start.

It's hard to know whether a lick from a dog's tongue would really do any harm. After all, you never know where it's been, do you? So germs *are* a possibility; dogs do carry all sorts of infections from worms to even nastier things and it's best to keep dog licking to a minimum, let alone in such intimate circumstances.

My problem is communicating with my husband while having intercourse. We each know what we want but are too scared to let each other know. My husband is 34 and I am 20 and it seems as though I want it more than he does. My husband loves sex when we finally get going, but it's getting started that takes the time. I read somewhere that a man doesn't like a woman to dominate sex so I stopped getting him aroused to wait for him to come to me for it. I'm still waiting.

My husband saw an R-rated movie at my neighbor's house (I wasn't there) and he waited a couple of hours for me to get home and that night lovemaking was out of this world. I read sex articles and when I'm finished, stick them under his nose but he won't read them. Could you recommend any books on communicating or anything that could help?

A.J., NSW.

Lonnie Barbach, an American sex therapist, has written an excellent book called *For Each Other* which includes advice on communicating sexual needs (Corgi Bantam). This book includes some interesting exercises couples can follow for learning to initiate sex, and being honest about sexual needs.

I also suggest you see if you can find a wonderful book called *Men And Sex* by Bernie Zilbergeld (Collins). This would be a good book for you to read with your husband to try to encourage him to talk more about his sexual feelings. Men often have difficulty being open about aspects of sex which upset or annoy them. At the moment you are operating purely on guesswork. You stopped initiating because you read men don't like women to dominate sex. Well, that may be true for some men but certainly not for all. In fact, most men long for women to be more adventurous and take the initiative during lovemaking. It is important you find some way of finding out more about what your husband is thinking and feeling and those books may well be a good place to start.

An embarrassment of erectile riches

I am 19 and have an almost permanent erection. Most men would probably think I'm lucky but this state presents nothing but problems. I am not circumcised and think this may have something to do with it. When my penis is flaccid, the foreskin does not completely cover the head, which results in friction and the inevitable erection. The head of my penis seems overly sensitive. If I was to be circumcised would this sensitivity be decreased? Would such an operation involve hospitalisation? Or would it be carried out under a local?

I am sure it's getting worse. I only have to knock it or look at it or wash it or. . . I mean I don't even have to open the first page of Australian PLAYBOY. You try going skinny-dipping with friends. It's embarrassing!

C.M., NSW.

All dressed up and nowhere to go. What a waste! All those unwanted 17, 18 and 19-year-old erections causing their owners no end of embarrassment while every day I receive letters from 70 and 80-year-olds desperately worried that they'll never again know the joy of a bulging crotch. If only we could redistribute some of that wealth!

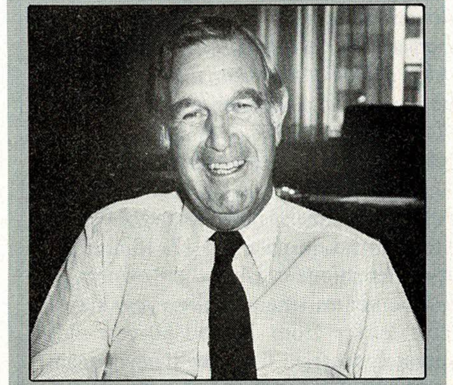
That's the first point I'd like to make — what you are suffering from is an embarrassment of riches. Those endless erections will stand you in good stead when you find yourself with a woman who wants to make use of them. Yes, I know it's not easy. Most 19-year-old males suffer enormous supply and demand problems. The young women you are likely to couple with are often still to discover their own sexual needs. There's usually a lot of ambivalence and guilt associated with sex for girls of your age. Masturbation can help keep things marginally under control. Don't worry about how often you find yourself doing it: most males of your age indulge themselves with astonishing frequency and it doesn't do them any harm at all.

The truth is you are probably stuck with these erections, at least for a while. It's just one of the awful puberty rites all males suffer. And you are certainly not alone: watch carefully and you'll notice all your mates have developed cunning tricks for hiding that embarrassing bulge — like turning over on to their stomach on the beach or carrying school bags or newspapers in front of them when alighting from that gently rocking bus or tram. Bump, bump, bump. . . it's an instant trigger for schoolboy erections.

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to Bettina Arndt at the following address: c/- Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, NSW, 2010.

NEXT MONTH

SEX THERAPY: AUSTRALIAN MEN ARE OPENING UP ABOUT THEIR SEXUAL NEEDS AND FEARS BUT JUST HOW LEGITIMATE IS THIS TYPE OF THERAPY?



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: IAN SINCLAIR IS THE ONLY MAN ON THE OPPOSITION BENCHES TOUGH ENOUGH TO SLUG IT OUT WITH HAWKE TOE-TO-TOE. BUT JUST HOW TOUGH IS HE?

THERE'S NEVER BEEN A GIRL LIKE LUCY. LOVELY LUCY GILL IS BACK IN A PICTORIAL WHICH SHOWS WHY SHE IS ONE OF OUR MOST POPULAR CENTREFOLDS.

AUSTRALIA IS A TOUGH PLACE IN WHICH TO GET AHEAD — BUT THERE ARE WAYS. WE REVEAL SOME SECRETS ON HOW TO CLAW YOUR WAY TO THE TOP.

WITCHES

(continued from page 112)

On the black velour mattresses Van Horne had provided, the three women played with him together. . .

outline to undulate as she walked toward them, into the sallow floor lights that guarded the rim of the tub, out of the black background of this place, its artificial dark monotone like that of a recording studio; the edge of the apparition of her naked beauty undulated as when in a movie a series of stills are successively imposed upon the viewer to give an effect of fluttering motion, disturbing and spectral, in silence. Then Sukie was close to them and restored to three dimensions, her so lovely long bare side marred endearingly by a pink wart and not only her limbs freckled but her forehead too, and a band across her nose, and even, a distinct constellation, on the flat of her chin, a little triangular chin crinkled in determination as she sat on the tub edge and, taking a breath, with arched back and tensed buttocks eased herself into the smoking healing water. "Christ," Sukie said.

"You'll get used to it," Alexandra reassured her. "It's heavenly once you make your mind up."

"What were they doing?" Jane Smart asked. Her head and throat looked shrivelled, Alexandra's eyes having dwelt so long and fondly on Sukie.

"Oh," Sukie answered her, "the usual. Watching old movies on TV and getting themselves sick on lollies."

"You didn't by any chance swing by my house?" Alexandra asked, feeling shy.

"Baby, Marcy is 17," Sukie said. "She's a big girl. She can cope. Wake up." And she touched Alexandra on the shoulder, a playful push. Reaching the little distance to give the push lifted one of Sukie's rose-tipped breasts out of the water; Alexandra wanted to suck it, even more than she had wanted to kiss Van Horne's bottom. She suffered a prevision of the experience, her face laid sideways in the water, her hair streaming loose and drifting into her lips as they shaped their receptive O. Her left cheek felt hot, and Sukie's green glance showed she was reading Alexandra's mind.

The town of Eastwick was to gossip that year — for there were leaks: Fidel made friends with a woman in town, a waitress at Nemo's — about the evil doings at the old Lenox place, but what struck Alexandra this first night and ever after was the amiable human awkwardness of it all, controlled as it was by the awkwardness of their eager and subtly misshapen host, who not only fed them and gave them shelter and music but provided the blessing without which courage of the contemporary sort fails and trickles away into ditches others have dug.

Van Horne pressed a button and the corrugated roof rumbled back across the section of night sky. He put on records — first Joplin, yelling and squawking herself hoarse on Piece Of My Heart and Get It While You Can and Summertime and Down On Me, the very voice of joyful, defiant female despair, and then Tiny Tim, tiptoeing through the tulips and with a thrilling androgynous warbling that Van Horne couldn't get enough of, returning the needle to the beginning grooves over and over, until the witches clamorously demanded Joplin again.

On his acoustical system the music surrounded them, arising in all four corners of the room; they danced, the four clad in only their auras and hair, with shy and minimal motions, keeping within the music, often turning their backs, letting the titanic ghostly presences of the singers soak them through and through.

When Joplin croaked Summertime at that broken tempo, remembering the words in impassioned spasms as if repeatedly getting up off the canvas in some internal drug-hazed prize-fight, Sukie and Alexandra swayed in each other's arms without their feet moving, their fallen hair stringy and tangled with tears, their breasts touching, nuzzling, fumbling in pale pillowfight, lubricated by drops of sweat worn on their chests like the broad bead necklaces of ancient Egypt. And when Joplin, with that deceptively light-voiced opening, drifted into the whirlpool of Me And Bobby McGee, Van Horne, his empurpled penis rendered hideously erect by a service Jane had performed for him on her knees, pantomimed with his uncanny hands in the dark above her bobbing head the tumultuous solo provided by the inspired pianist of the Full Tilt Boogie Band.

On the black velour mattresses Van Horne had provided, the three women played with him together, using the parts of his body as a vocabulary with which to speak to each other; he showed supernatural control, and when he did come, his semen, all agreed later, was marvellously cold. Dressing after midnight, Alexandra felt as if she were filling her clothes with a weightless gas, her flesh had been so purified by its long immersion in the hot tub. Driving home in her Subaru, the interior of which smelled of dog, she saw the full moon with its blotchy mournful face in the top of her tinted windshield and irrationally thought for a second that astronauts, in an act of imperial atrocity, had spray-painted that vast surface green.

Excerpt from THE WITCHES OF EASTWICK *by John Updike. To be published by Andre Deutsch in October.*

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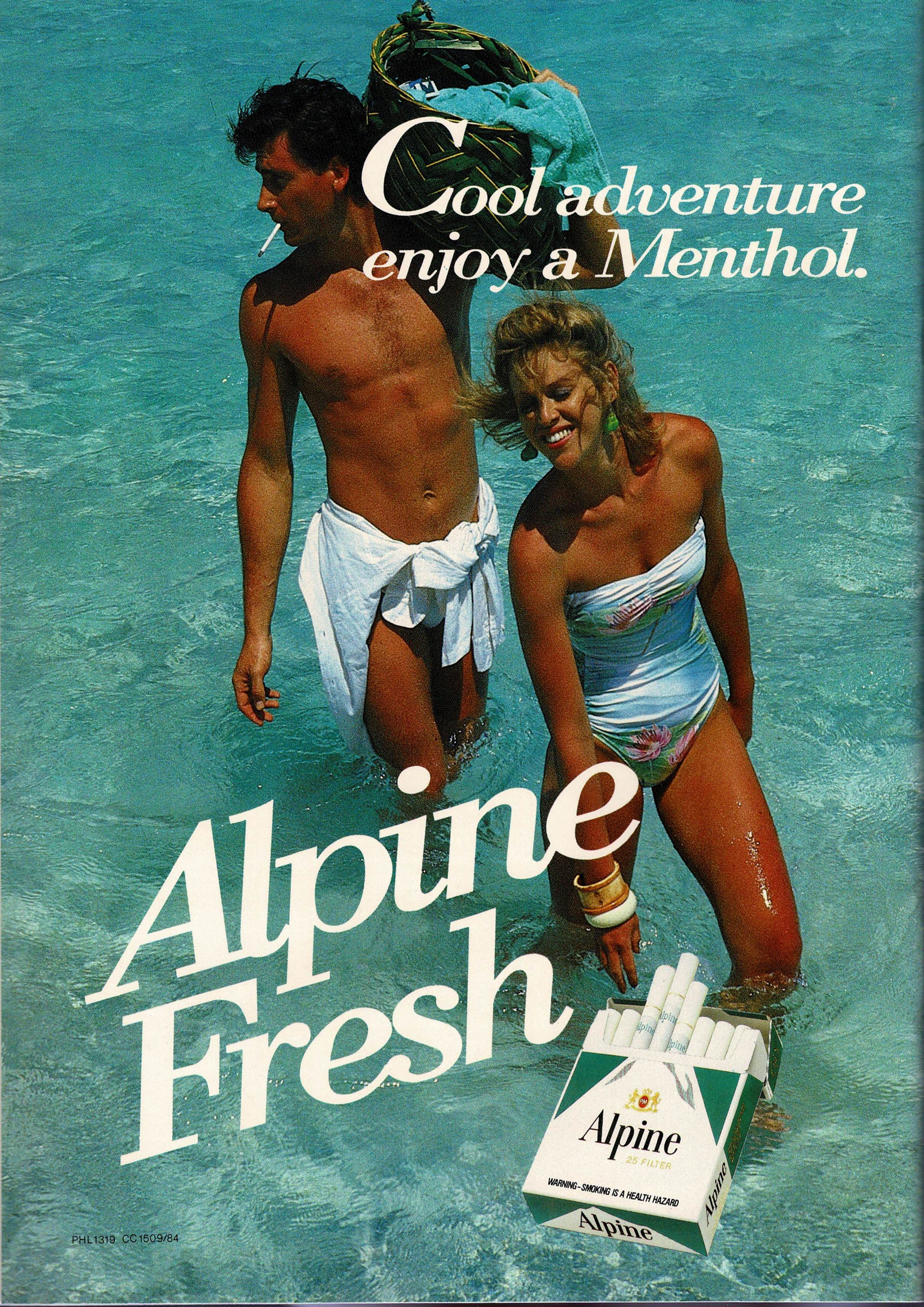
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Alternative photos from the more
explicit NSW/VIC version
(Young Lovers set replaced Natural High set)

To look at her now you wouldn't believe 21-year-old Patty Duffek was considered a tomboy at school — just because she liked to play soccer. But Patty believes in a healthy mind and a healthy body. She jogs every day, plays racquetball, goes to aerobic classes and is studying for a degree in business administration at the same time. Patty believes that a solid foundation is important in life. "I don't do things on the spur of the moment," she says. "I'm a planner, I'm organised. I'm the kind of person who gets up and cleans the room every morning before leaving. I have to know what's going on and where I'm going to be at a certain time."

While she's studying business administration, Patty is considering being an actress or a model. "I do wonder what opportunities might be out there," she says. "I've had a taste of it through PLAYBOY *and it does make you think. But I don't want to be like some girls who go into show business with big hopes for things that never happen. I guess I'm conservative. Hard to believe after appearing in* PLAYBOY, *I know, but I am in a lot of ways. I'd never modelled before in my life so naturally I hadn't modelled with my clothes off. I was nervous, it was embarrassing at first. But now that I've done it I'm glad, definitely glad." And now the world can agree, Patty Duffek has very substantial foundations.*

Hello, Young Lovers

Young men are coming on hard to older women — and the women are loving it

•

essay

by Cynthia Heimel

THANK YOU, Mary Tyler Moore. I thought that you'd done enough already, keeping us TV addicts happy with reruns of *The Mary Tyler Moore Show.* But now, Mary, you've married Dr Robert Levine, cardiologist, who some magazines say is 29, while others have decided he's 30. But all the glossies tell us you're 45, and they all say you're blissfully happy and nuzzle with your new husband in public a lot.

Because you're so popular, Mary, everything you do turns immediately into respectability. Not that it wasn't pleasant to find out that Carly Simon, 38, has a boyfriend of 27, or that Olivia Newton-John, 35, has a 25-year-old sweetie, or that Linda Ronstadt, 27, is cavorting with a 21-year-old. After all, they're only singers, whereas you're *Mary,* everybody's favorite. Women identify with you; men chastely adore you. You've made everything okay, and now other not-so-famous women — I for one — can come out of the closet. It was getting boring, apologising. "Oh, well, I know he's a decade younger than I, but you'd be surprised how mature he

(continued on page 94)

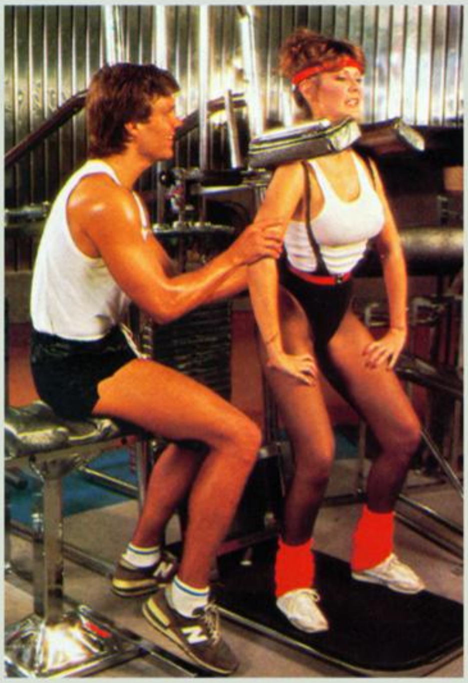
RITA JENRETTE AND PHILLIP ANDERSON: Since her divorce from former US Congressman John Jenrette, lovely Rita, 32, has appeared in several hit TV shows as well as drawing critical acclaim on stage. She's now turned her hand to film, as well as appearing in the arms of Phillip, a 24-year-old actor and dancer. "I think the slightly older woman/younger man relationship is a trend whose time has come," says Rita, a university graduate who's looked at love from both sides now. "For years, older men have dated younger women. Why not the other way around? Before, I always felt secure with an older man, protected. But younger men kind of adore you. They respect you and listen to you. And younger men are much more fun." Says Phillip: "Just look at and listen to Rita and you'll see everything I love in a woman. She has a woman-child quality that fascinates me. I've never met a woman so mesmerising. Just when I think I know her completely, I learn that I don't know her at all." How about older/younger sex? "I wouldn't touch that with a ten-foot pole — no pun intended," Rita cries. "She's my friend *and* my lover," says Phillip. "I've learned so much from her."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

JOANNE BOSWELL AND MARTIN BOZLEE: Can you believe this? Martin is a model and Joanne's a millionaire. Real-estate broker Joanne, 37, met occasional go-go dancer Martin, 21, two years ago in a mountain resort. "There I was, just a bachelor sort of fellow," he remembers, "looking through the glass wall and there was this cute girl playing. She looked 18 or 19. Saw her later that night at a club and we danced four hours straight. We took a cab home. I dropped her off and then came back the next day. We had champagne and Mexican food for dinner, then went home for a romantic evening — the first night we really knew each other. It looked like the way it looks in these pictures."

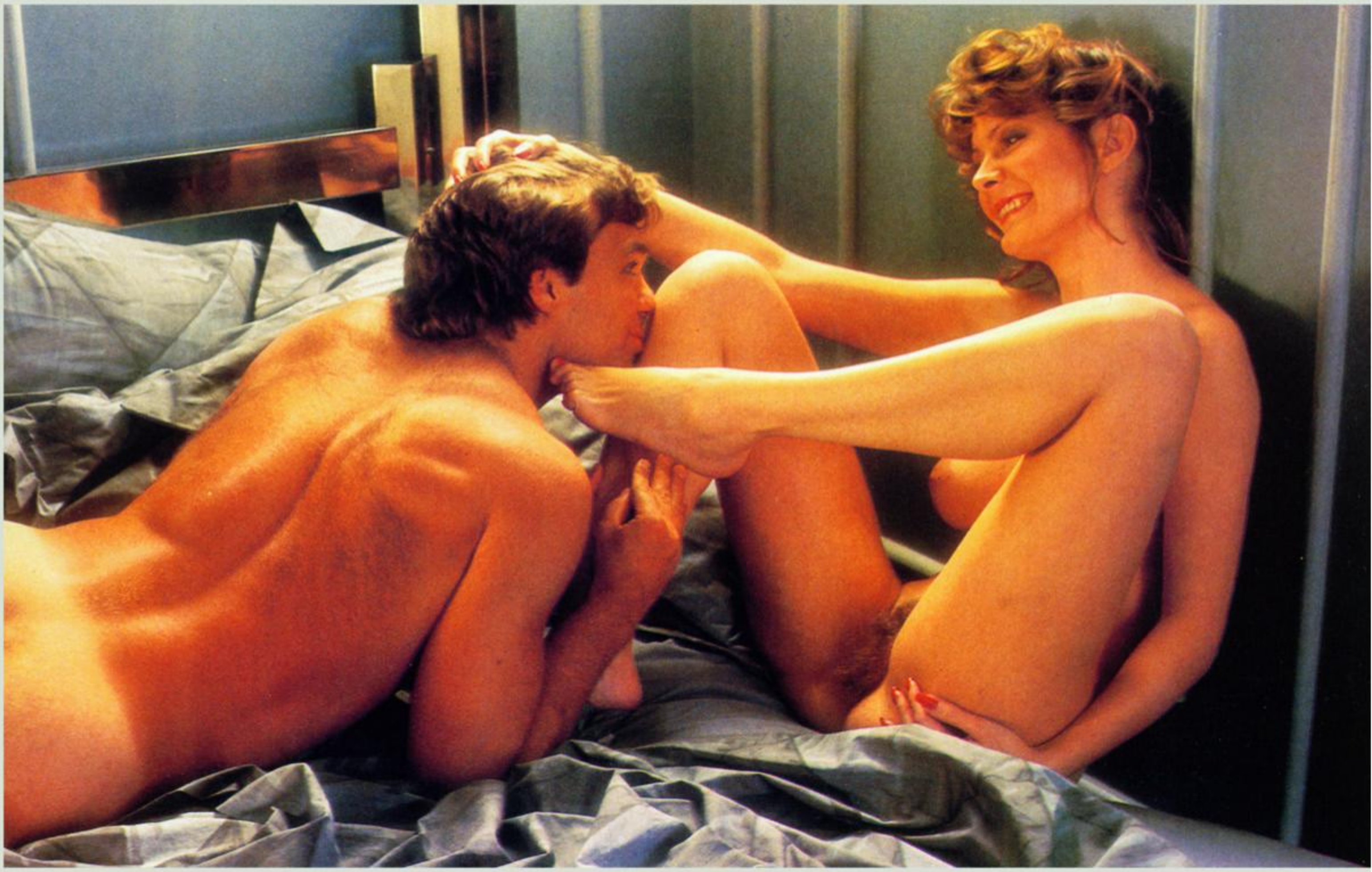
"He's so uninhibited, so immodest, savvy, successful," Joanne says of her beau. "There's a bar in the rafters of our bedroom," he says. "It looks a little flimsy to hang from, but ever since I saw *Behind The Green Door...*" "No, no, cancel those pictures we just did! Truthfully," she says, "we have a pretty normal sex life."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY R. SCOTT HOOPER



LINDA BUSCH AND CHUCK MAKAREWICZ: They were born on the same day, May 13 — she in 1949 and he in 1959. Formerly a stripper and now a sales assistant at a radio station, Linda met fitness instructor Chuck at the health club where he works. Everything has worked out fine ever since. Linda on Chuck: "I've been with men who knew less about sex and men who knew more. But I've never been with anyone who *felt* it as much. He cares more about my insides than my outsides. Whether we get married is up in the air, but I would like my son — he's 12 — to be like Chuck. And that's about the highest compliment I could pay him." Chuck on Linda: "When she showed up at the club, I was pretty impressed. I think it helps a lot that we're both fitness oriented." Chuck admits he was apprehensive about any erections that might come up during our shooting. "I'd never been photographed nude," he says. "We were both nude in the bed, and a few times I did get a little aroused. I kind of had to think of other things." "He has a positive attitude," says Linda. "We have a 50-50 relationship."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



SHERIDA AND BILLY OERDING: This is marriage number three for Sherida, 35, and number two for Billy, 26. He's the breadwinner; she's the housewife. They live in the hills, where he runs his own timber business. "I'm confident in the way he feels about me," says Sherida. "We're best friends," says Billy of their summer romance. "I take extra care in making sure that I always make her feel that I love her. I try to make her feel she doesn't have anything to worry about, because she doesn't. In the beginning the age thing was a factor, because society said it was. It's not to us. But if there are other people who want to do the same thing, they should know it won't work unless the man is mature enough to handle it." A dynamic duo, Billy and Sherida have eyed all the sexual flavors society offers, and even sampled a few. "I've partied with other people," Billy says. "She has too." "I think in everybody's mind, a threesome is a fantasy. I was talked into one once," recalls Sherida, "in another relationship. The man said there was only one person in the world he could try it with, and that was his best friend, who was just like a brother to him. So we did it. I'm not saying I didn't enjoy it, I just realised that type of thing was not for me. But it was an experience I'll never forget."

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VIKKI LA MOTTA AND PETER ATHAS: Peter, a former gridiron star, is 37. Vikki, former wife of boxing champ Jake La Motta, executive of the new Vikki La Motta Cosmetics corporation and veteran of one spectacular PLAYBOY appearance (November 1981), is 53. That's right, 53. "I was unsure about this pictorial," she said with a bewitching smile after the photo session. "There's no one I could have done it with but Peter. He's a good friend and he's a wild man." Peter had his own reservations. "It was weird," he says. "You don't pose with your bum hanging out every day." The photo session went like this — VIKKI: "You get undressed first." PETER: "No, you go first." VIKKI: "No, you." PETER: "No way. You first." VIKKI: "We'll do it at the same time." Which is exactly what they did. While Vikki reminds Peter of many football stars who are tough, outlaws and winners, her closing message to all her Australian PLAYBOY fans is: "Make every day fresh and young and new. Don't be crippled by the past; age is just a word."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

'THRILLER'

appeared in *Night Shift* with Henry Winkler, *48 Hours* with Eddie Murphy and *Ten To Midnight* with Charles Bronson, in which she was stabbed to death in the shower.

"I'm a good screamer," she says.

While Ola is one of the few young women ever to get close to Michael, she says there were no romantic overtones during their two weeks on the *Thriller* set.

"My woman's intuition tells me Michael is basically a very conventional guy who will, when he meets the right girl, settle down and have a conventional family life," says Ola. "He's a very simple, honest person."

And that leaves the way clear for us to appreciate all the charms that Michael missed.

Isn't it nice to know you're one step ahead of Michael Jackson in something?